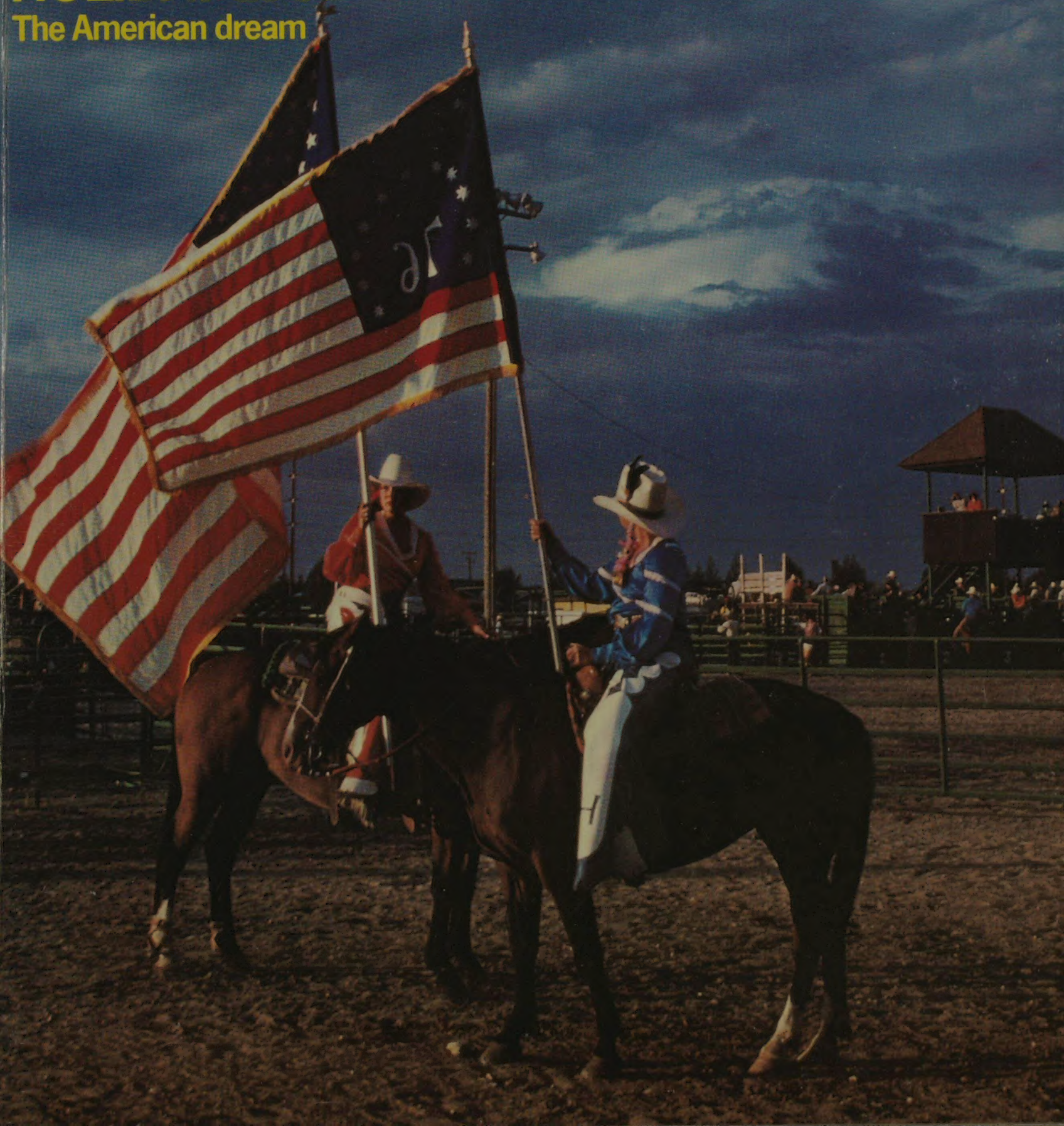


The Illustrated  
**LONDON**  
**NEWS**  
**HOLIDAY 1981**  
The American dream

January 1981 75p

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# The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6990 Volume 269 January 1981

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Cover: A rodeo in the American West.  
See page 41.  
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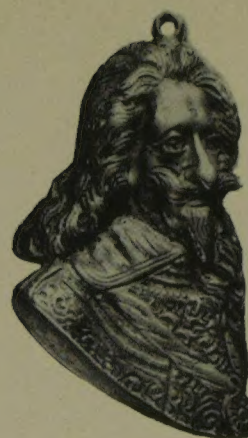
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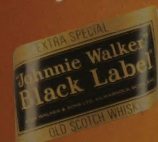
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# ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

## ★ THEATRE ★

**Accidental Death of an Anarchist.** The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

**Amadeus.** Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

**Annie.** The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

**As You Like It.** Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Until Jan 24.

**The Biograph Girl.** New British musical, directed by Victor Spinetti, looking at Hollywood's era of silent pictures. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

**The Browning Version.** Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of *Harlequinade.* *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

**The Caretaker.** Warren Mitchell, Kenneth Cranham & Jonathan Pryce are exactly cast as the tramp & the two brothers of Pinter's fine early play. *Lyttelton.*

**Dangerous Corner.** J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

**Deathtrap.** A tightly filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

**The Dresser.** This affecting and amusing double portrait of an aging Shakespearean actor and his loyal dresser has settled into success. Tom Courtenay, as the dresser, has never given a better performance. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

**Duet for One.** Tom Kempinski's study of two people—a woman violinist disabled by multiple sclerosis & her patient psychiatrist—is both emotionally satisfying & urgently acted by Frances de la Tour & David de Keyser. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

**Early Days.** David Storey's new play transferred from the Cottesloe about an ex-MP, played by Ralph Richardson, reminiscing about his early life. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1.*

**Educating Rita.** Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Julie Walters & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

**The Elephant Man.** Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak" whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s. Redoubtably acted by David Schofield & Peter McNery. *Lyttelton.*

**Evita.** Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

**The Fool** by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Until Jan 30.

**Hamlet.** A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 30.

**Hansel & Gretel.** New play for adults by David Rudkin, directed by Ron Daniels. With Brenda Bruce as the Witch. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 31.

**Hinge & Bracket at the Globe.** Dr Evadne & Dame Hilda continue to be primly & agreeably hospitable. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

**The Irish Play** by Ron Hutchinson. Barry Kyle directs this play about an Irish club in the Midlands who decide to stage a play about Irish history. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.*

**Jeeves Takes Charge** by P. G. Wodehouse, adapted & performed by Edward Duke. Directed by Gillian Lynne. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.* Until Jan 10.

**Juno & the Paycock.** Sean O'Casey's masterpiece

of the Dublin tenements, revived by the RSC, with Judi Dench as the finest Juno of our time. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* From Jan 27.

**The Last of Mrs Cheyney.** The artifice of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy has faded, but the night owes a good deal to Nigel Patrick's production, with such players as Joan Collins, Michael Aldridge & Simon Williams. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

**The Life of Galileo.** Brecht's long & determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. *Olivier.*

**Loot.** Kenneth Williams directs Joe Orton's comedy, transferred from the Lyric Studio. With Neil McCarthy, Joan Blackham & Roy Edwards. *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

**The Maid's Tragedy.** Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 17.

**Make & Break.** A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.* Until Jan 24.

**Middle-Age Spread.** Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

**The Mousetrap.** Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 29th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

**My Fair Lady.** Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Caroline Villiers as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

**The Nativity.** Part I of The Passion, directed by Bill Bryden, concerns the period from the Creation to the Nativity. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Jan 28.

**Nicholas Nickleby.** A remarkable feat during which, in two nights & 8½ hours, the RSC presents the entire Dickens novel. Production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. *Aldwych.* Until Jan 4.

**No Sex Please—We're British.** London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,500 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

**Not Quite Jerusalem.** New play by Paul Kember about life on a kibbutz, directed by Les Waters. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until Jan 3.

**Oklahoma!** Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

**Othello.** Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Olivier.*

**Pack Up All Your Cares & Woe.** Revue performed by blues singer Bertice Reading. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.* Until Feb 28.

**Pal Joey.** Siân Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

**Private Lives.** The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

**The Provok'd Wife.** Carl Toms, who has set Vanbrugh's comedy in a winter-bound London by the Thames, takes the honours of a revival in which John Wood's boorish husband is as assured as anyone; Dorothy Tutin & Geraldine McEwan are the ladies in the matter. *Lyttelton.*

**Rattle of a Simple Man.** By now Charles Dyer's comedy, a duet in loneliness, has frayed a little; but Pauline Collins & John Alderton are always in control. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

**Richard II.** Alan Howard's sensibility & swift reactions distinguish a production, by Terry Hands, which has among other pleasures the York of Tony Church & the Bolingbroke of David Suchet. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 31.

**Richard III.** Mr Hands is less happy with a self-consciously over-produced revival through which Alan Howard has to fight. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 31.

**The Rivals.** Sheridan's comedy, directed by Patrick Mason. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Until mid Jan.

**The Romans in Britain.** Cheap, raw & egregious, this historical speculation, written by Howard Brenton & directed by Michael Bogdanov, does no credit to the National Theatre. *Olivier.*

**Romeo & Juliet.** A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for

Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 17.

**Sisterly Feelings.** In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a coin—there are four possibilities—Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Cartaret & Penelope Wilton, does him honour. *Olivier.*

**The Streets of London.** "For colour & stir give me Boucicault" said Sean O'Casey; & here is a gleefully heightened version, with music, of a famous Victorian melodrama. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

**The Suicide.** Roger Rees plays the "man refused employment" who, in Nikolai Erdman's Russian comedy, is forever on the verge of shooting himself, but never does. *Aldwych.* From Jan 21.

**Taking Steps** by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

**Television Times.** Comedy by Peter Prince about people working on a television drama series. Directed by Stephen Frears. *Warehouse.*

**They're Playing Our Song.** Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.*

**Timon of Athens.** Directed by Ron Daniels with Richard Pasco in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Until Jan 29.

**Tomfoolery.** A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor and Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

**Trelawny of the Wells.** Pinner's comedy of theatre companies, directed by Timothy West. With Lyn Miller, Robert Lindsey, David Shaughnessy & Bill Fraser. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Until Jan 17.

**Watch on the Rhine.** Lillian Hellman's play, from 1941, has dated less than one would have imagined. With Peggy Ashcroft, Susan Engel & David Burke to lead the cast, its tale of European refugees in an America not yet at war remains cumulatively affecting. *Lyttelton.*

### First nights

**London International Mime Festival.** Various venues. Information from *Cockpit, Gateforth St, NW8.* Jan 7-Feb 7.

**Passion Play.** New play by Peter Nichols examines marriage in the 20th century. Directed by Mike Ockrent with Eileen Atkins, Louise Jameson, Billie Whitelaw, Priscilla Morgan, Anton Rodgers & Benjamin Whitrow. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Jan 13.

**Ekkehard Schall.** of the Berliner Ensemble, gives a recital in German of poetry & songs by Brecht. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Jan 13-18.

**Naked Robots.** Comic & satirical exploration of five people's lives, by Jonathan Gems. Directed by John Caird, with Catherine Hall, Lynda Marchal & David Threlfall. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Jan 14.

**The Workshop.** New play by Jean-Claude Grumberg, with Lee Montague. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Jan 14-Feb 14.

**Sideshow.** performed by the Graeae Theatre Company for the disabled. A group of characters from a fairground freak show escape into the real world. *Riverside Studios.* Jan 20-25.

**Touched.** New play by Stephen Lowe set in post-war Nottingham where a group of women await the return of their menfolk from the war. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Jan 20-mid Feb.

**The Relapse.** Vanbrugh's comedy about three pairs of lovers. Directed by Michael Simpson. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Jan 21.

**Man & Superman.** Full version of Shaw's comedy about the pursuit of man by woman. Directed by Christopher Morahan with Michael Bryant, Stephen Moore & Penelope Wilton. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Jan 22.

**Les Blair Play.** Improvised play set in the working clubs of the north. *Royal Court Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Jan 23-mid Feb.

**A Winter Garland.** Songs old & new in an old-fashioned cabaret-style entertainment by David Vaughan & Al Carmines. *Riverside Studios.* Jan 27-Feb 1.

**The Case of the Frightened Lady.** Thriller by Edgar Wallace. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Jan 28-Feb 14.

**Virginia.** Maggie Smith plays Virginia Woolf in

Edna O'Brien's play from the Stratford Festival, Ontario. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.* Jan 29.

**Present Laughter.** Noël Coward's classic comedy directed by Alan Strachan, with Donald Sinden. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Jan 29.

**Christmas & children's shows**

**Cinderella** by Peter Maxwell Davies. London première of this new version of the traditional story, presented by the Royal Opera House. *Jeanetta Cochrane, Theobalds Rd, WC1.* Dec 30-Jan 2.

**Aladdin.** Directed by Kim Grant, with Maureen Scott, Anthony Collin & Edward Brayshaw. *Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1.* Until Jan 3.

**The Roman Invasion of Ramsbottom.** Musical comedy written & directed by Jeremy James Taylor. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Dec 29-Jan 3.

**The Gingerbread Man.** David Wood's musical play with Ronnie Stevens & Tony Jackson. *Westminster, Palace St, SW1.* Until Jan 10.

**Sooty's Christmas Show,** with Matthew Corbett. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.* Dec 22-Jan 10.

**Little & Large,** comedy show. *Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1.* Dec 26-Jan 10.

**Captain Stirrick.** Ballad opera for older children & adults, written & directed by Jeremy James Taylor. *Young Vic.* Jan 1-10.

**Le Cirque Imaginaire.** Jean-Baptiste Thierée & Victoria Chaplin present a new version of their circus with rabbits, ducks & doves. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Until Jan 11.

**The Incredible Vanishing** by Denise Coffey, performed by the Half Moon Young People's Theatre. *Half Moon, 27 Alie St, E1.* Dec 22-Jan 12.

**Cinderella** by John Moffatt & Tudor Davies, with Roy North as Buttons. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Until Jan 17.

**Toad of Toad Hall.** David Conville's production with Ian Talbot as Toad, David King as Badger, Barrie Jamieson as Mole & Terry Wale as Rat. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Until Jan 17.

**Christmas Crackers.** Puppets & actors combine in four-pantos-in-one. *Polka Children's Theatre, The Broadway, SW19.* Until Jan 17.

**Aladdin & His Wonderful Lamp.** With Brian Cant, Derek Griffiths, Anne Sidney & Richard Murdoch. *Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey.* Until Jan 17.

**Mother Goose,** with Bill Owen in the title role. Directed by John Sichel. *Intimate, Green Lanes, N13.* Dec 22-Jan 17.

**All the Trimmings.** Christmas revue for adults, written & performed by Roger McGough. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Dec 30-Jan 17.

**Mother Goose,** with Ian Lavender, Norman Vaughan, Bill Pertwee & Tommy Boyd. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Until Jan 24.

**The Amusing Spectacle of Cinderella & Her Naughty Naughty Sisters.** Directed by Martin Duncan & John Dove. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Until Jan 24.

**Canterbury Tales,** presented by the New Vic Theatre Company, directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Until Jan 24.

**Robin Hood,** with songs by Alan Klein & Ken Hill. With Toni Palmer, Bill Wallis & Sylveste McCoy. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15.* Until Jan 24.

**Aladdin,** with Leslie Crowther, Harry H. Corbett & George Lacy. *Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey.* Until Jan 31.

**Babes in the Wood,** with Terry Scott, Anita Harris, Bernard Bresslaw & Christopher Timothy. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Until Jan 31.

**Tintin & the Black Island.** Adventure story for 7 to 12-year-olds. *Unicorn, Gt Newport St, WC2.* Until Feb 1.

**Holiday on Ice.** Skating spectacular with Robin Cousins. *Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx.* Until Feb 22.

**Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat.** Musical by Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.* Until end Feb.

**Dick Whittington,** with Jim Davidson, Mollie Sugden, Windsor Davies, Melvyn Hayes & Clive Dunn. *London Palladium, Argyll St, W1.* Dec 22-Feb 28.

**It's Magic,** with Paul Daniels. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

## ★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

**All That Jazz.** Ritz, splashy, semi-



If you love scotch,  
the dark bottle  
soon gets lighter.



DON'T BE VAGUE. THE DARK BOTTLE'S HAIG.



autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all through.

**Any Which Way You Can.** Sequel to "Every Which Way But Loose" with Clint Eastwood as a bare-fisted street fighter. Directed by Buddy Van Horn, with Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis & Ruth Gordon.

**The Awakening.** Horror film based on a novel by Bram Stoker, directed by Mike Newell, with Charlton Heston, Susannah York & Jill Townsend.

**Babylon.** Entertaining, low-budget British movie about West Indian youth-culture south of the Thames. Lively direction by Franco Rosso.

**The Big Red One.** A chronicle of the Second World War directed by Samuel Fuller. With Lee Marvin, Mark Hamill & Robert Carradine.

**Breaker Morant.** Australian film based on a true incident during the Boer War about three Australian soldiers court-martialed by the British. Directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward & Jack Thompson.

**Brubaker.** Robert Redford stars as an idealistic prison warden who wants to clean up the system. A fine ideal; but the invisible gold aureole around Redford's head is beginning to be disquieting.

**Buffet Froid.** Tragi-comic gangster story set in Paris, directed by Bertrand Blier. With Gérard Depardieu, Bernard Blier, Jean Carmet & Geneviève Page.

**The Chain Reaction.** Australian film directed by Ian Barry about the consequences of an escape of nuclear waste.

**The Changeling.** Horror film about a bereaved composer moving to a haunted house. Directed by Peter Medak, with George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Melvyn Douglas & Jean Marsh.

**Diabolo Menthe.** Award-winning French film directed by Diane Kurys about a year in the life of two teenage schoolgirls.

**The Dogs of War.** Based on the book by Frederick Forsyth about mercenaries trying to overthrow the government of an African country. Directed by John Irvin, with Christopher Walken & Tom Berenger.

**Don Giovanni.** Losey's splendid film version of Mozart's opera. It may appal the purists but it will delight those who want a genuine visual interpretation of the opera.

**Dressed to Kill.** A teasing, hugely enjoyable horror-suspense movie from Brian De Palma with Angie Dickinson as a mature beauty & Michael Caine as her questionable analyst.

**The Elephant Man.** The now familiar story of Victorian freak John Merrick, re-told by David Lynch with a mixture of horror & pity: the trouble is the emotions seem souped-up & the departures from fact needless.

**The Exterminator.** Thriller about a Vietnam war veteran forced to take the law into his own hands on his return to America. Written & directed by James Glenckhaus, with Robert Ginty, Christopher George & Samantha Eggar.

**Flash Gordon.** Mike Hodges directs this film based on the strip cartoon character. With Sam Jones, Max von Sydow, Topol, Timothy Dalton & Brian Blessed.

**The Fog.** Thriller directed by John Carpenter, with Jamie Lee Curtis & Janet Leigh.

**He Knows You're Alone.** A jilted man revenges himself by murdering brides-to-be. Directed by Armand Mastroianni, with Don Scardino & Caitlin O'Heaney.

**Hopscotch.** Comedy-thriller about an ex-CIA agent threatening to reveal secrets in his forthcoming book. Directed by Ronald Neame with Walter Matthau & Glenda Jackson.

**The Hunter.** The late Steve McQueen plays a modern-day bounty hunter in pursuit of people who have jumped bail. Directed by Buzz Kulik, with Eli Wallach & LeVar Burton.

**The Island.** Risible Michael Ritchie film starring Michael Caine as a journalist stumbling across Caribbean buccaneers who behave rather like the supporting cast of the Old Vic "Macbeth".

**Kagemusha.** Impressive, 16th-century Japanese epic about a thief who takes over from a warlord whose physical double he is. Directed by 70-year-old Akira Kurosawa.

**The Marriage of Maria Braun.** Interesting Fassbinder film about Germany in the last days of the war & during the economic miracle, with a good performance from Hanna Schygulla.

**My American Uncle.** A great, rich Alain Resnais film about the intertwined lives of an industrialist, an actress & a politician. It combines the density of a novel with an absolute command of film & is finely acted by Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia & Roger-Pierre.

**Raise The Titanic.** On second thoughts, why bother?

**Une Semaine de Vacances.** A French school teacher takes a holiday to re-assess her life. Directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Nathalie Baye, Michel Galabru & Philippe Noiret.

**The Shining.** A laborious piece of Gothic from the once spontaneous Stanley Kubrick whose films have latterly become heavyweight artifacts. Jack Nicholson does his crazy-man number.

**Sir Henry at Rawlinson End.** Trevor Howard plays an eccentric aristocrat in this comedy set in the 1950s. Directed by Steve Roberts, with Patrick Magee, Denise Coffey & Suzanne Danielle.

**Slow Motion.** Jean-Luc Godard's latest film is in episodes following the lives of three different characters who eventually meet in the fourth episode. With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc & Nathalie Baye.

**Special Treatment.** Yugoslavian comedy directed by Goran Paskaljevic about a clinic for alcoholics.

**Stardust Memories.** Written & directed by Woody Allen who plays an international celebrity beset by the problems of being famous. With Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault & Tony Roberts.

**Terror Train.** Horror film set on an excursion train in which college friends are systematically murdered. Directed by Roger Spottiswoode.

**The Tin Drum.** Masterly translation to the screen by Volker Schlöndorff of Gunter Grass's famous novel about a dwarfish boy's vision of Nazi Germany. David Bennent is utterly astonishing as the all-seeing hero.

**When a Stranger Calls.** Thriller about a babysitter terrorized by strange telephone calls. Directed by Fred Walton.

**Wholly Moses!** Comedy with Dudley Moore as a contemporary of Moses. Directed by Gary Weis.

**Willie & Phil.** Paul Mazursky directs this film about two friends who fall in love with the same woman. With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder & Ray Sharkey.

**A Woman of Paris.** Long-lost 1923 Chaplin movie that may not be a masterpiece but still shows wonderful touches of invention. With Adolphe Menjou & Edna Purviance.

## ★ BALLET ★

**ROYAL BALLET,** Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

**Cinderella,** choreography Ashton, music Prokofiev; with Ellis, Silver, Drew, Shaw, Jan 3, 2pm; with Collier, Dowell, Rencher, Coleman, Jan 3; with Collier, Wall, Rencher, Coleman, Jan 14; with Penney, Wall, Drew, Shaw, Jan 17; with Park, Eagling, Rencher, Shaw, Jan 20.

**La fille mal gardée,** choreography Ashton, music Hérold; cast to be announced Jan 7; with Collier, Wall, Jan 10, 24; with Ellis, Jefferies, Jan 12; with Park, Coleman, 21st anniversary of 1st performance, Jan 28.

**TRIPLE BILL,** Jan 23, 29: **Troy Game,** choreography North, music Batucada, Downes, with Eagling, Coleman, Jefferies, Sleep; **A Month in the Country,** choreography Ashton, music Chopin; with Porter, Coleman, Rencher, Sleep, Jan 23; with Seymour, Wall, Rencher, Sleep, Jan 29; **Les Noces,** choreography Nijinska, music Stravinsky, with Derman, Hosking.

**LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET,** Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:

**The Nutcracker,** choreography Hynd, music Tchaikovsky. Dec 26-Jan 14.

**NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour:** **The Nutcracker,** new production; choreography Andre Prokofsky, designs Peter Farmer. *Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester.* Until Jan 3.

*Hexagon, Reading.* Jan 20-24.

*Playhouse, Derby.* Jan 27-31.

**ALEXANDER ROY LONDON THEATRE BALLET on tour:** **A Midsummer Night's Dream, Nutcracker Divertissement/Charades/Soirée Musicale.** *Forum, Hatfield.* Jan 9-10.

*Palace, Westcliff.* Jan 13-17.

*Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury.* Jan 22-24.

**SCOTTISH BALLET on tour:** **Cinderella,** choreography Darrell, music Prokofiev.

*Theatre Royal, Glasgow.* Until Dec 27.

*Playhouse, Edinburgh.* Jan 6-10.

## ★ OPERA ★

**ROYAL OPERA,** Covent Garden, WC2:

**L'elisir d'amore,** conductor Scimone, with Sona Ghazarian as Adina, Nicolai Gedda as Nemorino,

Alberto Rinaldi as Belcore, Geraint Evans as Dulcamara, Yvonne Kenny as Gianetta. Jan 1, 5, 8, 13, 16.

**Les Contes d'Hoffmann,** conductor Prêtre, with Plácido Domingo as Hoffmann, Luciana Serra as Olympia, Ileana Cotrubas as Antonia, Agnes Baltsa as Giulietta, Geraint Evans as Coppélius, Gwynne Howell as Crespel, Nicolai Ghiuselev as Miracle, Siegmund Nimsgern as Dappertutto. Jan 2, 6, 9.

**Un ballo in maschera,** conductor Haitink, with Luciano Pavarotti as Gustavo III, Montserrat Caballé as Amelia, Renato Bruson as Anckarström, Patricia Payne as Arvidson, Yvonne Kenny as Oscar. Jan 15, 19, 22, 26, 30.

**Così fan tutte,** conductor C. Davis, with Kiri Te Kanawa as Fiordiligi, Agnes Baltsa as Dorabella, Stuart Burrows as Ferrando, Thomas Allen as Guglielmo, Richard Van Allan as Alfonso, Daniela Mazzucato as Despina. Jan 21, 24, 27, 31.

**ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA,** London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

**Boris Godunov,** conductor Lloyd-Jones, with Richard Van Allan as Boris, Henry Howell as Dmitri, Elizabeth Connell as Marina, John Tomlinson as Pimen. Jan 2.

**Tosca,** conductor Elder/Williams, with Linda Esther Gray as Tosca, Charles Craig as Cavaradossi, Neil Howlett as Scarpia. Jan 3, 7, 10, 13, 16, 24, 29.

**The Merry Widow,** conductor Vivienne, with Catherine Wilson as Hanna Glawari, Emile Belcourt as Count Danilo, Eric Shilling as Baron Mirko, Marilyn Hill Smith as Valencienne. Jan 8, 15, 21, 23, 27.

**The Barber of Seville,** conductor Judd, with Alan Opie as Figaro, Della Jones as Rosina, Anthony Roden as Count Almaviva. Jan 9.

**Romeo and Juliet,** conductor Frémaux, new production by Colin Graham, designed by Alix Stone, with John Brecknock as Romeo, Valerie Masterson as Juliet, Stuart Harling as Mercutio, John Tomlinson as Friar Lawrence, Geoffrey Pogson as Tybalt. Jan 14, 17, 20, 22, 28, 31.

**Cinderella,** conductor Barlow, with Della Jones as Angelina, Meryl Drower as Clorinda, Shelagh Squires as Thisbe, Graham Clark as Don Ramiro, Alan Opie as Dandini. Jan 30.

**D'OYLY CARTE,** Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Avenue, EC1:

**The Sorcerer, The Mikado, HMS Pinafore, The Yeomen of the Guard, Iolanthe, The Pirates of Penzance, Ruddigore.** Dec 22-Feb 21.

**ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH,** Grand Theatre, Leeds:

**The Merry Widow, The Tales of Hoffman, La Bohème.** Dec 30-Jan 24.

**OPERA 80:** **The Barber of Seville, The Marriage of Figaro.**

*Assembly Rooms, Surliton.* Jan 22-24.

*Theatre Royal, Lincoln.* Jan 26-27.

*Northcott Theatre, Exeter.* Jan 29-31.

**SCOTTISH OPERA,** Theatre Royal, Glasgow:

**La Bohème.** Jan 6, 9, 21, 24, 29.

**Lucia di Lammermoor.** Jan 7, 10, 15, 17, 20, 30, 31.

**WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:** **Rodelinda.**

*Theatr Clwyd, Mold.* Jan 13, 14.

*Theatr Gwynedd, Bangor.* Jan 16.

*Torch Theatre, Milford Haven.* Jan 30, 31.

## ★ MUSIC ★

**ALBERT HALL,** Kensington Gore, SW7:

**London Symphony Orchestra,** conductor Georgiadis. Strauss evening. Jan 1, 7.30pm.

**New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Scots Guards,** conductor Hadari; Colin Horsley, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1, Marche Slave, Suite The Nutcracker, Overture 1812. Jan 4, 7.30pm.

**New Symphony Orchestra,** conductor Tausky. Viennese evening. Music by Strauss. Jan 11, 7.30pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra,** conductor Farncombe; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; Raymond Herincx, bass. Handel, Messiah. Jan 18, 7.30pm.

**New Symphony Orchestra,** conducted & introduced by Antony Hopkins; Philip Fowke, piano. Khachaturian, Theme from Spartacus; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Ravel, Bolero; Elgar, Pomp & Circumstance March No 1; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor. Jan 25, 7.30pm.

**English Symphony Orchestra,** conductor Gaddam; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Alan Opie, baritone; John York-Skinner, counter-tenor. Orff,

Carmina Burana; Vaughan Williams, Dona nobis pacem. Jan 31, 7.30pm.

**ST JOHN'S,** Smith Sq, SW1:

**Ernst Kovacic,** violin; **Andras Schiff,** piano. Bach, Sonata in E BWV1016; Schöenberg, Phantasy; Schubert, Duo in A D574. Jan 5, 1pm.

**Beaux Arts Trio.** Haydn, Piano Trio in D HXV24; Dvořák, Piano Trio in F minor Op 65. Jan 12, 1pm.

**Wren Orchestra, London Choral Society,** conductor Gardelli. Cherubini, Requiem Mass No 2; Gardelli, The Portrait of St Joan. Jan 12, 7.30pm.

**Orpheus Ensemble,** director Webster; Jane Ginsborg, soprano. Orpheus Britannicus: I, Stravinsky, Concertino, Octet, Two poems of Balmont, Three Japanese Lyrics; Owen, Le Printemps Maladif; Birtwistle, Tragoedia. Jan 13; II, Stravinsky, Septet; Maw, La Vita Nuova; Saxton, Canzona in memoriam Igor Stravinsky; Britten, Sinfonietta. Jan 20; III, Stravinsky, Eight Instrumental Miniatures, Suite, The Soldier's Tale; Wood, Song Cycle to poems of Pablo Neruda; Nicholls, Pleiades. Jan 28, 7.30pm.

**BBC Singers,** conductor Portman; Alan Civil, horn. Williamson, Choral Suite from English Eccentrics; Maw, The Ruin. Jan 15, 7pm. (A talk by Nicholas Maw precedes the concert at 6.15pm.)

**Abbey Opera Orchestra & Chorus,** English Bach Festival Chorus, conductor Shelley; Alberto Remedios, tenor. Britten, Peter Grimes. Jan 17, 7pm. **Rudolf Firkusny,** piano. Beethoven, Sonata in C minor Op 10 No 1; Janacek, On an Overgrown Path, Book II; Smetana, Dances & Polkas. Jan 19, 1pm.

**Delos String Quartet.** Mozart, Quartet in F K590; Bartók, Quartet No 3; Schubert, Quartet in D minor (Death & the Maiden). Jan 22, 7.30pm.

**Jessye Norman,** soprano; **Phillip Moll,** piano. Programme to be announced. Jan 26, 1pm.

**Brian Sewell,** bassoon; **Valerie Dickson,** piano. Marcello, Sonata in A minor; Elgar, Romance Op 62; Saint-Saëns, Bassoon Sonata Op 168; Hindemith, Sonata; Tchaikovsky, Four Recital Pieces. Jan 29, 1.15pm.

**ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS,** Trafalgar Sq, WC2:

**The Restoration Musick.** Purcell, Locke, Humfrey, Eccles, Motets, anthems & solo songs for voices & consort of original instruments. Jan 21, 8pm.

**SOUTH BANK, SE1:**

(*FH*=Festival Hall, *EH*=Queen Elizabeth Hall, *PR*=Purcell Room)

**Jessye Norman,** soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. Schubert, Mozart, Gounod, Offenbach. Jan 1, 7.45pm. *EH.*

**György Pauk,** violin, **Andras Schiff,** piano. Schubert, Rondo in B minor D895, Fantasy in C D934; Mozart, Sonatas in A K526, in E minor K304. Jan 2, 7.45pm. *EH.*

**Lindsay String Quartet;** Simon Rowland-Jones, viola; Eduard Brunner, clarinet. Mozart, String Quintet in G minor K516, Clarinet Quintet in A K581. Jan 3, 7.45pm. *EH.*

**London Concert Orchestra,** conductor Dods; Laureen Livingstone, soprano; Peter Jeffe, tenor. A night in Vienna. Music by Mozart, Suppé, Strauss, Lehár. Jan 4, 7.30pm. *FH.*

**Medici String Quartet;** Eduard Brunner, clarinet; György Pauk, violin; Andras Toszeghi, viola; Tamas Vesmas, piano. Mozart, Duos in G K423, in B flat K424, Trio in E flat K498, Quartet in G K387. Jan 4, 3pm. *EH.*

**Musikverein Quartet,** André Previn, piano. Programme includes Mozart, Piano Quartets in G minor K478, in E flat K493. Jan 6, 7.45pm. *EH.*

**Imogen Cooper, Anne Queffelec,** piano duet. Mozart, Andante & Five Variations in G K501, Sonata in F K497; Schubert, Grand Duo in C D812. Jan 8, 7.45pm. *EH.*

**London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir,** conductor Gaddam; Irene Evans, soprano; Charles Corp, counter-tenor; Christopher Robson, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, bass; Leslie Pearson, organ; Valda Aveling, harpsichord. Handel, Messiah (in its entirety). Jan 10, 7.30pm. *EH.*

**Pascal Rogé,** piano. Debussy, Suite Bergamasque, Five Etudes, Images Series 2, L'isle joyeuse; Liszt, Années de pèlerinage: Deuxième année, Italie. Jan 11, 3pm. *EH.*

**Beaux Arts Trio.** Beethoven, Variations on Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu Op 121a; Ravel, Piano Trio in A minor; Brahms, Piano Trio in C Op 87. Jan 13, 7.45pm. *EH.*

**Mayumi Fujikawa, Michael Röll, Richard Markson,** piano trio. Mozart, Trio in E K542; Brahms, Trio in C minor Op 101; Beethoven, Trio in B flat Op 97 (Archduke). Jan 16, 7.45pm. *EH.*





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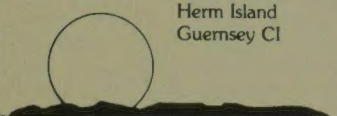
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English Chamber Orchestra, Vladimir Ashkenazy, conductor & piano. Beethoven, Grosse Fugue, Piano Concerto No 2; Schönberg, Verklärte Nacht Op 4. Jan 17, 8pm. FH.

London Harpsichord Ensemble, John Francis, director & flute; Sarah Francis, oboe & oboe d'amore; Lionel Bentley, violin; Bernard Richards, cello; Millicent Silver, harpsichord. Scarlatti, Sonata in D minor for flute, strings & continuo; Bach, Concerto in D minor for violin & oboe BWV1060, Brandenburg Concerto No 5; Vivaldi, Concerto in B flat for violin & cello; Teleman, Concerto in G for oboe d'amore. Jan 17, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, conductor A. Davis; Teresa Cahill, soprano; Anne Collins, contralto; Gordon Greer, tenor; Malcolm King, bass; Christopher Bowers-Broadbent, organ. Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral); Janacek, Glagolitic Mass. Jan 18, 7.30pm. FH.

Koenig Ensemble, conductor Latham-Koenig. Beethoven, Rondino in E flat for wind octet; Dvorak, Serenade in D minor for wind ensemble Op 44; Mozart, Serenade in B flat for 13 wind instruments K361. Jan 18, 3pm. EH.

RSC London Brass Ensemble. Music for brass, cornetts, sackbuts & organ including works by Bicât, Locke, Gabrieli, Ewald, Adson, Nelhybel. Jan 18, 7pm. PR.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor Loughran; Felicity Lott, soprano; Stafford Dean, bass; Edith Vogel, piano. Beethoven, Fantasia in C minor for piano, chorus & orchestra, Cantata on the death of Emperor Joseph II; Berg, Three Orchestral Pieces Op 6. Jan 19, 7.30pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Muti; Ileana Cotrubas, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone. Bach, Suite No 3 in D; Mozart, Mass in C minor. Jan 20, 8pm. FH.

Instant Sunshine. Music & humour from their own repertoire. Jan 20, 7.45pm. EH.

Scottish National Orchestra, conductor Gibson; Paul Tortelier, cello. Nielsen, Saga-drom; Dvorak, Cello Concerto; Sibelius, Symphony No 2. Jan 21, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Cho-Liang Lin, violin. Sibelius, Violin Concerto; Shostakovich, Symphony No 10. Jan 22, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor A. Davis; Alfred Brendel, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in D minor K466; Strauss, An Alpine Symphony. Jan 23, 8pm. FH.

Northern Sinfonia Orchestra, Tamas Vasary, conductor & piano. Fauré, Pavane; Shostakovich, Prelude & scherzo for string octet; Chopin, Piano Concerto No 2; Haydn, Symphony No 104 (London). Jan 23, 7.45pm. EH.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Cleobury; Valerie Masterson, soprano; Claire Powell, contralto; Alberto Cupido, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Puccini, Messa di Gloria; Rossini, Stabat Mater. Jan 24, 8pm. FH.

Alfred Brendel, piano. Haydn, Sonata in C Hob XVI/50; Schubert, Sonata in A minor D537; Liszt, Vallée d'Oberman, Sonata in B minor. Jan 25, 3.15pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; John Williams, guitar. Lutoslawski, Trauermusik; Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. Jan 25, 7.30pm. FH.

London Bach Orchestra, Brompton Choral Society, conductor Cashmore; Hilary Straw, soprano; Elizabeth Stokes, contralto; David Johnston, tenor; Philip Gelling, bass; Andrew Lucas, organ. Caldara, Te Deum; Dvorak, Mass in D; Mozart, Vespers K339. Jan 25, 7.15pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; André Watts, piano. Panufnik, Concertino for percussion & strings; Prokofiev, Ballet suite, Romeo & Juliet; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor). Jan 26, 8pm. FH.

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; Michel Dalberto, piano. Stravinsky, Concerto in D for strings, Dumbarton Oaks; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C K467; Schubert, Symphony No 5. Jan 26, 7.45pm. EH.

David Wilson-Johnson, baritone; David Owen Norris, piano. Cowie, Brighella's World; Wolf, Michelangelo Lieder; Poulenc, Grainger, Songs. Jan 26, 8pm. PR.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Masur; Andras Schiff, piano. Bartók, Divertimento for Strings; Mendelssohn, Piano Concerto No 2; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. Jan 27, 8pm. FH.

Amadeus Quartet. Beethoven, Quartets in G Op 18 No 2, in C sharp minor Op 131, in F Op 18 No 1. Jan 27, 7.45pm. EH.

Bach organ festival: Simon Lindley, organ. Bach, Haydn, Karg-Elert, Guilman, Dubois, Willan. Jan 28, 5.55pm. FH.

London Mozart Players, conductor Elder; Alfred Brendel, piano. Handel, Concerto a due cori in F; Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K271; C. P. E. Bach, Symphony No 1; Beethoven, Symphony No 8. Jan 28, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Kondrashin; Boris Belkin, violin. Prokofiev, Violin Concerto No 1; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique). Jan 29, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Hopkins; Steven Isserlis, cello. ERMA children's concert. Wetherell, Airs & Graces; Saint-Saëns, Cello Concerto No 1; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade (4th movement); Song for massed singing: Blow the Man Down. Jan 31, 11am. FH.

The Fires of London, conductors Maxwell Davies, Carewe; Mary Thomas, soprano. Maxwell Davies, Purcell Fantasia on one note, Anakreontika, Purcell fantasy & two pavanas; Grange, Cimmerian Nocturno; Carter, Sonata for harpsichord, oboe, flute & cello; Edwards, Laikan. Jan 31, 7.45pm. EH.

WEMBLEY CONFERENCE CENTRE, Wembley, Middx:

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Shipway; Moura Lympany, piano. Schumann, Piano Concerto; Mussorgsky/Ravel, Pictures from an exhibition. Jan 11, 7.30pm.

James Galway, flute; Phillip Moll, piano. Schubert, Sonata in A minor D821, Introduction & variations on Trockne Blumen D802; Mayer, Sri Krishna for flute, keyboards & tampara; Reinecke, Undine Sonata. Jan 13, 8pm.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Music Group of London; Keith Puddy, clarinet; Hugh Bean, Perry Hart, violins; Christopher Wellington, viola; Eileen Croxford, cello; David Parkhouse, piano & harmonium. Mozart, Trio in E flat K498; Dvorak, Bagatelles for 2 violins, cello & harmonium Op 47; Elgar, Piano Quintet in A minor Op 84. Jan 1, 7.30pm.

Judit Jaimes, piano. Berg, Sonata Op 1; Schumann, Fantaisiestücke Op 12; Chopin, The Four Scherzi. Jan 2, 7.30pm.

Peter Pears, tenor; Murray Perahia, piano. Schumann programme including Dichterliebe Op 48. Jan 3, 7.30pm.

The European Connection: Marilyn Minns, soprano; Kathryn Lukas, flute; Robert Sherlaw Johnson, piano. Messiaen, Goehr, Benjamin, Sherlaw Johnson, Owen. Jan 9, 7.30pm.

Anna Maria Stanczyk, piano. Chopin, Liszt, Szymanowski, Grudziński, Serocki. Jan 11, 3.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet. Sydney Griller 70th birthday concert: Haydn, Quartet in G Op 77 No 1; Shostakovich, Quartet No 11; Beethoven, Quartet in A minor Op 132. Jan 11, 7.30pm.

Alan Gravill, piano. Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy, Messiaen, Bartók, Chopin. Jan 13, 7.30pm.

Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Roger Vignoles, piano. Schumann, Mary Stuart Lieder; Wolf, Lieder; Sibelius, Five Songs; Grieg, Six Songs; Dvorak, Gypsy Songs. Jan 14, 7.30pm.

Guadagnini String Quartet, Peter Bradley, piano. Bartók, Quartet No 2; Chopin, Ballade in G minor; Falla, Andaluza; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini Op 35 Book II. Jan 19, 7.30pm.

Kreuzberger String Quartet. Mozart, Quartet in F K590; Webern, Slow Movement (1905); Mendelssohn, Quartet in A Op 13. Jan 20, 7.30pm.

András Schiff, piano. Bach, Mozart, Schubert. Jan 24, 7.30pm.

Deborah Cook, soprano; David Glazer, clarinet; Jonathan Hinden, piano. Gaveaux, Schubert, Jacob, Schumann, Routh, Kupferman, Stravinsky, Brahms. Jan 27, 7.30pm.

Ole Böhn, violin; Noël Lee, piano. Lee, Etudes; Nielsen, Theme & Variations for solo violin; Carter, Duo; Beethoven, Sonata in G Op 96. Jan 30, 7.30pm.

## ★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Alternative Book of Common Prayer, a look at the new presentation of the modern text. Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1. Until Jan 4, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm. Closed Dec 24, 2.30pm, 25, 26, Jan 1.

Michael Andrews, 1980, paintings, drawings & watercolours. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. Until Jan 11, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50 (half-price

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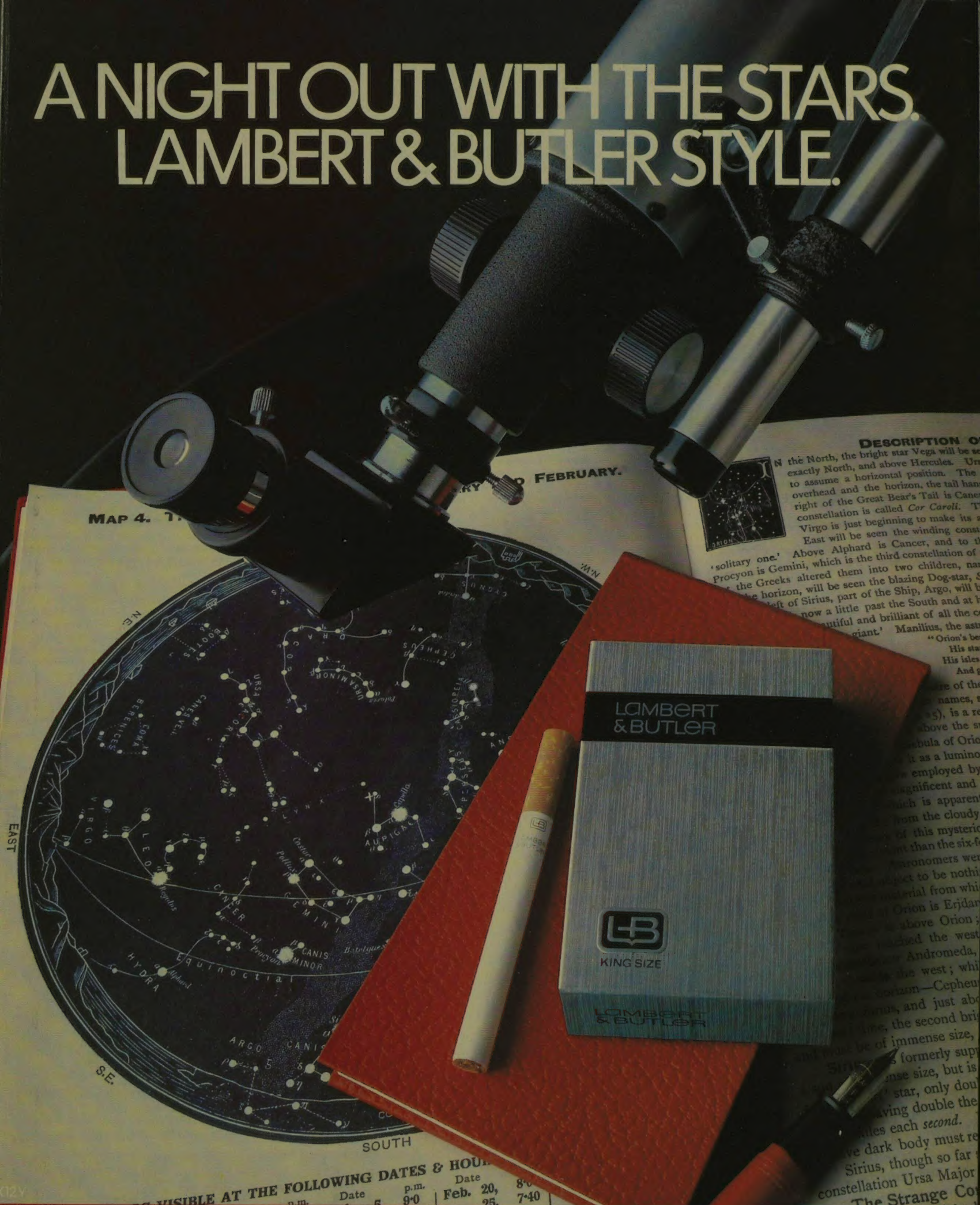


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Mon & Tues-Thurs 6-8pm). Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Arapoff's London in the 30s**, photographs of working-class life in the East End. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Jan 11, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**The Art of the Felt-Maker**. Major travelling exhibition of over 100 examples of traditional felt-making from Iran, Afghanistan, Iraq, India, Africa, Russia & Scandinavia. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Until Feb 14, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Asian Art: new acquisitions 1970-80**. MSS, miniatures, scrolls & paintings from India, China & Japan. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 20, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Georg Baselitz: Model for a Sculpture**. Sculpture & linocuts by German painter. *Whitechapel Art Gallery, Whitechapel High St, E1*. Until Jan 11, Sun-Fri 11am-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Max Beckmann: the triptychs**. Arts Council exhibition of ten 20th-century triptychs. *Whitechapel Art Gallery*. Until Jan 11.

**Britain at Bay**, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. 60p. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**British Figure Drawings**. Works by artists living in Britain from early 17th century to the present. *British Museum*. Until Jan 18.

**Canaletto**, paintings, drawings & etchings from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1*. Dec 5-mid 1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p. Closed Dec 22-26, Jan 1.

**Chad Valley Board Games 1887-1935**. Children's Christmas exhibition. *Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2*. Until Mar 1, Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Challenge of the Chip**: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until Apr. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor of the great, 1781-1841**. Busts & statues of great figures of the early 19th century. *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2*. Jan 16-Mar 15, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

**Custom Car Show**, individually built & decorated cars. *Olympia, W14*. Jan 30-Feb 1, Fri noon-9pm, Sat, Sun 10am-7pm. £2.

**Honoré Daumier 1808-79**. The Armand Hammer collection of lithographs, bronzes, drawings, watercolours & oils depicting 19th-century Parisian life. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Jan 31-Mar 15, daily 10am-6pm. £1.40.

**Israel Dehan**, functional & decorative jewelry with ivory & precious stones. *Tony Laws Studio Gallery, 8 Garrick St, WC2*. Jan 5-31, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

**Peter Doeherty**, theatre designs including those for London Festival Ballet's production of "The Nutcracker". *Royal Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1*. Dec 26-Jan 14, during performance hours.

**Drawing: technique & purpose**. Work of artists & designers from the tenth century to recent times, including drawings by Tintoretto, Rembrandt & Gainsborough. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Jan 28-Apr 26, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**George Eliot**. Exhibition of books & MSS in commemoration of the centenary of her death. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**The English country parson**. MSS illustrating the lives & varied interests of country parsons from 17th to 19th centuries. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Jan 4.

**The Fabric of their Lives**, hooked & poked mats of Newfoundland & Labrador. *Canada House Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, SW1*. Until Jan 13, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1.

**The Figure in Dance**, prints & drawings by Roberta Dearborn Templeton. *Royal Festival Hall foyer*. Jan 24-30.

**Thomas Gainsborough**. Major exhibition including 115 paintings & 55 drawings from collections all over the world. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Until Jan 4, Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Gainsborough exhibition only, Sun from 12.30pm. £1. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Ganymed**, printing, publishing, design & graphic work from 1950 to the present. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Feb 1.

**The Gentle Eye**, 30 years of press photographs by

Jane Bown of "The Observer". *National Portrait Gallery*. Until Mar 29. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

**Sam Haskins Photo-graphics**. Colour prints. *Lyttelton foyers, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1*. Until Jan 3, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

**Thomas Hennell**, watercolours of the Second World War including some of Belgium, Holland, the Far East & D-Day in Normandy. *Imperial War Museum*. Until Jan 11.

**Leon Kossoff**, recent drawings. *Riverside Studios Gallery, Crisp Rd, W6*. Dec 30-Feb 1, Tues-Sun noon-8pm.

**London International Boat Show**. *Earl's Court, SW5*. Jan 8-18, Mon-Fri 10am-8.30pm, Sat, Sun, until 7pm. Jan 8, 9, £4, Jan 10-18, £2.20 (12-18, £1 after 6.30pm).

**London Racing & Sporting Motorcycle Show**. *Royal Horticultural Halls, Vincent Sq, SW1*. Jan 10-18, daily 10am-7pm. £1.50.

**Donald McCullin**, photographs of the English scene & war pictures from Cyprus, Hue, Biafra, Bangladesh, Beirut & Northern Ireland. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Jan 25. 50p (Sats 30p).

**Model Engineer exhibition**. *Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx*. Jan 1-10, Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Jan 8 until 9pm. £1.50.

**Nature Stored, Nature Studied**: collection, curation & research. Centenary exhibition showing the growth of the Museum's collections. *Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Jan 2-end 1981, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

**The New Look in British Portraiture**. 45 paintings selected from entries for the Imperial Tobacco Portrait Award. *National Portrait Gallery*. Until Feb 28.

**The New Spirit in Painting**. Major exhibition of international contemporary painting by 39 artists, including Warhol, Stella, Freud, Kitaj & Hockney. *Royal Academy of Arts, Jan 15-Mar 18*. £2.

**Chris Orr**, prints. *Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arbury St, W1*. Jan 5-30, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

**Painting from Nature**, the tradition of open-air oil sketching: from 17th to 19th centuries. *Royal Academy*. Jan 31-Mar 15. £1.

**Pavlova**, small exhibition of photographs & costumes marking the centenary of the Russian ballerina's birth & 50th anniversary of her death. *Museum of London*. Jan 27-Mar 22.

**Persian painting in the 15th century**, the classical

period of Persian book-painting. *British Library*. Until Mar 2.

**Camille Pissarro**, 43 etchings & lithographs. *Lumley Cazalet, 24 Davies St, W1*. Until Jan 9, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm. Closed Dec 25-Jan 4.

**Camille Pissarro**. Major Arts Council retrospective of paintings, drawings & prints. *Hayward Gallery*. Until Jan 11. £1.50.

**Princely Magnificence**. Court jewels of the Renaissance 1500-1630, from 13 countries. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Feb 1. £1.50, Sat 50p.

**St George & the Dragon**, paintings on the same theme by 50 different artists. *Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton St, W1*. Until Jan 15, Mon-Fri 10am-5.45pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Dec 25-27, Jan 1.

**Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making**. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 1981.

**Shelley, 1930s china & pottery**. *Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd, E2*. Until Jan 25, Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1.

**The Silver Studio Collection**. Major exhibition commemorating the opening of Arthur & Rex Silver's studio in 1880. Wallpaper, textile, furniture, carpet & bookjacket designs, & room-settings. *Museum of London*. Until Jan 31.

**Sam Smith**, carved wooden sculptures; **H. C. Westermann**, pieces in metal, stone, glass, rope & found materials. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gdns, W2*. Until Feb 1, daily 10am-4.30pm. Closed Dec 22-26, open Jan 1 from noon.

**Tapestries for the Nation**: acquisitions 1970-80, including one made for Charles I & works from designs by contemporary artists. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until end 1981.

**Charles Tomlinson, The Way of a World**, graphic work & poetry. *Swiss Cottage Library, 88 Avenue Rd, NW3*. Jan 3-31, Mon-Fri 9.30am-8pm, Sat until 5pm.

**Frances Treanor, pastel pictures**. *Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3*. Until Jan 20, Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 25-27, Jan 1.

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& jewelry, porcelain, objets d'art, books, letters & MSS. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Jan 11. £1.80. Closed Dec 24-26.

Turner, perspective drawings. *Tate Gallery*. Until Jan 18.

Antoine Watteau, over 50 drawings by the 18th-century artist. *British Museum*. Until Jan 18.

Welsh Harps, touring exhibition organized by the Welsh Arts Council with the Crafts Council, showing a collection of instruments, photographs & documents tracing the harp's evolution. *Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1*. Until Jan 17, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed Dec 24-28, Jan 1.

Who Chicago? Major touring exhibition of work by contemporary American imagists. *Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Rd, NW3*. Until Jan 25, Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Fri until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 22-28, Jan 1.

George Wickes 1698-1761: a royal goldsmith. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Jan 18.

Berthold Wolpe, type designer & graphic artist. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Feb 1.

#### Antiques fairs

Antiques Fair, *Church Hall, Olney, Bucks*. Jan 1. *Norwich Antiques Fair, Blackfriars Hall, Norwich*. Jan 8-10.

West London Antiques Fair, *Kensington Town Hall, Hornon St, W8*. Jan 15-17.

## ★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month.

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Silver & plate. Jan 6, 2.30pm; Jan 20, 11am.

European oil paintings. Jan 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. Jan 8, 15, 22, 29, 2.30pm.

Ceramics & works of art. Jan 9, 23, 11am.

Watercolours & drawings. Jan 14, 11am.

Wine. Jan 20, 11am.

Furs. Jan 21, 10.30am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Costumes, textiles & furs. Jan 6, 2pm.

Furniture & carpets. Jan 7, 10.30am.

Objects of art, clocks & barometers. Jan 7, 2pm.

Scientific instruments. Jan 8, 2pm.

Dolls. Jan 9, 23, 2pm.

Toys. Jan 15, 2pm.

Natural history & sporting trophies. Jan 17, 2pm.

Everyday wine. Jan 20, 11am.

Fans. Jan 20, 2pm.

Cameras & photographic equipment. Jan 22, 2pm.

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Jan 23, 10.30am.

Costumes, militaria & fountain pens. Jan 27, 2pm.

Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings & Goss. Jan 27, 2pm.

Cigarette cards, postcards & ephemera. Jan 30, 2pm.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:

All world stamps. Jan 22, 23, 1.30pm.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Furniture, carpets & objects. Jan 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am.

Oil paintings. Jan 5, 19, 2pm.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. Jan 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am.

Oriental ceramics & works of art. Jan 7, 21, 11am.

Lead soldiers & figures. Jan 7, noon.

Furs. Jan 8, 10am.

Silver & plate. Jan 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am.

Watercolours. Jan 12, 11am.

Prints. Jan 12, 2pm.

Jewelry. Jan 13, 27, 1.30pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. Jan 14, 28, 11am.

Firemarks, cigarette cards & ephemera. Jan 14, noon.

Musical instruments. Jan 15, 11am.

Costumes, lace & textiles. Jan 22, 11am.

Postage stamps: General sale, Jan 22; British Commonwealth, Jan 29, 11am; Australia, King George V specialized, Jan 29, 2pm.

Books, MSS & maps. Jan 22, 1.30pm.

Modern British pictures. Jan 26, 2pm.

Arms & armour. Jan 28, 2pm.

Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Jan 28, noon.

On board the "Tattershall Castle", Nr Hungerford Bridge, Victoria Embankment, WC2: Sale of the paddle steamer "Tattershall Castle" with fixtures & fittings & mooring rights. Jan 28, noon.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:

Rugs, carpets & textiles. Jan 7, 11am.

Continental watercolours. Jan 15, 2.30pm.

Musical instruments. Jan 16, 10.30am.

European ceramics. Jan 20, 11am.

Jewels. Jan 22, 10.30am.

English furniture, tea caddies & boxes. Jan 23, 10am & 11am.

Russian works of art. Jan 26, 11am.

Japanese prints, illustrated books, paintings, drawings & screens & Chinese paintings. Jan 28, 11am & 2.30pm.

Old Master pictures & modern British prints. Jan 29, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:

Toys, dolls & automata. Jan 9, 11am & 2.30pm.

Furniture & works of art. Jan 14, 28, 11am.

Silver & plate. Jan 15, 11am.

Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Jan 20, 11am.

Wine. Jan 21, 11am.

Oriental ceramics, works of art & furniture. Jan 22, 11am.

English ceramics. Jan 29, 11am.

## ★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

In connexion with the current exhibition: George Eliot, V. Lucas. Mon-Fri, 1.15pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, Lambeth Rd, SE1:

#### Films

Christmas: "Christmas Day Passed Quietly" & Newsreels. Jan 1, 2, 5-9, 11am.

Cartoons & war. Jan 1, 2, 5-9, 3pm.

The Great War 6: "So sleep easy in your beds". Jan 3, 4, 10, 11, 17, 18, 24, 25, 31, 3pm.

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Aspects of Italian opera before Rossini, B. Trowell. Jan 13, 1pm. £1.

Rossini's "Cinderella": comedy & pathos, A. Jacobs. Jan 15, 1pm. £1.

Puccini & theatrical instinct, J. Smith. Jan 27, 1pm. £1.

What is verismo? H. Rosenthal. Jan 29, 1pm. £1.

LYTTLETON, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1:

The marriage trap: Vanbrugh's "The Provok'd Wife", W. Cherniak. Jan 5, 6pm. £1.

"Man & Superman", T. Evans. Jan 26, 5pm. £1.

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2: *London's river*: Talk with slides, A Prockter. Jan 2, 11am; *London's ebbing highway*, J. Hall. Jan 23, 1.10pm.

Historical Association Christmas lecture for children: Pilgrims to the Middle Ages, Prof H. Loyn. Jan 2, 2.30pm. Admission by ticket from the Association, 59a Kennington Park Rd, SE11.

In connexion with the Silver Studios exhibition: The Silver Studios, M. Turner. Jan 14, 1.10pm.

In connexion with the Pavlova exhibition: Memories of Pavlova, Alicia Markova. Jan 27; Pavlova's legacy to British ballet, Ninette de Valois. Jan 28; The 19th-century Russian ballet, C. Crisp. Jan 29; Working with Pavlova, R. Glynde & M. Lake. Jan 30; 1.10pm.

#### Films

Oxford & Cambridge boat race 1913; A Man for All Seasons. Jan 3, 11am.

City of ships; Fires were started. Jan 3, 2.30pm.

The Immortal Swan (biography of Pavlova). Jan 31, 3pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:

Masterpieces of 16th-century painting in the National Gallery: Holbein's "The Ambassadors", Jan 23; Cranach's "Cupid complaining to Venus", Jan 30; 1pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, Planetarium, Old Royal Observatory, Greenwich Park, SE10:

The Christmas star. Jan 2, 5, 2.20pm; Jan 6, 2.30pm. 30p.

Voyages to the gas giants. Jan 2, 5, 6, 3.30pm. 30p.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:

Education & the new technologies, G. Hubbard. Jan 14, 6pm.

Canaletto in England, J. Links. Jan 21, 2.30pm.

The raising of the "Mary Rose", M. Rule. Jan 28, 6pm.

Admission by ticket free in advance from the Secretary.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Exploring the planets (for 9- to 11-year-olds), A. Wilson. Jan 21, 11.30am & 1pm.

The story of flight (for 11- to 13-year-olds), A.

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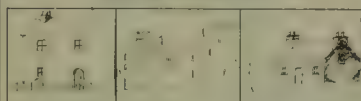
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Tulley, Jan 29, 11.30am & 1pm.

Admission by ticket free in advance from Education Department.

### SOUTH BANK, SE1:

**Celebrities on the South Bank:** 2, Nicolai Gedda talking to Charles Osborne, Jan 14; 3, Sir Geraint Evans talking to Bernard Levin, Jan 18; 6.15pm. £2. RFH Waterloo Room.

**Concert platform:** Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, H. Keller. Jan 19, 5.55pm. 80p. RFH Waterloo Room. (The work will be performed later the same evening.)

**National Trust lectures:** A walk through the interiors of the English Baroque, G. Jackson-Stops, Jan 19; Some nature reserves of the National Trust, E. Fawcett, Jan 26; 6pm. £1.30. Purcell Room.

**Adrian Boulton lecture:** The interpretation of Lieder, E. Schwarzkopf & E. Greenfield. Jan 21, 7.45pm. £1-£3. Queen Elizabeth Hall.

**TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:**

Matisse "The Snail", S. Wilson. Jan 2, 1pm.

"The Bride" by Rouault, L. Bradbury. Jan 3, 3pm. Personal visions: Stanley Spencer & Paul Nash, L. Bradbury. Jan 4, 3pm.

Blazing brushes: the Fauves, G. Cohen. Jan 5, 1pm.

Bacon, I, Jan 6; II, Jan 7; P. Turner, 1pm.

Giacometti "Hour of the Traces", C. Lowenthal. Jan 9, 1pm.

"The Kiss" by Rodin, L. Bradbury. Jan 10, 3pm.

Personal styles: William Roberts & Wyndham Lewis, L. Bradbury. Jan 11, 3pm.

Whistler, M. Ellis. Jan 12, 1pm.

Post-Impressionism, S. Wilson. Jan 13, 1pm.

The New York School, M. Compton. Jan 14, 1pm.

Sir Peter Lely in the age of Charles II, M. Slee. Jan 16, 1pm.

"Still life with a beer mug" by Léger, L. Bradbury. Jan 17, 3pm.

Personal ideas: Richard Long & John Latham, L. Bradbury. Jan 18, 3pm.

Ben Nicholson, J. Stern. Jan 20, 1pm.

The Pre-Raphaelites: I, Realism & religion, Jan 21; II, Poetry, Jan 22; S. Wilson, 1pm.

"Suicide" by Grosz, L. Bradbury. Jan 24, 3pm.

Personal touches: John Hoyland & Patrick Heron, L. Bradbury. Jan 25, 3pm.

Constable, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Jan 27, 1pm.

Hunt: "The Awakening Conscience", C. Lowenthal. Jan 28, 1pm.

Fauvism, S. O'Brien-Twohig. Jan 29, 1pm.

Matthew Smith, English Fauve, A. Slee. Jan 30, 1pm.

**VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:**

Film: Just one more war, the work of Don McCullin. Jan 8, 6.30pm.

Photographs by Don McCullin: a panel discussion on the exhibition, M. Rand, B. Campbell, T. Hopkinson, H. Evans, Chairman T. Picton. Jan 15, 6.30pm.

A Jacobean renaissance: Henry, Prince of Wales & the revival of the Arts, Dr R. Strong. Jan 29, 6.30pm. Tickets £5 from the Madeleine Mainstone Trust, c/o Education Dept.

### Gallery talks:

Victorian tiles, J. Porter. Jan 10, noon.

Bernini, H. Bakewell. Jan 10, 3pm.

The complete works: a two-year series covering the Museum's entire collection on display. Room 1, G. Darby, Jan 11; Rooms 2 & 3, R. Parkinson, Jan 18; Room 4, G. Darby, Jan 25; 3.30pm.

Constable & the English landscape tradition, D. Froome. Jan 17, noon.

Early 18th-century English furniture, W. Clinton. Jan 17, 3pm.

Early medieval & Romanesque art, M. Patrick. Jan 24, noon.

Late medieval & Gothic art, M. Patrick. Jan 24, 3pm.

Renaissance sculpture, M. Sykes. Jan 31, noon.

The Raphael cartoons, M. Sykes. Jan 31, 3pm.

**WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:**

An introduction to Apsley House, F. Taylor. Jan 22, 1.15pm.

## ★ SPORT ★

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

FA Cup, 3rd round. Jan 3.

FA Challenge Trophy, 1st round proper, Jan 10; 2nd round proper, Jan 31.

FA Challenge Vase, 4th round, Jan 17; 4th round proper, Jan 24.

### London home matches:

Arsenal v Coventry City, Jan 31.

Charlton Athletic v Hull City, Jan 10; v Plymouth

Argyle, Jan 31.

Chelsea v Shrewsbury Town, Jan 31.

Crystal Palace v Stoke City, Jan 10; v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Jan 17.

Fulham v Chester, Jan 3; v Barnsley, Jan 16; v Swindon Town, Jan 31.

Millwall v Fulham, Jan 10; v Newport County, Jan 31.

Orient v Oldham Athletic, Jan 10; v Cardiff City, Jan 17.

Queen's Park Rangers v Preston North End, Jan 10; v Chelsea, Jan 17.

Tottenham Hotspur v Birmingham City, Jan 10; v Arsenal, Jan 17.

West Ham United v Preston North End, Jan 31.

Wimbledon v Rochdale, Jan 10; v Scunthorpe United, Jan 24.

### ATHLETICS

Cosford Games, Cosford, Nr Wolverhampton, Staffs. Jan 9, 10.

AAA/WAAA Indoor Championships, Cosford. Jan 30, 31.

### BADMINTON

Friends' Provident English National Junior under-15 & under-18 Championships, Watford Leisure Centre, Herts. Jan 3-10.

Friends' Provident English National under-21 Championships, Mansfield Leisure Centre, Notts. Jan 30, 31.

### BASKETBALL

Philips International Tournament, Crystal Palace, SE19. Jan 1-4.

Junior Cup final, Coventry Sports Centre, W Midlands. Jan 23.

Asda National Cup final, Coventry Sports Centre. Jan 23.

### FENCING

At the de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14: Eden Cup, under-20 men's foil international. Jan 10, 11.

Martin Edmunds Cup, ladies' foil team championship. Jan 17, 18.

Under-20 Men's Epee & Sabre international. Jan 24, 25.

Leon Paul Cup, men's foil international. Jan 31, Feb 1.

### GYMNASTICS

"Daily Mirror" Champions' Cup, Albert Hall, SW7. Jan 17.

### HORSE RACING

Lambert & Butler Premier Chase, Ascot. Jan 17.

Peter Marsh Chase, Haydock Park. Jan 17.

### RUGBY UNION

Wales v England, Cardiff. Jan 17.

France v Scotland, Paris. Jan 17.

### SKIING

British Alpine Ski Championships, Val d'Isère, France. Jan 8-11.

Kandahar-Martini Trophy, Courmayeur, Italy. Jan 17, 18.

British Biathlon Championships; British Cross-Country Championships, Zwiesel, W Germany. Jan 17-28.

### SQUASH

Jesters' Trophy, Heathfield Squash Club, NW2. Jan 2-9.

Langham Life Home Internationals (women), Bel-fast Boat Club, NI. Jan 9-11.

British under-23 Open Championships, Wembley Squash Centre, Middx. Jan 24-30.

### TENNIS

Braniff Airways World Doubles Championships, Olympia, W14. Jan 6-11.

## ★ OTHER EVENTS ★

"Parties", children's trail. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. Until Jan 9, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

"Money, money, money", children's trail. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2. Until Jan 11, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

"Fossil face", Christmas fantasy presented by the Rational Theatre Company in connexion with the exhibition "Man's Place in Evolution". Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until Jan 18, Tues-Sun 2.30pm. £1.20. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

International chess congress, Hastings, E Sussex. Dec 27-Jan 11.

New Year's Day steaming, Dinting Railway Centre, Glossop, Derbys. Jan 1, 10.30am-5pm.

Twelfth Night gallery quiz & entertainment. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Jan 6, 2pm. Tickets free in advance from Education Dept.

International Gathering Scotland 1981, various venues throughout Scotland. Jan 24-Nov 30.

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**I**t takes a certain kind of holidaymaker to appreciate the subtle appeal of Madeira – an island that doesn't yield up its secrets easily. A gentle island whose spell works slowly rather than immediately.

Lying some three hundred miles off the northwest coast of Africa, Madeira is a volcanic island so rich in flowers and wild plants that it's known as the "Floating Garden" of the Atlantic.

Blessed with a beautifully mild climate and some spectacular mountain scenery (and greenery), the island repays endless exploration. Equally, it satisfies those with a taste for the less energetic pleasures of eating, drinking, sun-bathing or simply lazing by a hotel pool or in a little fishing village.



## DO YOU GO WILD FOR ORCHIDS?

The natural splendours of Madeira are best enjoyed on foot. You can spend many a delightful day following the routes of the *levadas* (irrigation channels), as they wind their way

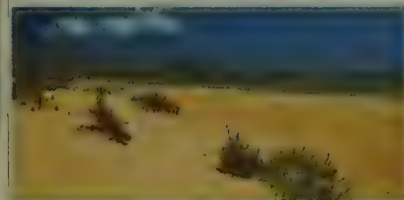


through the mountains and down to the villages below.

As you walk, feast your eyes on the wonderful profusion of exotic flowers and trees, from "Birds of Paradise" to wild orchids, from Jacarandas to orange, lemon and banana trees.

Explore the dramatic peaks and valleys of Curral das Freiras; and stroll through picturesque fishing villages like Camara de Lobos, where Winston Churchill painted.

When you tire of walking, hop on a toboggan. Before the advent of the car, they carried produce from the mountains down to the coast. Now they're ready and waiting to carry you.



## IS WATER YOUR ELEMENT?

Madeira is famous for its deep sea fishing, water-skiing, windsurfing and scuba diving. Zarco Bay is a mecca for watersports of all kinds.

There are many superb swimming pools on the island and if you crave golden beaches, the neighbouring island of Porto Santo can offer them in abundance.



## DO YOU LIKE TO BE AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD?

The pace of life on Madeira is soothing rather than rousing. Though you'll find nightclubs and a Casino in the capital, Funchal, your overriding impression will be one of blissful peace and quiet.

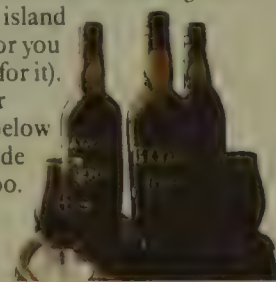
You'll find the people warm and courteous and the service in the hotels equally so. Many of Madeira's finest hotels have an opulence that recalls another age – gracious living is still alive and well.

## DO YOUR TASTE BUDS HAVE A SENSE OF ADVENTURE?

This is definitely a holiday for the discerning palate. Madeira's fish

dishes are extraordinary – try *espada*, tunny fish steak or *caldeirada* (fish soup). Naturally, you'll head straight for some Madeira wine; the island's most famous export comes in many intriguing types, including *Sercial*, delicious cold as an aperitif.

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## Taking stock



Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe.

The mettle of Mrs Thatcher's Government is now being put severely to the test. Its first objective, as the Prime Minister herself has emphasized on many occasions, was to bring down the rate of inflation, and this quite clearly is being achieved. The annual rate is currently running at 15.4 per cent, compared with more than 20 per cent during much of last year, and Mrs Thatcher was able to tell the House of Commons after the Queen had opened the new session of Parliament on November 20 that the rate of price increases during the previous six months had been "only 4.3 per cent". As a result wage settlements are generally being made at much lower levels than in the previous round. Workers at British Leyland accepted the management's 6.8 per cent offer. The miners have voted to settle for 13 per cent, and this seems likely to become the top level for this year's settlements, achievable probably only by those unions who can match the muscle of the miners (except for a few special cases, such as the firemen, where prior commitments have already been made). With unemployment continuing to rise and most businesses running into difficulties the majority of wage settlements is likely to be substantially less.

There thus seems reasonable prospect for 1981 that inflation will continue to be kept down to below a level of 10 per cent. The Government may fairly point to this as a significant step towards the achievement of its primary objective. Unfortunately this success is not being obtained in the way the Government had intended, and the price of controlling inflation has consequently been very high. Unemployment has risen to well over two million, equivalent to 8.4 per cent or one in 12 of the adult workforce, and is still going up, with another half million or so expected to be added this year, while the gross domestic product fell by 3 per cent in 1980 and is

expected to fall by a further 1½ per cent in 1981. In addition the Government has had to concede, by the introduction of another tax package from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that it has failed to make the intended impact with two of its fundamental economic controls—those of money supply and public-sector borrowing.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, when he introduced his new measures to the House of Commons in late November, emphasized that their purpose was both to ensure that the thrust of the medium-term financial strategy was maintained and to "leave no room for doubt" about the Government's determination to control public-sector borrowing. However, the figures showed how far off the Government has been from hitting its targets. The rate of monetary growth is expected considerably to exceed the target of between 7 and 11 per cent set for the period ending in April. Public spending in the 1980-81 financial year will be 1½ per cent, or some £2,000 million, above the planned level, and public borrowing will be about £11,500 million compared with the Chancellor's projection, in his last Budget, of £8,500 million.

This means that in spite of all the cuts the Government expects to have to spend more this year than the previous government did in its last year of office. The Chancellor's explanation of the continuing rise in public spending was that it has been caused largely by the recession, and unemployment benefit is of course one of the largest increases in the bill. But there is plenty of evidence in the statistics to support charges that the Government has simply failed to contain costs in the public sector as effectively as it had intended. Once again a government taking office with the best intentions of exercising control of its spending has found itself apparently unable to do so.

The clear, and potentially damning, experience of the first year and a half of this Government is that the brunt of tough decisions and effective cost-cutting has had to be taken by the private sector, with consequent reduction in the nation's productivity and drying up of the flow of investment.

"There is too much bureaucracy in Britain", "let us take government off the backs of the people", "restore freedom of choice and initiative to the individual"—so said Conservative candidates in the May election in 1979, and so echoed the majority of the voters. But it remains an unfulfilled pledge. The number of civil servants has not been significantly cut, and their influence over the individual, and the Government, they are supposed to serve has not noticeably decreased. On the contrary, it has been all too apparent in the last year that while the productive element in our society has been rendered impotent, and many of those who worked for it thrust into unemployment, the ranks of the bureaucracy have remained largely unaffected. As an employer the Government has failed to exercise the discipline on manning levels and pay awards that it has demanded from private employers, and it has continued to allow civil servants to protect themselves against the effects of a recession that is biting so deeply into the rest of British society.

Controlling inflation is a first essential step, but it does not by itself resolve the other economic problems. The Prime Minister evidently recognized this when she pushed the Cabinet into accepting that the rise in the pay bill for public employers this year should be kept to 6 per cent, and on this the Government will now be judged. A much firmer grip on public spending will certainly be required in 1981 if there is to be any hope of real economic recovery during 1982, and if that does not happen Britain may follow the current American pattern of one-term governments.



**Tuesday, November 11**

The European Security Conference opened in Madrid after delegates had stopped the clock at 23.57 on the previous night in order to give themselves time to agree on an agenda, which had to be completed by a midnight deadline before the conference could start.

43 people were killed and more than 300 injured in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, as a result of fighting between Zanla guerrillas, loyal to Prime Minister Robert Mugabe, and Zipra guerrillas supporting Joshua Nkomo, Minister of Home Affairs.

Sir Terence Beckett, Director-General of the Confederation of British Industry, declared on the last day of the CBI's annual conference in Brighton that leaders of industry had to be prepared to "take the gloves off and have a bare knuckle fight" with the Government to ensure an effective and prosperous industry in Britain.

**Wednesday, November 12**

Miners' union leaders voted to recommend acceptance of a 13 per cent pay package. On December 1 the results of the pithead ballot showed that 117,196 voted in favour of the deal and 91,498 against.

The Queen opened the General Synod of the Church of England urging the Church to retain its spirit of joy and its sense of humour.

The Voyager 1 spacecraft made its closest approach to Saturn and sent back spectacular photographs.

**Thursday, November 13**

Black Rod was prevented from entering the Chamber of the House of Commons to prorogue Parliament by a phalanx of Labour MPs protesting against government proposals to start talks aiming to raise council house rents. Mr Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment, decided to withdraw the consultative document and defer proceedings until the new session.

Denis Healey was elected unopposed as deputy leader of the Labour Party.

**Friday, November 14**

All 35 states taking part in the European Security Conference in Madrid agreed to a compromise by which they could have from November 11 to December 20 to review how far the Helsinki Final Act on human rights had been implemented.

Three armed youths hijacked a busload of schoolchildren and held them hostage for nearly nine hours outside the headquarters of the state broadcasting service in Brussels. The youths, who wanted to broadcast a statement denouncing social conditions in Belgium, were finally overcome by police in the radio station. No one was injured.

**Sunday, November 16**

In Thailand 38 people were killed and more than 350 injured in an explosion in the main army munitions factory.

Iraqi troops attacked the Iranian town of Susangerd, killing more than 500 people.

John McEnroe, tennis champion of the United States and runner-up at Wimbledon, beat Gene Mayer 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 in the singles final of the Benson and Hedges tournament at Wembley.

**Monday, November 17**

President Sadat of Egypt opened the first tunnel to be built under the Suez Canal. It runs from just north of Suez to the Sinai desert.

The Leicester branch of Williams Furniture store was ruled to be in breach of the Sex Discrimination Act, 1975, by refusing to give a woman credit unless her husband acted as guarantor.

Two sisters, Annette and Charlene Maw, aged 21 and 18 respectively, were each given a three-year prison

sentence in Leeds Crown Court when they admitted that they had stabbed their drunken and violent father to death. The younger sister's sentence was later reduced to six months by the Court of Appeal.

The Dickinson Robinson Group announced the closure of its Croxley paper mill at Watford with the loss of over 750 jobs.

**Tuesday, November 18**

The King and Queen of Nepal arrived on a five-day state visit to the United Kingdom.

Jacqueline Hill, a third-year Leeds University student aged 20, was found murdered in Headingley and was later confirmed to be the Yorkshire Ripper's 13th victim. 50 extra detectives were added to the squad of 120 working on the case and, it was announced on November 25, a "brains trust" of senior detectives from all over Britain and a leading Home Office forensic scientist were also allocated to hunting the man who had murdered 13 times in five years.



Judith Chisholm, aged 28, left Heathrow in her single-engined Cessna Express Crusader. She arrived back on December 3 having set a new 27,000 mile round-the-world record of 360 hours, 22 minutes and 23 seconds, roughly halving Sheila Scott's record of 792 hours and breaking at least 12 other records.

Senior shop stewards at British Leyland voted to accept the company's 6.8 per cent pay offer.

In the occupied West Bank nine Palestinian students, including two teenage girls, were wounded by Israeli troops who fired at Arab demonstrators refusing army orders to disperse.

The Provisional IRA said that they would reduce terrorist activity to a minimum during the hunger strike at the Maze Prison in Belfast in order to make it politically easier for the Government to grant concessions.

**Wednesday, November 19**

England beat Switzerland 2-1 in a World Cup soccer qualifying match.

**Thursday, November 20**

The Queen opened Parliament and the Prime Minister, in the debate on the Queen's Speech, revealed that prices in the UK had risen only 4.3 per cent over the past six months.

The trial of Jiang Qing, Mao's widow, and the three other members of the Gang of Four, together with five former senior army officers, opened in Peking. They were charged with the unjust persecution of hundreds of thousands of people during the years from 1966 to 1976 and held responsible for more than 30,000 deaths. The military defendants were accused of attempting to assassinate Mao in 1971.



Miss Sheila Edmundson, aged 31, was the first woman in the British Merchant Navy to qualify for a foreign-going master's certificate.

Jacques Fauvet, editor of *Le Monde*,

and Philippe Boucher, the newspaper's legal commentator, were charged with a breach of Article 226 of the penal code which prohibits attacks on the authority and independence of the judiciary.

**Friday, November 21**

James Prior, Secretary of State for Employment, announced government plans to spend £573 million next year to keep 300,000 off the register of unemployed.

More than 80 people were killed and 500 injured in a fire at the 26-storey MGM Grand Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas.

Jacqueline du Pré received the Musician of the Year Award.

Mini Metro workers ran riot through British Leyland's Longbridge plant in protest against being laid off due to a shortage of car seats.

Nine members of Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front Party were detained in Salisbury and Bulawayo.

A Roman Catholic layman, Jerzy Ozdowski, was appointed Deputy Prime Minister of Poland, the first non-communist to attain such a high post in the Polish government.

**Saturday, November 22**

Mae West, the American film star, died at her Hollywood home aged 87.

**Sunday, November 23**

A series of earthquakes, reaching a maximum of 6.8 on the Richter scale, shook southern Italy, devastating mountain villages in the regions behind Naples. Rescue operations were soon hindered by snow and the Italian government was criticised for delay in sending aid. Over 3,000 people were killed, thousands more were missing and 300,000 made homeless.

The Israeli Prime Minister's Herut party expelled Mr Ezer Weizman, former Defence Minister, and the government lost its parliamentary majority.

About 100,000 people attended a right-wing rally in Madrid to commemorate the fifth anniversary of General Franco's death.

The BBC cancelled a scheduled second *Panorama* programme on brain death after the British Medical Association refused to take part in the programme on the grounds that the amount of time allocated for the BMA to express its views was insufficient.

**Monday, November 24**

The Government cut the minimum lending rate from 16 per cent to 14 per cent and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, announced further cuts in public spending, the reduction by 1 per cent of the real value of pensions and benefits, and rises in employees' and employers' national insurance contributions.

The Queen visited the European Commission in Brussels and said that the European Economic Community would "prove to be a turning point in the history of our continent".

Prince Charles arrived in India for a 13-day visit.

George Raft, star of many gangster films in the 1930s and 40s, died in Los Angeles aged 85.

**Tuesday, November 25**

Unemployment in Britain reached a new post-war record of 2,162,847, 8.4 per cent of the workforce.

**Wednesday, November 26**

A general strike in Warsaw was averted when the Polish government satisfied the immediate demands of the free trade union Solidarity and freed Jan Narozniak, a printer, and Piotr Sapelo, a clerk in the office of the Prosecutor-General, who had been arrested and accused of publishing a secret state document.

Signor Virginio Rognoni, the Italian Minister for the Interior, resigned in

reaction to President Pertini's condemnation of the government's delay in sending aid to areas devastated by the earthquake. His resignation was rejected by the Prime Minister, Signor Arnaldo Forlani.

A new disciplinary code drawn up by Ford management was used for the first time to suspend 370 workers at Halewood on Merseyside because they had taken part in an "unconstitutional dispute".

Four leaders of "Keepers of Wales", who led the arson campaign against holiday homes in the Principality, were given jail sentences.

**Thursday, November 27**

Three men were sentenced to death in Dublin's Special Criminal Court for the murder of a policeman in county Roscommon after a bank robbery last July.

Sir Arthur Knight announced his resignation as Chairman of the National Enterprise Board. On December 1 Sir Robert Clayton also resigned from the NEB and a day later he was followed by Ian Halliday, the full-time chief executive.

The Soviet Union launched a new spaceship, Soyuz T3, carrying three cosmonauts. It was to link up with the orbiting Salyut 6 space station.

A fire in California's San Bernardino National Forest destroyed 1,400 acres of timber and seriously damaged 400 homes.

**Friday, November 28**

Mrs Shirley Williams announced that she could not at present be a Labour Party candidate because she could not defend the party's policies as agreed at the party conference last October.

Henry MacKenny, known as Big H, was given a life sentence for committing four murders, including that of a boy of ten.

**Saturday, November 29**

The Labour Party launched a campaign against the Conservative Government's economic policies and rising unemployment by staging a mass demonstration in Liverpool addressed by the Labour leader, Michael Foot.



Steve Davis beat Alex Higgins 16-6 in the Coral United Kingdom Snooker Championship. Three days later he won the Wilson Classic tournament.

**Monday, December 1**

The firemen's threatened one-day strike was called off when union leaders agreed to discuss a new two-stage pay offer consisting of a 13 per cent increase from November 7 and a further 5.8 per cent from April.

Professor Sir Andrew Huxley, aged 63, was elected President of the Royal Society in succession to Lord Todd.

**Tuesday, December 2**

Two bombs exploded in Hammersmith, west London. One damaged the headquarters of the 31st Signals Regiment of the Territorial Army in Hammersmith Road, the other demolished a car in a street near by. Commander Peter Duffy, head of Scotland Yard's Anti-Terrorist Squad, warned

that this might be the start of an IRA Christmas bombing campaign.

East Germany declared a 24-mile-wide strip along its border with Poland a "temporary restricted area". EEC leaders at a summit conference in Luxembourg warned the Soviet Union that an invasion of Poland would have "very serious consequences for world peace". Edward Gierek, the deposed Polish party leader, was stripped of all party and public posts and four of his supporters were dismissed from the Politburo. The next day the Communist Party Central Committee in Poland warned that continuing unrest would bring the country to the brink of economic and moral destruction, and the National Military Council said that it had discussed specific tasks for the armed forces in an emergency.

**Wednesday, December 3**

Mrs Thatcher announced that a further 192 quangos would be abolished, saving nearly £23 million by 1983.

Sir Oswald Mosley, founder of the British Union of Fascists Movement in 1932, died in France aged 84.



Renoir's *Baigneuse* was sold at Sotheby's to the Fujii Gallery of Tokyo for £510,000.

**Thursday, December 4**

Dr Francisco Sa Carneiro, the Portuguese Prime Minister, and Senhor Adelino Amaro da Costa, the Defence Minister, were killed when their light aircraft crashed soon after take-off from Portela Airport, Lisbon. Professor Diogo Freitas do Amaral, the Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, took over.

26 people were killed in a fire in Stouffer's Inn, a hotel at White Plains, 20 miles north of New York City.

Moderate Labour MPs won seven of the 12 places on the Shadow Cabinet. Anthony Wedgwood Benn and Eric Heffer failed to be elected.

**Friday, December 5**

An unexpected summit meeting of the leaders of the Warsaw Pact countries was held in Moscow. Subsequently a statement was issued declaring that Poland would remain a socialist state but renouncing the use of force.

Mr Arthur Bottomley, Labour MP for Teesside, Middlesbrough, and chairman of the Commons commission responsible for administration, revealed in a Commons reply that the cost of running the House of Commons had almost doubled in a year, from £5,927,033 in 1978-79 to £10,743,254 in 1979-80.

**Saturday, December 6**

Some 10,000 people marched peacefully from St Stephen's Green to the British embassy in Dublin in support of the Maze prisoners on hunger strike. On the following day about 2,000 people marched in London from Speakers' Corner to Kilburn.

Rioting broke out in Israeli-occupied Jordan as students and school children protested against the Israeli government's decision to ignore advice from high court of justice and expel, for the second time, the mayors of Hebron and Halhoul.





GAMMA FRANKSPONER

**Italian earthquake disaster:** The series of earthquakes which have killed more than 3,000 people, left 5,000 still unaccounted for and made 300,000 homeless began on November 23. Tremors reached an intensity of 6.8 degrees on the Richter scale and appalling damage was caused in 97 cities, towns and villages in the Naples-Salerno region, affecting 10,156 square miles of southern Italy. Soon heavy rain, freezing fog and snow hampered rescue operations that were in any case criticized for tardiness and inefficiency. Isolated villages in the mountains had still not been reached days after the first shock and relatives and neighbours dug into the ruins with bare hands trying to reach those who were buried. Survivors refused to leave their villages, partly because they believed that there might still be people alive in the rubble—and rescues were still being made more than a week after the disaster—and partly for fear of looting. Southern Italy is a known earthquake area, yet no contingency planning appears to have been made or lessons learnt: 13 years after the earthquake in the Belice valley in Sicily, 40,000 people there are still waiting to be rehoused. Survivors of this earthquake are living in tents, in container units, in caravans, in school buildings, and the authorities have taken over hotels and empty flats; but accommodation is inadequate to cope with the scale of a disaster further exacerbated by the attentions of looters and profiteers.



REX FEATURES



KEYSTONE PRESS

Left, a woman lies among the ruins of Sant' Angelo dei Lombardi. Right, survivors await help in the remains of Laviano.





Forty bodies, 15 of them children's, were recovered from the church in Balvano and laid out in the school's courtyard. The church's roof caved in during mass.



Though there was no shortage of volunteers, relief was badly organized.



Makeshift homes for the thousands suffering from cold and sickness.



A specially trained German shepherd dog and his owner, part of a team sent to join the rescue operation, search for survivors in Sant' Angelo dei Lombardi.



Rain and cold added to the survivors' distress and hampered rescue operations.





SIPA REX FEATURES

**Las Vegas hotel blaze:** More than 80 people died and 500 were injured when fire destroyed part of the MGM Grand Hotel and Casino. Though it took two hours to bring the fire under control, flames never reached beyond the second floor of the 26-

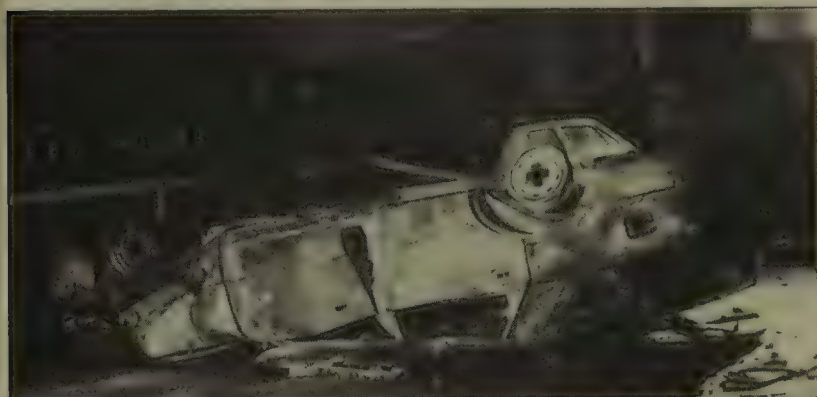
storey hotel, and most of the deaths and injuries were caused by smoke. Survivors, some of whom were rescued by helicopter from the roof, said that fire escape doors were locked from the outside and that neither fire alarms nor sprinklers worked.



SIPA REX FEATURES

**Chinese trial:** The trial by a special court of Chairman Mao's widow, Jiang Qing, right, and nine other defendants continued in Peking. Jiang and her three associates, the so-called Gang of Four, together with five former senior army

officers were accused of implication in a plot to assassinate Mao nine years ago, with the "unjust persecution of hundreds of thousands of prominent people" and of being responsible for the deaths of more than 30,000 people between 1966 and 1976.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

**Bombs in west London:** Two bombs exploded in Hammersmith at the beginning of December. The first damaged a Territorial Army hall in Hammersmith Road, the second demolished a car in Rowan Road, a short distance away, a few minutes later. No warning had been given and no one was injured.

**Protest in Liverpool:** In a national protest against unemployment, on November 29, right, more than 50,000 men and women marched through Liverpool, which has 15 per cent of its citizens out of work. The rally was addressed by 20 speakers, including Labour Party Leader Michael Foot and Anthony Wedgwood Benn.



PRESS ASSOCIATION





**Royal visitors from Nepal:** The King and Queen of Nepal made a five-day state visit to Britain. They were guests of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, where King

Birendra was made an honorary Field Marshal by the Queen. The royal party is pictured before attending a state banquet held in honour of the visitors.



**Merry monarch:** With principal Hugh Cruttwell to mark the 75th anniversary of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.



**Belgian celebrations:** In Brussels to mark the 150th anniversary of Belgium's independence, the Queen visited the European Commission, where she made a controversial speech in praise of the EEC, and the headquarters of Nato, where a ceremonial meeting of the North Atlantic Council was presided over by Dr Joseph Luns, Nato Secretary-General.



**Down the mine:** During a day-long visit to west Cornwall the Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip and Prince Andrew, toured the Geevor Tin Mine where she saw renovated workings and at a depth of 1,500 feet unveiled a commemorative plaque.



**At the match:** The Queen and Prince Philip met the England/Wales and Scotland/Ireland sides before their match played to celebrate the Welsh Rugby Union's Centenary year. Captain Steve Fenwick (Wales) is seen introducing Billy Beaumont.



# The politics of response

by Robert Rhodes James

The late Anthony Crosland, asked whether he was surprised at his appointment as Foreign Secretary, wearily responded that "in this business, *nothing* surprises me any more", and this modern version of Disraeli's particular dictum that "the vicissitudes of politics are inexhaustible" has particular relevance to recent events. Michael Foot, whose actual political achievements in a lifetime of political activity may be charitably described as limited, is now leader of the Opposition, to the despair and astonishment of a significantly large section of the Parliamentary Labour Party. His defeated opponent, Denis Healey, is half-heartedly denouncing the Government for economic policies that he endorsed during the more successful period of his Chancellorship, thereby convincing neither friend nor foe. Shirley Williams seems to be on the verge of leaving the Labour Party altogether and the dreaded reselection process is about to begin for Labour MPs.

In spite of such peculiarities, there is a remarkable predictability about modern British politics. A defeated party hurls itself into ferocious internecine controversies, emerges invariably with the

conviction that it lost because it was not "different" enough, and is highly responsive to the Goldwater argument that "we want a choice, not an echo". One would like to think that the processes in the Labour Party are based upon hard information, clear understanding of the problems, a willingness to admit past errors and acute sensitivity to the concerns of the people of this nation. But the unhappy fact is that British politics have now entered what I can only describe as a response period. If—improbable though it is—the Conservatives were to propose the abolition of the Royal Navy, Labour would pledge itself to building the greatest fleet the world had ever seen. If Labour were to propose the denationalization of British Rail, the Conservatives would at once point out the appalling consequences. The Liberals are always against anything that is unpopular and in favour of anything that is popular. Few politicians are actually proposing anything, but are responding to real or imagined horrors suggested by their opponents.

In these circumstances, Michael Foot's election as Labour leader makes much sense. He is the "response politician" writ large. Throughout his long life his contribution has been consistently negative. He is always *against*

things, and whenever invited to propose alternatives he drifts away into a cloud of generalities. Where was the great Aldermaston marcher between 1964 and 1970, and between 1974 and 1979? Where indeed! Michael Foot has a blameless record for originality of thought—namely, no record at all. He looks at what he calls "The Establishment", and if this mysterious entity proposes anything he is against it. He is the classical response politician.

The response politicians have always been baffled by Margaret Thatcher and the new breed of Conservatives who actually want to change things, and who are uninterested in devising policies whose sole merit is that of being different from those of their opponents. The fact that the Government is now in considerable difficulties on the economic front greatly cheers up the old-timers and confirms their innate cynicism. Their view is that Mr Foot need do nothing more for the next three years but castigate the Government in order to sweep triumphantly into Downing Street. Provided he is manifestly different, and against everything that is uncomfortable and difficult, he need have no fears.

The reality is that although the Conservatives have their problems, and no

sensitive or sensible Conservative will deny this for a moment, the Government is embarked upon a heroic attempt to change deeply entrenched and essentially negative attitudes towards work, responsibility and society that have proved profoundly injurious to our national fortunes. The full extent of our problems is now seen more clearly than at any time since the war, and there is a dawning realization that national revival depends upon individual effort. Sanity is breaking out everywhere in the private sector as the recession deepens, and now that the Government has seized the nettle of public sector pay there is real hope for the future.

But more significant than this is the fact that the Conservative Party as a whole continues to think deeply about our difficulties, and about ways in which to resolve them. There is certainly no complacency—how can there be?—but also there is no mood of despair or fatalism. If mistakes have been made, they must be rectified. Problems exist to be solved. The old-time response politicians, horrified by such attitudes, no longer represent the true mood of the British people.

Robert Rhodes James is Conservative MP for Cambridge.

## WASHINGTON

# Guess who's coming to dinner

by Sam Smith

After an election, comedian Mort Sahl once suggested, Americans act as though they had become pregnant and were now trying to fall in love. There is some of that feeling around official Washington these days as the capital city deals with the fact that Ronald Reagan is no longer going to be numbered among earthquakes, hot tub ablations, the freeway strangler and other Occidental terrors safely a continent away but, for God's sake, right here.

The first reaction was shock. One cab driver told me that for the first week no one he carried mentioned the election at all; it reminded him of the days following the abortive Iranian hostage rescue mission. But then the official city began to regain its composure. And when the spectre itself alighted and the skies did not darken and the earth remained firm, there were manic expressions of relief in the city's journals. What Mr Reagan actually did was to come to town and be pleasant to anyone he could find to be pleasant to. He paid a courtesy call on President Carter and on Tip O'Neill, the House Speaker (who is receiving a battlefield promotion to senior elected Democrat at the unenviable moment that his troops are in full retreat). He invited the black mayor of

the city, who had previously described the election as disastrous, to dinner and put the mayor's wife at his right hand. And on departure he shook hands with every one of the 30 police officers who had looked after him. Virtually nothing of substance developed but this did not prevent the media from describing his visit as "triumphant", "brilliant" and "a stroke of political genius".

That Mr Reagan pacified the official city so easily tells one far more about Washington than it does about the new President. Here substance stands behind style; a president can do almost anything he wants as long as he does it well. Elsewhere in the city a member of one of Mr Reagan's transition taskforces was mumbling that the administration might cut off federal housing funds to cities insisting on rent control, but he was given short journalistic shrift. At times like these who needs a party pooper?

On the other side of town—geographically, racially and economically—there were plenty of people who could not be so easily cheered. On November 9 James Reston, the pundit of the *New York Times*, declared: "There's a good feeling here about the changing of the guard from Carter to Reagan." With the traditional arrogance of the Washington Press, Reston had managed to ignore the feelings of the three-quarters of this city that is

black, the three-quarters of its voters who chose Jimmy Carter (even sending Reagan into third place behind John Anderson in a number of precincts), the vast majority who neither have a political appointment nor are close enough to the zenith of power to be attracted to the political bisexuality that characterizes much of the city's elite of lawyers, lobbyists and journalists.

The fact is that blacks are the one ethnic group that kept the Democratic faith. Washington DC has rejected every Republican presidential candidate in its 16 years of being allowed to vote on the matter. Like other American cities, it is facing not only a disturbing political change but a demographic one as well, as the 1980 census reveals a substantial shift of people and their power away from the major urban centres. Anyone in such circumstances who can feel secure because the President-elect plays "Look Who's Coming To Dinner" with the black mayor must have discovered a powerful new derivative of hashish and is testing it while watching the evening news.

But that is the residential city and, as one can tell from almost any dispatch datelined Washington, no paid-up member of the Newspaper Guild cares about that. In fact the initial concern for the 10,000 or so people who will actually lose their jobs because of the election

(about 4,000 of them not in the administration at all but on Capitol Hill, where the Republicans took the Senate) has dwindled as well. It is assumed, I suppose, that they, like their predecessors, will either find well paid jobs elsewhere or remain in town, and in power, as members of the fourth branch of government: the lawyers and lobbyists, part of what columnist George Will calls a "circulating elite".

While the residential city is figuring out how to survive the next four years, the circulating elite will be figuring the angles and the permanent elite (composed of people like columnists and lawyers, so powerful they do not have to run for anything) will be figuring whom to have for dinner. The underlying polymorphous nature of this city will reveal itself again.

Those who believe that politics actually mean something will feel rather lonely for a while. In the past few weeks only the shaggy Speaker of the House, Tip O'Neill, has provided them with hope. During Mr Reagan's visit the Speaker warned him, "Now you're in the big leagues," and reminded him of what he had told the newly installed President Ford: "A year from now, a year and a half from now, I'll be kicking your brains out." It is nice there is someone left in power here who remembers what politics are about.



# Voyager to Saturn

by Patrick Moore

On November 12, 1980, the unmanned American spacecraft Voyager 1 made its closest approach to the planet Saturn. Moving at over 56,000 mph relative to Saturn, it passed only 77,200 miles above the cloud tops; and though the distance from Earth was almost 950 million miles Voyager was obeying its commands as promptly as ever.

Voyager 1 was launched from Cape Canaveral on September 5, 1977. It was following in the wake of its twin, Voyager 2, which had begun its journey on the previous August 20; but Voyager 1 was moving in a more economical path. Both entered the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter on December 10; five days later Voyager 1 overtook its twin, and emerged safely from the asteroid zone on September 8, 1978. In March, 1979, it made its closest approach to the giant planet Jupiter, obtaining spectacular pictures as well as data; it then took advantage of Jupiter's tremendous gravitational pull to swing it outwards towards an encounter with Saturn. By November, 1980, it had covered a track more than 1,000 million miles in length.

Saturn is unique. It is smaller than Jupiter, but its equatorial diameter is almost 75,000 miles, and its mass is 95 times greater than that of the Earth. Its surface is gaseous, with large amounts of the two lightest elements, hydrogen and helium; below the clouds there is liquid hydrogen, and there is a solid core around 17,000 miles in diameter. The Saturnian "year" is  $29\frac{1}{2}$  times as long as ours, but the day is short; the most up-to-date value is 10 hours 39 minutes 24 seconds.

The glory of Saturn lies in its rings. When they are suitably placed for observation a small telescope will show them; nobody can seriously doubt that Saturn is the loveliest object in the whole of the sky. The two bright rings, A and B, are separated by a gap known as the Cassini Division in honour of its discoverer, the 17th-century Italian

astronomer G. D. Cassini. The inner ring, C, is more or less transparent. It has long been known that the rings cannot be solid or liquid sheets; a ring of this sort could not possibly exist so close to massive Saturn, and it was assumed that the rings were made up of relatively small particles, either icy or at least ice-covered. Pioneer 11, the first Saturn probe, by-passed Saturn in 1979 and confirmed the existence of two faint rings outside the main system: they were lettered E and F—D being reserved for yet another dim ring close to the planet, whose existence was regarded as somewhat dubious.

By November 6, 1980, Voyager 1 was within 6 million miles of Saturn, and it was already obvious that the ring system was much more complex than had been expected. And as the information continued to stream in to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, research scientists admitted that they were being taken completely by surprise. Instead of having only half a dozen rings at most, Saturn has hundreds—or even thousands. To be more explicit, each of the known rings has many components—rings within rings, so to speak; it was even commented that the ring-system has more grooves than a gramophone record.

Three observations were particularly baffling. First, there were the curious dark radial "spokes" or "fingers" crossing the brightest ring, B. They persist for hours, and when they disappear they are replaced by new ones; but it is hard to see how they can form in the first place, because ring-particles in the regions closer to Saturn move faster than those at greater distances, and any "spokes" should vanish quickly. Yet the features were there; and when Voyager passed "below" the rings (that is to say, on the opposite side of the rings to the Sun) the spokes appeared bright instead of dark, so that presumably they were scattering the sunlight forward. As yet they remain unexplained, though it is likely that magnetic effects may be involved; Saturn has a magnetic field much more powerful than that of the Earth, though admit-

tedly it is much weaker than Jupiter's.

Another major surprise was the discovery that two rings, one inside the C-ring and the other in a dark gap at the outer edge of the Cassini Division, were somewhat eccentric rather than perfectly circular. The Cassini Division itself is not empty; it contains several thin rings, so that it cannot be regarded as a true gap. It had always been believed that the main divisions in the ring system, Cassini's and also the Encke Division in Ring A, were due to the perturbing effects of the inner satellites of Saturn; but this explanation is certainly inadequate in view of the Voyager discoveries. Other forces must also be involved, though as yet we cannot pretend to understand them.

But perhaps the most remarkable finding of all concerned the F ring, which lies just outside the main system. It was known to be narrow; Voyager showed it to be clumpy and braided, with three components, two of which looked as though they were intertwined like the strands of a rope. When the pictures first came through at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, there were many people (including myself) who were at first frankly incredulous, and Dr Brad Smith, head of the Voyager imaging team, commented that Ring F seemed to defy all the laws of celestial mechanics. No doubt a solution to the problem will be found, but at present Ring F remains an enigma.

The revelations about the rings tended to divert attention from the globe of the planet itself, which appears much blander than that of Jupiter, with more overlying haze. The temperature is much lower than that of Jupiter, so that clouds form deeper in the atmosphere and are partly hidden by small particles carried upward by convection. However, much detail was found. There is a distinct red spot in the southern hemisphere, several thousands of miles long, though much less striking and doubtless much less long-lived than the Great Red Spot on Jupiter. There were also interesting brownish ovals, as well as belts and bright zones. Like Jupiter, Saturn sends out more energy than it would do if it depended entirely upon what it receives from the Sun, so that there must be an internal heat-source; but conditions near the core may be different from those inside the much more massive Jupiter. Remember, the mean density of Saturn's globe is considerably less than that of water.

Quite apart from the planet and its rings, there are the satellites. Saturn has a large family; 15 satellites are now known, of which three were discovered by the instruments on Voyager 1. They fall into various definite categories. Titan is in a class of its own; its diameter is of the order of 3,600 miles, larger than the planet Mercury, and it was already known to have an atmosphere. Iapetus and Rhea have diameters of around

1,000 miles; Tethys and Dione, about 750; Mimas and Enceladus, around 200. Also known before Voyager 1 made its fly-by were Hyperion and Phoebe, which were smaller than the rest. An inner satellite, Janus, had been reported by French astronomers, but seems not to exist, and the name has now been dropped.

Phoebe, moving round Saturn in a retrograde or wrong-way direction at a distance of over 8 million miles, was not studied from Voyager 1; it was in the wrong place at the wrong time, but on November 8 Voyager obtained a reasonable view of Iapetus, which is a strange body. It appears to have one hemisphere which is as white as snow, while the other is blacker than a blackboard; the cause of this anomaly is unknown, but it is believed that Iapetus is made up chiefly of ice. During the following week Voyager obtained high-resolution pictures of Rhea, Dione, Tethys and Mimas, all of which were found to be cratered. Presumably their surfaces are icy, but each has its own characteristics.

Three inner satellites, all small and presumably icy and irregular in shape, were discovered. Two of these, known provisionally as S13 and S14, move close to opposite boundaries of the curious F ring, and presumably control it; they "box in" the ring particles, so to speak, and pull them back into the ring area if they show any tendency to stray. Satellite S15 moves only 500 miles outside the edge of the main bright ring, A. At a greater distance (93,000 miles from the centre of Saturn) there are two small satellites moving in the same orbit; periodically one catches the other up, but since both objects remain for our inspection there can be no collision—even though it is quite likely that both were produced by the disruption of a former single body. Finally, there is a 50-mile satellite, S12, moving in the same orbit as Dione.

On November 11, a day before closest encounter with Saturn, Voyager passed within 2,600 miles of Titan, the largest of the satellites. Titan is the only satellite in the Solar System known to have an atmosphere, and it was generally believed that the main constituent must be methane (marsh gas), with a ground pressure of around 20 millibars—much less than the pressure of the Earth's air at sea-level. Voyager showed otherwise. The atmosphere is considerably denser than ours, and is made up chiefly of nitrogen. The true surface of Titan cannot be seen at all; all that can be made out is the top of an orange layer of what may be described as photochemical smog. Titan is extremely cold, and it is now believed that on the surface there may be oceans of liquid nitrogen—something which would have seemed absurdly far-fetched before the Voyager mission.

Voyager 1 has now completed its

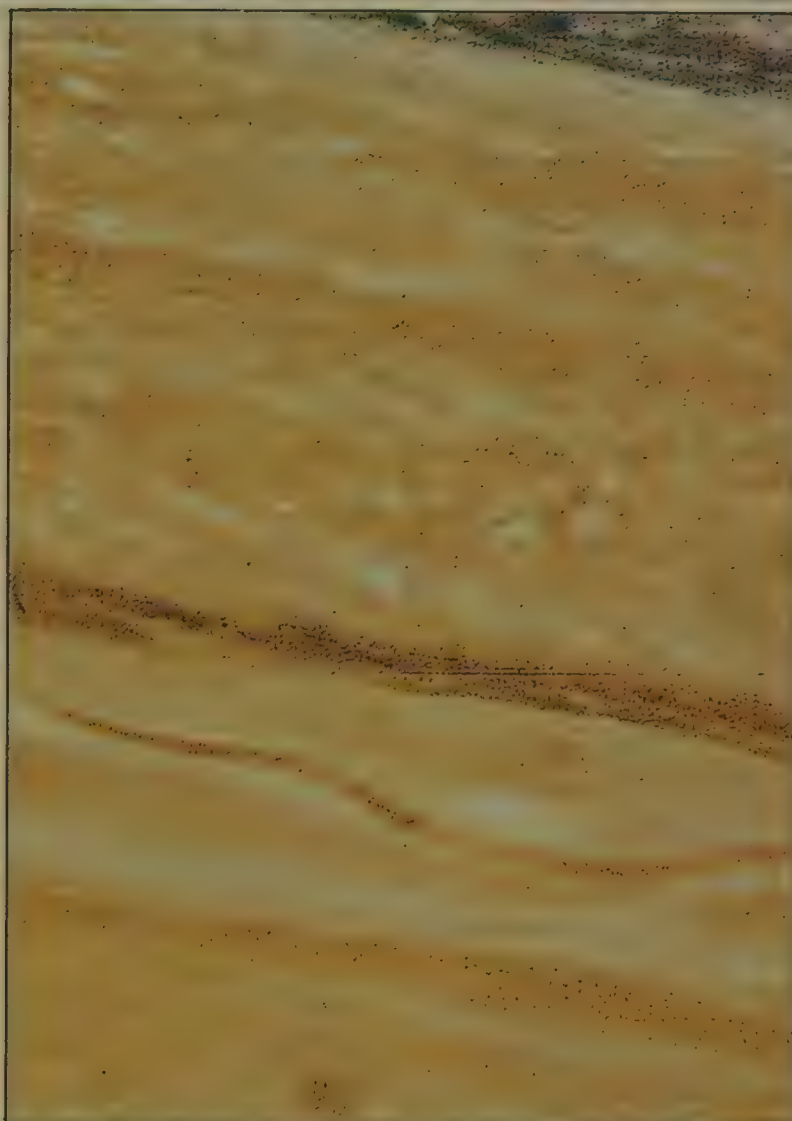
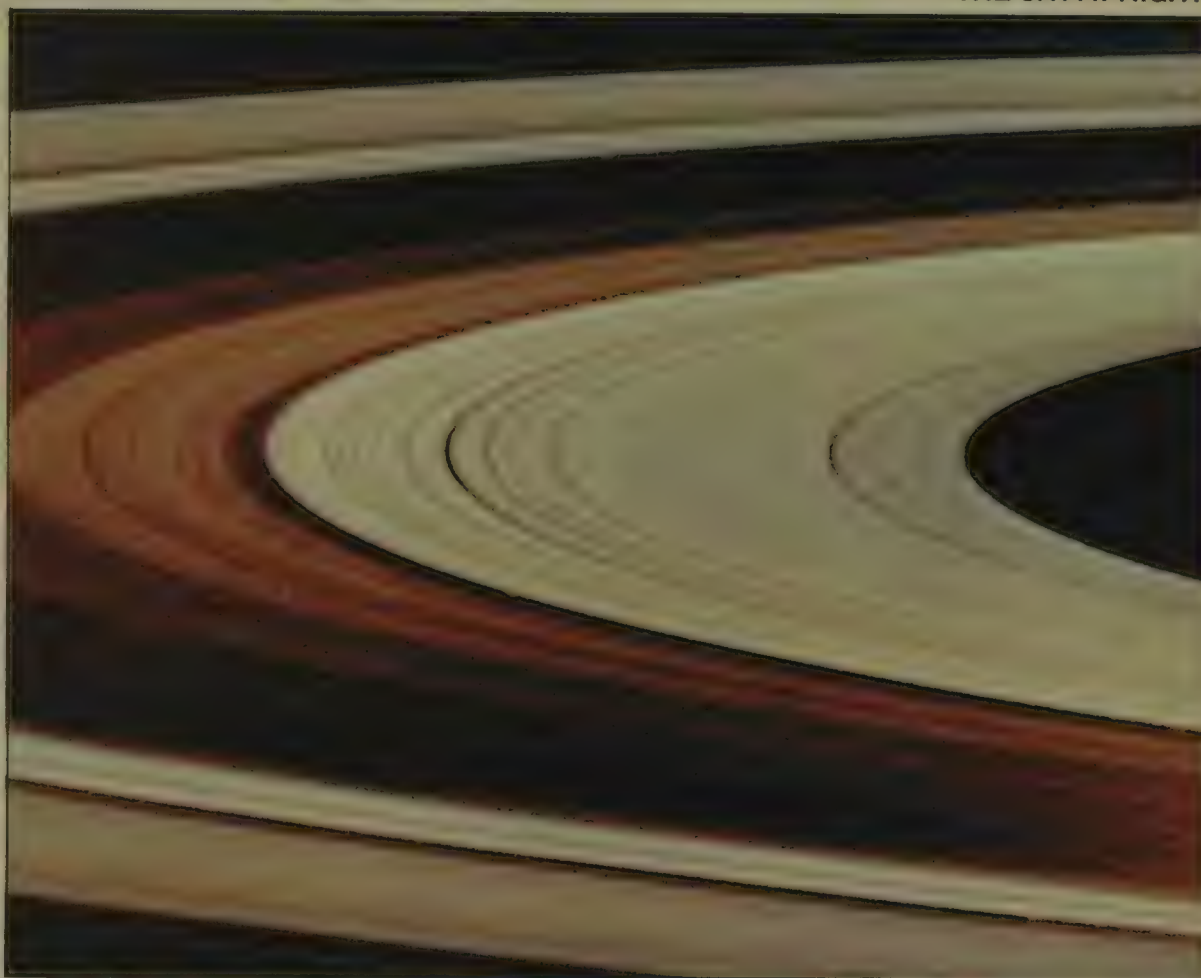


The planet Saturn and its rings photographed by Voyager 1 at a distance of 47 million miles, eight weeks before the spacecraft made its closest approach.



main task. It is moving farther and farther away from both Saturn and the Earth; it will not encounter any other planets, and will leave the Solar System altogether, though contact with it may be maintained until well into the 1990s. Voyager 2, moving in a slower path, will bypass Saturn next August, and thanks to its predecessor's success will be able to ignore Titan and move out to rendezvous with Uranus (1986) and Neptune (1989). But no matter what new revelations are in store from this second probe, they can hardly match the excitement generated last November. Indeed, Voyager 1 may claim to be the most successful unmanned probe ever launched. It has begun its never-ending journey among the stars, and its final fate will never be known, but its place in history is secure.

Top right, a view of Saturn's rings showing the reversal of brightness of the major features in the rings seen from the unilluminated side; it was taken at a range of 444,000 miles. The C ring and material in the Cassini Division show nearly white, the B ring is reddish brown. Centre right, Titan, Saturn's largest moon, with its thick haze layer in an enhanced image transmitted from 270,000 miles. Below, an artist's view of the Saturnian system prepared from Voyager 1's data, showing Dione in the foreground, Saturn rising behind, Tethys and Mimas fading in the distance to the right, Enceladus and Rhea off Saturn's rings to the left and Titan in its distant orbit at the top. Bottom right, an enhanced image of Saturn taken 2 million miles from the planet. The chevron pattern of white features in the upper portion of the image reflects the local cloud motion; measurement of the location of individual features at different times provides the information needed to determine the wind speed at various locations on the planet.





# Deliverance from inflation

by Sir Arthur Bryant

One thing that does not seem to be generally realized about inflation—at least the kind of inflation from which Great Britain has suffered during the past 20 or 30 years—is how comparatively few people until the present year it had hurt. Prices have risen phenomenally, but so have wages, salaries, index-linked pensions and many other kinds of profitable ownership. On the whole salary-earners and wage-earners—at least those protected by trade unions—owners of and beneficiaries in real estate and essential commodities, Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament, Civil Servants and local government officials have enjoyed annual increases in their incomes which, by and large, have left them in real terms of personal wealth and purchasing-power no worse off, and sometimes substantially better off, than they were before.

And this has happened, as often as not, at the expense of the minority whose incomes have not been increased but have remained constant, purchasing less and less with every year that has passed. It has been the self-employed, the professional man who does not belong to any professional organization or society with the power to look after his interests in the monetary race, the petty rentier, retired people living on a fixed income who have been the real sufferers from inflation.

For inflation in Great Britain in the 1950s and 60s has been a very different affair to that which befell Germany in the years immediately after the First World War, when workmen had to wheel home their weekly wages in a depreciated paper currency in a barrow. Nothing like that has happened here, where all parties had until recently almost a kind of vested interest in preserving a moderate inflation.

Yet even such moderated and tailored inflation was at best a rake's progress. It put a premium on injustice and dishonesty and has proved a millstone round the neck of stable production. For it sacrificed to ephemeral and unreal money values the production of the real wealth on which humanity in the end subsists. It put the financial cart before the productive horse. And two years ago, in an election campaign which ultimately carried her to Downing Street, Margaret Thatcher bravely set her face, and that of the political party she led, against the continuance of inflation, preaching a crusade for a return to honest money and, with it, honest work.

Unfortunately the means that her financial advisers—orthodox monetarists of the highest integrity and intention—adopted as a cure for this fatal disease was one which has so far proved ill-calculated to bring about the end they sought. It was to apply a classic and

strictly monetarist and laissez-faire remedy to an economic society in which laissez-faire had long been abandoned in favour of a socialist or semi-socialist state-enforced organization of the nation's life and in which exceptional and entrenched legal powers at variance with the country's ancient libertarian tradition had been granted to collectivist bodies dedicated to the prevention of laissez-faire, not only in relations between labour and capital in the private sector, but between the State and labour in the public or nationalized one.

And in order to compel these contending forces to come to terms without direct state interference, inflated money, in the form of excessive and uneconomic wages, with subsidies to overmanned and artificially protected industries and public services, was to be forced out of circulation by the drastic expedient of raising minimum lending rate to an unprecedented level, so making it theoretically impossible for employers to obtain money for financially uneconomic activities and for their employees to enforce excessive wage demands. To end inflation, the stick which was to beat the British industrial donkey into economically productive activity was the threat of bankruptcy for employers and of unemployment for their employees. And in this way the means selected to cure inflation have brought, for the first time, suffering through unemployment to those hitherto protected from it.

For in a society in which at least half the money required to finance the public services of a half-socialized state has to be borrowed by the Government from the banks or public at such exorbitant rates of interest as 14 or 15 per cent or upwards, the Government in order to pay it has to tax the community, and particularly the productive or private sector of the community, at a rate which automatically itself becomes a major cause of inflation. And by making it im-

possible for industry to obtain at such prohibitive interest rates the capital required to maintain full production, and simultaneously reducing by increased taxation the amount of purchasing power in the taxpayer's pocket, a Government passionately intent, and rightly, on ending inflation has been unintentionally prolonging its ill effects.

To make a free economy work—that is, one in which men are free to choose their own employment and consumer-goods—there must be enough money in circulation to buy all the products which that non-totalitarian society is physically capable of making. If there is not, there will be under-production and, as a consequence, unemployment. And that, as I predicted on this page more than a year ago, is precisely what the classic or academic monetarist's method of fighting inflation was bound to produce and is now producing. For under our present outdated, and therefore in part inefficient, monetary system, additional money to finance full production and employment can only be created and brought into circulation attached to debt and the payment of interest on that debt. For our currency is not, as is often claimed, a paper currency but merely a currency which, printed on paper, is rigidly attached to debt and the interest payable on such debt. And if the rate of interest is too high, the anchor will prevent the economic and industrial ship of state from being able to move.

Yet the remedy is simple. It is for Government to exercise the right inherent in all sovereign government to create and issue such money as is essential for its needs free of debt-charge, instead of continuing to borrow it at a prohibitive rate of interest through the banking system. It was Abraham Lincoln, wisest and greatest of Anglo-Saxon statesmen, who said that "Government should create, issue and circulate all the currency and credit

needed to satisfy the spending power of the Government and the buying power of consumers. The privilege of creating and issuing money is not only the supreme prerogative of Government, but it is Government's greatest creative opportunity." That right to do so, and so spend into circulation urgently needed money for essential wealth-creating purposes, rather than by borrowing it into circulation at prohibitive and self-defeating interest rates, was expressly reserved to Congress by the founding fathers of the American Constitution, though for many years Congress has allowed the use of this constitutional right to the Federal Reserve Banks. In this country the same sovereign right, also exercised by banks, is inherent in the supreme sovereignty of the Crown in Parliament and is thus constitutionally available to those who exercise that sovereignty.

Convinced by my study of our history that there is a fatal arithmetical fallacy in a currency based exclusively on interest-bearing debt which, whenever the rate of interest rises above a tolerable level, automatically inhibits it from meeting the full requirements of a productive industrial economy, I have repeatedly urged on this page that the time has come for Parliament to rise above the static and self-defeating rule-of-thumb practice of the classic monetarists of the Treasury and the academic economist's study and exercise the right, inherent in every sovereign State, to create and issue the requisite amount of debt-free purchasing power to meet, when it can be met in no other way, the essential needs of the State and of an industrial society, without having to pay, and subsequently recoup the cost from the taxpayer, a prohibitive and unnecessary rate of interest.

I am not suggesting that, to break the present stultifying monetarist blockade of our economy, it should issue more of such debt-free money or purchasing-power than is strictly necessary to get the economy and productive industry moving again and operating to full capacity. Nor do I suggest that the creation of such nationally-needed finance should be issued save under the strictest and most clearly limited conditions laid down and enforced by Parliament. Nor that it should interfere in any way with the normal provision by our highly efficient banking system of the needs of the private borrower and of the nationalized industries. But it would give to the Government and, above all, to a deeply sincere and, I believe, inspired national leader, Margaret Thatcher, freedom from a restrictive and purely monetarist mechanism and, with it, the power to make good the promise to which she committed herself in her election campaign of two years ago, without turning from the real and ultimate course she has set herself ●

## 100 years ago



The Thames froze over in January, 1881. This engraving from the *ILN* of February 5 shows Twickenham, looking across from Eel Pie Island. The temperature was 25°F. The dark stain in the ice, left, marks the site of a charity sheep-roast.



# The new President

by Richard Dudman

Americans are belatedly taking a closer look at the man they have elected as their 40th president. They have already found some surprises, and more are in store. And they are learning again that a long, dreary election campaign like the one that took up most of 1980 is not the educational experience it is cracked up to be. It is perhaps the worst way to learn about the candidates.

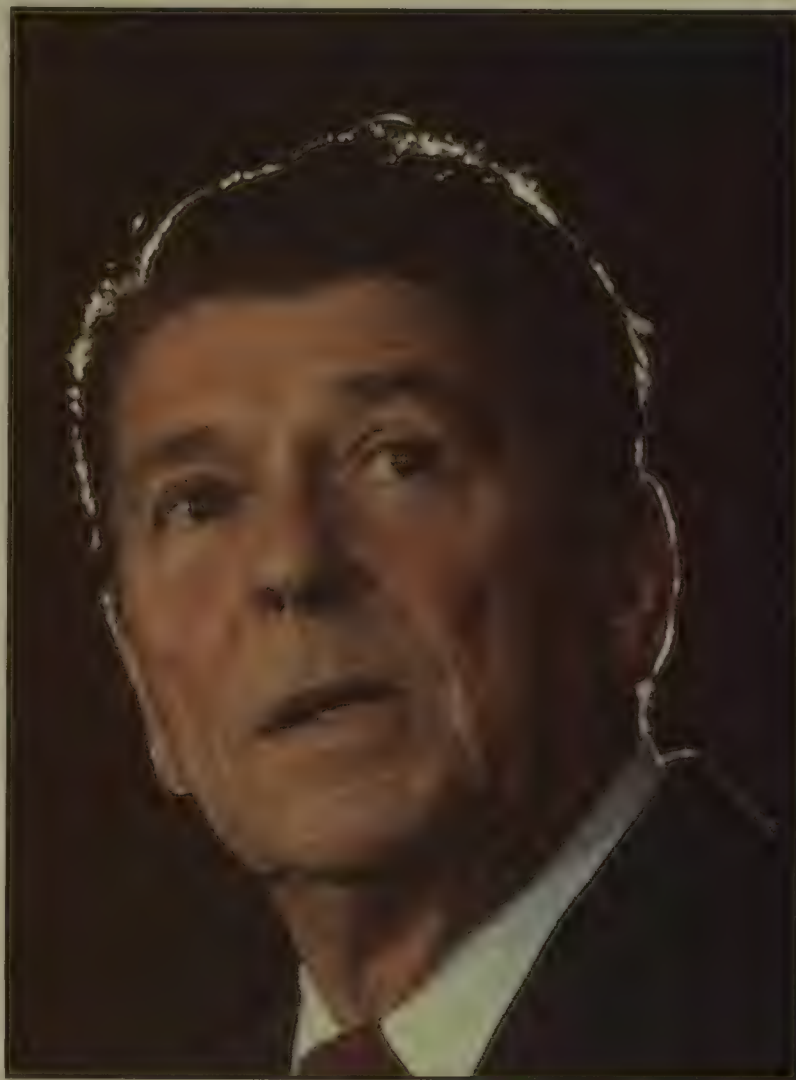
Ronald Reagan is no more the dumb cowboy film star who cannot be trusted out alone without a script than Jimmy Carter is the simple-minded nincompoop of the political cartoons. Nor is Reagan likely to be the harsh ideologue or warmonger depicted by the Carter camp, judging from his behaviour as governor of California and his moderate and gracious conduct on a brief visit to Washington after the election.

The whole area of foreign affairs, to be sure, is pretty much unknown territory as far as the president-elect is concerned. The state of California has no ministry of foreign affairs. Reagan has done some travelling abroad, and he has met some foreign leaders; but some of those he seemed to like the best are now dead, notably the Shah of Iran, Chiang Kai-shek and the late President Park Chung Hee of South Korea. One of the living ones he knows is President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, but in a campaign exchange Reagan got mixed up on the French president's name.

One of the men who knows Reagan best is John Sears, who was the chief strategist of Reagan's 1976 presidential campaign, when he tried to take the Republican nomination away from President Gerald Ford, and of the first part of the 1980 campaign—until Reagan fired him. Sears believes Reagan has one and possibly two of the three great qualities that he says made three presidents outstanding—George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt—and four other presidents at least passable—Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Harry Truman.

One of these qualities is self-knowledge, often the result of overcoming some adversity, such as Franklin Roosevelt's polio or Lincoln's hayseed background and constant bad luck, so that survival provided the strength to handle the presidency. Reagan's self-knowledge, says Sears, comes from pride in his own nonpolitical life as a screen actor and president of the Screen Actors' Guild. "Reagan knows who he is, and therefore he possesses the first prerequisite for being a good president," says Sears.

A second quality a president needs is the ability to make decisions. Sears sees Reagan as comfortable with the lonely responsibility of the presidency but perhaps too dependent on advisers in



FRANK SPENCER

making decisions. Not that he would choose nuclear war if that were the option presented to him, says Sears, any more than in the old days he would have obeyed if his director in *Bedtime for Bonzo* had told him to play a big scene in the nude. Much, though not everything, will depend on the quality of Reagan's advisers.

The third quality is what troubles the former campaign manager: compassion. He contends that most of our better presidents learned understanding and sympathy by suffering personal tragedy or failure. He says Reagan's only major personal crises were his father's drinking problem and the break-up of his first marriage, to Jane Wyman. In each case he seems to have felt no personal responsibility and to have suffered no lasting trauma. He was able to go on, advancing on the strength of his various capabilities, his amiable nature and his good looks. As president, can he put himself in the place of those for whom life has not been so easy?

An examination of the new president's record as governor of California from 1967 to 1975 turns up some surprises and paradoxes—as well as some facts which contradict some of the claims in his 73-page campaign booklet, *The Reagan Record*. The booklet says he cut taxes, and he

boasted continually during his campaign that he rebated \$5.7 billion to the people of California. Actually he found it necessary to raise taxes as one of his first moves as governor, despite his campaign pledge to lower them. In the eight years taxes went up by more than \$21 billion. The California personal income tax jumped from 7 per cent to 11 per cent. This record raises a question whether he will remain true to his campaign pledge to press for the so-called Kemp-Roth plan for drastic reductions in the federal income tax. This harsh medicine is intended to fight inflation and lead to increased treasury revenues through stimulation of private enterprise. Another question is whether so rigid a pledge was a good thing in the first place.

A powerful bloc that supported Reagan's presidential campaign has been the anti-abortion movement, the so-called "right-to-life" advocates. Reagan said what supporters of this wanted him to in his stump speeches; but as governor of California he signed one of the most liberal abortion laws in the United States. More than 600,000 legal abortions were performed in California during Reagan's administration after he signed the bill in 1967. He said later that he had not realized that the bill contained so many loopholes.

On another family issue, however, Reagan was extraordinarily tough. His administration's Welfare Department at one point reduced grants to pregnant women on the ground that their unborn babies, for which they drew benefits, were receiving "in-kind income"—defined as the free food, free housing and free utilities provided by the mother's womb. One young couple, Robert and Jacklyn Jo Shelton, brought suit against the state when she became pregnant, drew benefits for the unborn child, but found that the deductions for this "in-kind income" brought the family's total welfare check down to \$22 less than before her pregnancy. The California Supreme Court found it "anomalous to hold that the pregnancy generates 'income' or 'resources' of benefit to anyone, mother or child". But 27,000 California women lost some benefits during the two years the regulation was in effect.

Reagan seemed at times to bring out the worst in his subordinates. His welfare director forced welfare applicants to fill out a 19-page form asking such questions as names of their sex partners, time, place and frequency of sex acts, and what contraceptives were used—this until a court action found such questions unreasonable. A welfare advisory panel set up by Reagan proposed a drastic plan to deal with illegitimate children. It suggested a law that would allow the third illegitimate child born to any woman on welfare to be taken away and put up for adoption. An unwed mother aged 16 or younger could have her first child taken away. Reagan never endorsed this idea, however. After a storm of protest the plan was dropped.

Reagan's own philosophy toward the poor was expressed in a television appearance in 1970, when he spoke in opposition to President Richard Nixon's "family assistance plan" for a \$2,400-a-year floor under the income of a family of four. Reagan said the interests of the poor had to be weighed against those of the taxpayer. He went on: "We're talking about the earnings of people who produce in the United States, and if you ask me if anyone is morally entitled as a right to share in those earnings, harsh as it may sound, I have to say no. What we're talking about is how far can you go in asking the producing citizens to give of their earnings to support those who do not produce."

An area of paradox was law enforcement. Reagan's speeches were laced with anti-crime rhetoric. Yet he instituted conjugal visits and work-furlough programmes in the prisons, moves praised by liberals. He spoke chillingly of a "blood bath" to stop campus riots, but he wound up doubling the state's aid to schools.

Environmentalists despaired after Reagan's remark about redwood trees: "A tree's a tree—how many more do you need to look at?"



But he stood up to developers and prevented the building of several dams. He deserves some of the credit for California's strong clean water laws.

Although feminists give Reagan a low rating he signed bills against sex discrimination in jobs, insurance and property rights. When he was governor he also supported the Equal Rights Amendment, which would outlaw discrimination against women: he now opposes the amendment, which is anathema to the faction of the Republican Party that controlled the national convention and nominated him overwhelmingly.

Reagan learned some lessons as governor that should help him as president, notably in dealing with a Democratic House of Representatives (the Republicans won control of the Senate). When he became governor, Reagan faced a state legislature controlled by Democrats. He had trouble making friends at first, even among Republicans. Some attributed this to "aloofness" on the part of Reagan and his wife, Nancy. But the result was bad for everyone, delaying the passage of necessary legislation including a new welfare bill.

If Reagan is the next thing to a "blank page" in the area of foreign affairs, as one recent visitor describes him, a few clues are provided by a Georgetown University professor whose scholarly article on dictators and how to deal with them caught Reagan's attention.

She is Jean J. Kirkpatrick, a lifelong Democrat until she broke with Carter, apparently over his presumed softness toward Communism, although she might not phrase their differences that way. The article, titled "Dictatorships and Double Standards", appeared in *Commentary* in November, 1979. It draws on John Stuart Mill, and notes that it took Britain seven centuries to move from the Magna Carta to the reform bills of the 1800s, to make the point that democratic self-rule is not the automatic result of economic development or the ousting of a dictator. Her twin cases are those of the Shah of Iran and Anastasio Somoza, the late Nicaraguan dictator. She says: "If the administration's actions in Iran and Nicaragua reflect the pervasive and mistaken assumption that one can easily locate and impose democratic alternatives to incumbent autocracies, they also reflect the equally flawed belief that change *per se* in such autocracies is inevitable, desirable, and in the American interest. It is this belief which induces the Carter administration to participate actively in the toppling of non-Communist autocracies while remaining passive in the face of Communist expansion."

Reagan liked that. He wrote Professor Kirkpatrick a long letter to say so, to raise some questions, and to suggest they get together for a talk. They met for two or three hours one afternoon last spring, with two Reagan aides sitting in. She says she liked him that day, in contrast to Carter on another occasion. She

found Carter to be "a guided missile, as the young people say"—that is, unresponsive to questions because "he was programmed and had his own agenda".

That conversation gave her an insight to one of Reagan's chief problems and an explanation for his reputation for lacking high-grade intelligence. "Reagan is very bright, but he is not articulate," she says. "He is not a verbalist. He is not readily articulate in the realm of abstract ideas. He is not easy and at home, as college professors and journalists are, with abstract ideas. I think he's a very intelligent man, and people make a big mistake if they don't understand this. A lot of journalists match a facility at handling abstract ideas with intelligence, just as businessmen match meeting a payroll with competence."

As for substance, Professor Kirkpatrick was struck by Reagan's question about what we could learn from the American experience in Japan and Germany after the Second World War, where we actually imposed democracy in a successful and lasting way. She noted also his particular interest in Latin America and predicted that he would give special attention to developing close bilateral relations with individual countries there. They clearly saw eye-to-eye on the Shah and Somoza, and her view frequently showed up in his campaign speeches.

Aside from his developing policy views, which she found to be farther along than some others who have spoken with Reagan, she says he has "extraordinarily sound political instincts—something Carter lacks". She continues: "He's got a very sound sensibility about respecting other nations' sensitivities. If you want to have influence you have to get along with them. You have to have mutual respect—even cordiality. He says this applied to the Soviet Union, Poland, Brazil, and I think Guatemala. Yes, he said we'd gotten so crossways with the Guatemalan government that we could hardly expect to influence them."

With reference to the Russians, Professor Kirkpatrick says she expects Reagan to "treat them with respect and try to respect their sensibilities", an approach she said he would extend to all nations. At the same time, she suspects the Reagan administration will be less concerned about affronts to the Soviet Union and will go forward in improving relations with the People's Republic of China regardless of Soviet anxieties. As for China, she predicts the Reagan administration also will strengthen contacts with Taiwan.

The outlook, then, is for firmness yet flexibility, for sometimes harsh rhetoric but moderate actions, for ideological commitment but pragmatic policies. The four years ahead promise to be interesting and not at all predictable.

Richard Dudman is the Chief Washington Correspondent of the *St Louis Post-Dispatch*. He has reported from Washington for 25 years.

# The lion and the unicorn

by Norman Moss

The lion and the unicorn supporting the royal coat of arms are meant to be symbolic of England and Scotland. J. B. Priestley, in a memorable essay, made these the symbols of two aspects of Britain: the lion of power and majesty, the unicorn of imagination and intelligence, the things of the mind. This is a good time to look at these two aspects and ask what is happening to them.

The first has changed drastically. In a little more than a generation we have seen our country's power decline with a swiftness unparalleled in history. A middle-aged Englishman remembers when his country ruled a quarter of the globe. Even 25 years ago Britain was a great power, one of the star players in the dramas of international politics. Today the king of the jungle is no longer an appropriate symbol of Britain as a nation among nations.

But there is still the unicorn. Britain still contributes mightily to the world's flow of ideas. If the lion's roar is reduced to a querulous murmur, the voice of the unicorn is still heeded. People in other countries still want to know what people in Britain are thinking, writing and painting. The unicorn's voice is heard through a literature and a theatre which have great vitality, through ideas that appear in print, through newspapers that are respected and quoted throughout the world, and through television and radio services that are widely admired. Now there is a danger that the economic weakness that has enfeebled the lion will drag down the unicorn.

*The Times*, arguably the most famous independent newspaper in the world and the most widely quoted, is in danger of extinction. The reason has nothing to do with journalistic standards but everything to do with newspaper production. *The Times* suffers cripplingly from low productivity.

The BBC overseas service, which has more listeners and more respect throughout the world than any other national broadcasting service, has suffered cuts in its budget and is threatened with more. The basic cause is the same: low productivity means less money in the national purse.

The demise of *The Times* would be a quite extraordinary blow to Britain's position. *The Times* is viewed throughout the world as the voice of Britain; not of the British Government, but of the mainstream of educated thought in Britain. As such its opinions and its reports are read respectfully and thoughtfully. In a period of British prosperity its death would not be quite so serious. It would be greatly regretted, but would be seen as the result of peculiar and perhaps uncomprehended factors in British journalism. In a period of decline its closure will be seen as a sign of something that is happening not

to British newspapers but to Britain.

The BBC overseas service broadcasts in 39 languages. It carries every kind of feature, but its most important are its news programmes and those that are channels for ideas and comment. Its standards are high and are seen to be high. Its reputation for truthfulness is unrivalled. As Julian Hale wrote in *Radio Power*: "This reputation is a uniquely British product. As Chile exports copper, and Australia wool, so Britain exports honest information. The decline in Britain's political and economic strength does not affect the quality of the product. In fact, it adds an extra guarantee of disinterestedness."

Now the decline in Britain's economic strength is affecting the quality of the product. Some programmes are being pared because of recent cuts in the budget. The BBC overseas service faces further cuts in its budget now, and perhaps drastic ones. These cuts are matched by other domestic ones. There is likely to be less money available for public funding of the arts.

We should beware what this portends. It is not as much fun being a British Foreign Secretary now as it was 30 or 40 years ago. You are listened to less, what you do matters less, and you cannot do nearly as much. It is not as much fun as it was being a British general or admiral. But it is just as satisfying to be a British writer, or composer, or painter, or journalist. You have as much chance as ever of being heard.

This may not remain so, however. And here is the answer to those who suggest that there is no special virtue in a high gross national product, and we are over-emphasizing material values. In the era of mass communications many abstract creations depend for their distribution on material products, and these are subject to the same economic forces as other forms of production. A country that, for whatever reason, cannot produce ships or cars efficiently may find after a while that it cannot produce newspapers either, or a high quality broadcasting service, or many plays or symphony concerts. No area of national life can escape the consequences of continued economic decline.

Britain still has a voice in the world, a voice that is heard and is worth hearing. It is the voice of our national unicorn, of the intellect and the imagination rather than the roar of power. It is important for our national life that it should continue to have this.

Harold Macmillan suggested once that Britain's role in a USA-dominated age should be that of the Greeks in the world of the Romans. The metaphor still has some validity, at least in suggesting to us the virtues that it is most open to us to exercise. But we cannot fill this role unless we play some of the Romans' game, and unless we are at least competent in the things the Romans were good at. ●



# Cave art discovery in Britain

Two examples of representational Stone-Age cave art, the first to be found in Britain, have been discovered by archaeologists working in the Wye Valley. One of the engravings depicts an animal's head, crowned by two horns, and the other represents a bison. Both are formed by a combination of natural and artificial elements and are thought to be the work of Palaeolithic man, dating from about 13000 BC.

Although in a poor state of preservation they are nonetheless important discoveries, because archaeologists have long disputed whether any examples of cave art such as have been found elsewhere in Western Europe were likely to exist in Britain. It is hoped that continuing search in the Wye Valley area will reveal other examples, some perhaps in better condition.

The discoveries were made by Dr Tom Rogers, a 48-year-old archaeologist born in Canada and Director of the Stone Age Studies Research Association, and two colleagues, Mr Rodney Russell, who was born in Salisbury, Wiltshire, in 1942 and is currently attached to the Bureau of Archaeology in Zürich, and Mr Andrew Pinder, aged 25, who was born in North London and is now at the Institute of Archaeology in London. Dr Rogers, who now lives in North Wales, has been exploring the Wye Valley since 1961, and because of some interesting bone finds in January this year began to excavate the mouth of a cave in the cliffs above Symonds Yat East, on the English side of the Wye a few miles from Monmouth.

The first engraving was found by accident. When working on the site Dr Rogers slept in the open under a small rock overhang some 50 yards away from the cave. On the roof above his head he saw the head of the deer-like animal, clear in basic outline, the front of the head formed by a natural ridge of rock artificially worked to improve the definition. It is difficult, as Dr Rogers says, to identify a particular animal, indeed it is difficult at first to see anything at all because of the effects of age and weather, but infra-red photography has shown up more than the naked eye can see.

The discovery set Dr Rogers searching for other engravings. Some weeks later he stood in the mouth of the cave he was excavating and suggested to his colleagues that what they needed to find was a good flat piece of rock. On the only flat rock in view not covered with 20th-century graffiti of the heart-and-arrow variety he found the bison. About 10 inches long, the bison is partly defined by natural rock features, but also by clear artificial lines, some apparently inlaid with copper oxide, small nodules of which Dr Rogers has found in the Palaeolithic debris of his dig.

Dr Rogers estimates that he needs another ten years excavating on the present site, with the prospect of more significant discoveries to come in the Wye Valley. His report on the discoveries of the rock engravings, and of the finds of the first year's excavations, is published here, together with exclusive photographs.



Tom Rogers, right, Rodney Russell, left, at back, and Andrew Pinder, left, foreground, in the cave in the Wye Valley where they made their discovery.



# Cave art discovery in Britain

by Tom Rogers,  
Andrew Pinder and  
Rodney C. Russell

The place of the Palaeolithic (Old Stone Age) is a matter for dispute. Dissension centres particularly on its chronology and types of prehistoric man. The Lower Palaeolithic, depending on how far in time one thinks it goes back, might incorporate *Homo erectus*, the first hominid to be able to control his environment by the use of fire; no longer having to rely on sunlight for his activities he could therefore consider in an artificially lit environment things other than hunting and gathering. Perhaps he was the first "Man". In the Middle Palaeolithic we have that controversial figure *Homo neanderthalis* (Neanderthal Man) of which there are only about 100 examples. How a "racial" classification can be made on such a small sample we dispute. Other questions include whether *Homo neanderthalis* was wiped out by other hominids; why his brain capacity was larger than ours; if he believed, as seems likely, in a religious pantheon and whether he reached North America. No one knows the answers but the archaeologist still speculates.

Finally in the Upper Palaeolithic we meet what has been called Cro-Magnon, or *Homo sapiens*, a highly sophisticated type, still a hunter and gatherer and yet 20,000 years ago a consummate artist, sculptor and craftsman. The Palaeolithic in all its phases is to be found all over the world, even in North America. But it is a conventionally labelled era which in our opinion cannot be compartmented into periods or sections, in that one "racial" type appeared at one particular time and disappeared at another. It should be remembered too that he did not make tools, paint pictures or develop any of his cultural heritage for the benefit of present day archaeologists. While artifacts are important, we must surely be interested in Man himself.

In Britain also the Palaeolithic has been divided into three parts. The Lower and Middle Palaeolithic, up to about 100,000 BC, is generally understood to be the period characterized by a primitive type of man (a description we personally dislike), who made crude implements from flint cores and sometimes other lithic materials; he lived against a background of Ice Ages with alternate warm and cold periods. In the Upper Palaeolithic, from perhaps 40,000 to 9,000 BC, according to the accepted view true man, *Homo sapiens*, arrived during the last glaciation; he developed a more complex way of life, with implements for specific tasks, art, religion and a more advanced social structure.

We would dispute most of this. Our discoveries in the excavation of Cave 5615 in the Wye Valley make clear the reasons for our disagreement, especially

since it would appear that Neanderthal first occupied the site, leaving post holes, hearths and flint tools typical of the Mousterian period; this was followed by Cro-Magnon soon afterwards, even though he used different areas of the cave entrance some 3 metres away. There is even a possibility that the two hominid types were contemporaneous. This would be the first example of Neanderthal occupation in direct association with parietal prehistoric art. Added to this there is also definite evidence that the Cro-Magnon occupants of part of our site, living some 10,000 to 15,000 years ago, had fire, made dwellings and, more important, were involved in a barter system. The flint tools, of the Creswellian type, were made on the site from a flint that came from Lincolnshire. We also found bone artifacts that had been carved and used, as the polished edges showed, in the process of curing skins. Behind the main hearth, whose depth revealed usage over many hundreds of years, were two rows of holes for sticks on which the hides could have been placed to dry. On this evidence we are tempted to suggest that our cave-dwellers exchanged these skins for flint cores. In our opinion the activity on the site apart from hunting and gathering—among the fauna were boar, lynx, bear, deer, wolf, ox and horse—included cave engraving, bartering skins for flint and the collection of large quantities of nodules of copper oxide.

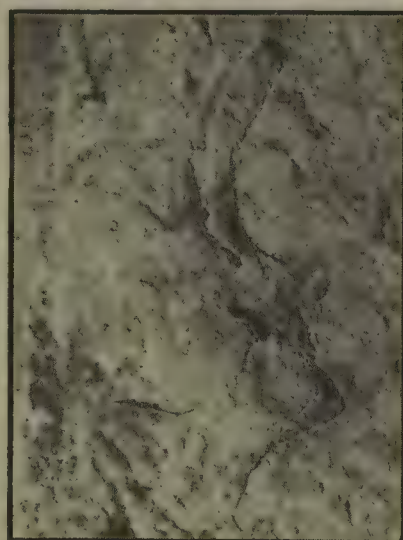
The site has been under investigation since 1961, but it was in January, 1980, after some important bone finds had been made that it was decided to mount a full excavation of the cave entrance. Work began in June and lasted three months. Many animal bones were found, flint tools, bone artifacts, five hearths and two dwellings made from posts and covered with moss. It is hoped that this excavation will continue for the next ten years for there is still much to be done. Our work last summer also showed that the cave was of a different shape during the Middle Palaeolithic if not the Upper Palaeolithic period. This means that the bison engraving might have been created in the dark and not, as it now appears, in the open air.

The site as so far excavated shows that a small group of people, perhaps no more than five, used the entrance seasonally for most of the time, but perhaps permanently for a specific period after the retreat of the ice; they appear to have been the last inhabitants there. They made flint tools of a type now known as Creswellian backed blades. They also engraved pictures of animals on the side of the cave nearby. It has always been supposed that any examples of cave art found in Britain would be associated with the French and Spanish traditions. Such an assumption would be natural as the British Isles were a physical part of Western Europe during this time. However owing to the tool types found in the same context as the engravings we believe that the artistic tradition now to be found in the Wye Valley can be traced to Holland and Belgium.



The discovery in the Wye Valley of the first examples of cave wall engravings in the British Isles presents certain questions regarding relationships to other prehistoric artistic traditions. Two animal engravings were found; one depicts a bison, the other an isolated cervid head. Of the two only that of the bison can be compared with Continental parietal art.

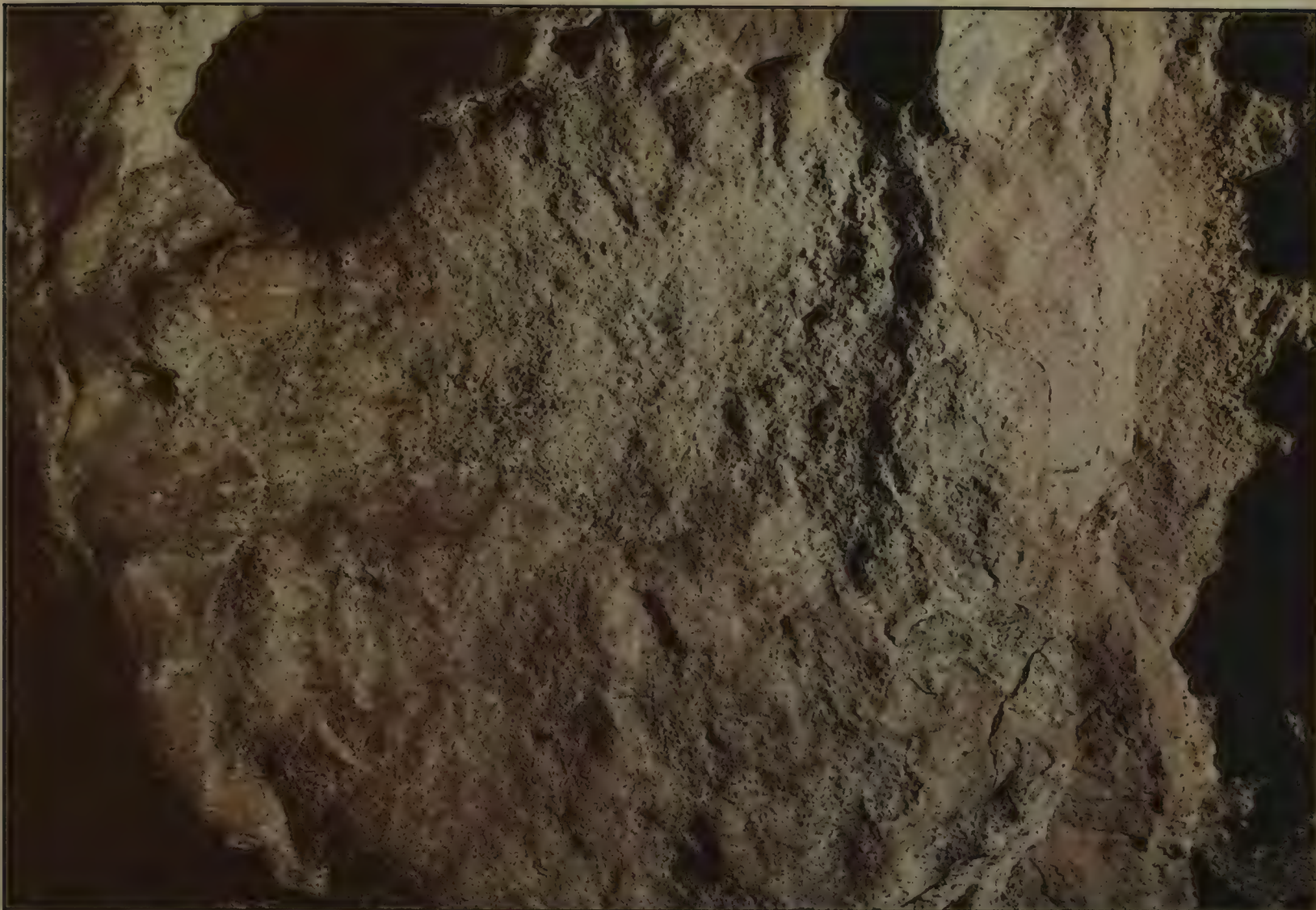
The cervid head, although clear in its basic outline, may have suffered from weathering in its rather exposed position, and therefore its form today could differ from that intended by the original artist, especially where it is defined by the natural surface of the rock. This apart, the size, quality and style of the "reindeer" head is unique in Western



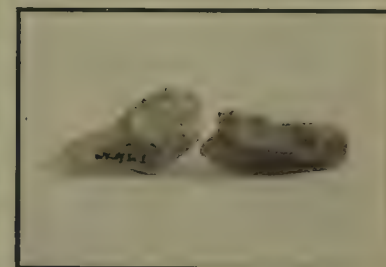
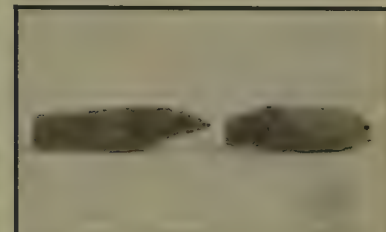
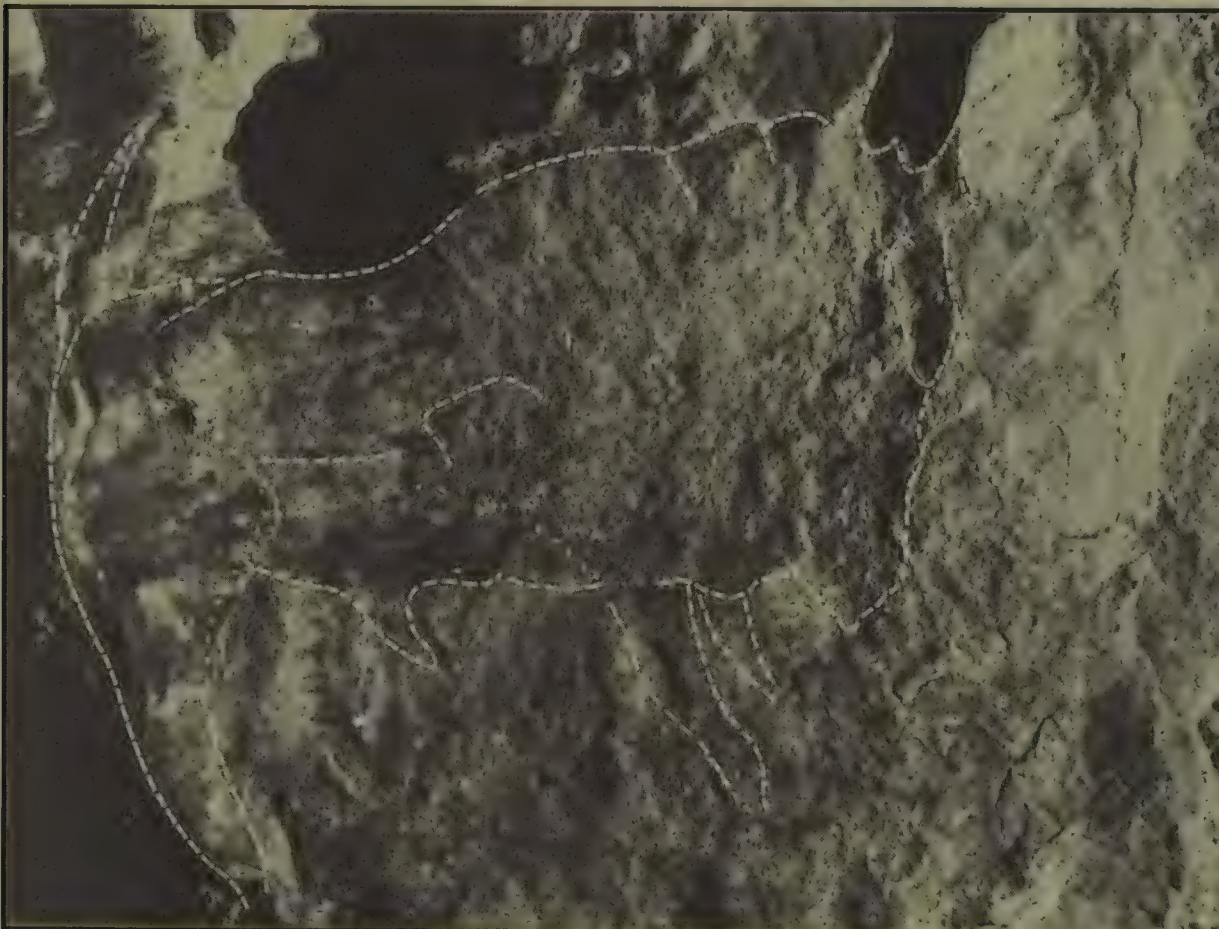
Above, the head combines natural and artificial elements: the front of the head is formed by a natural ridge in the limestone, modified for better definition; the nose is at the point where the ridge forms a right angle, the nostril is marked by an engraved line and a natural hollow forms the eye. Two horns are partly formed by the rock surface, partly by engraving. The animal cannot be specified; a bovid might have been intended but the horns suggest a reindeer. It is possible that no particular species was intended but an imaginary or composite animal which is not uncommon in a Palaeolithic context.

Right, the back and withers of the bison are formed by a rock ledge, dark calcite defining the upright tail, rump and back of the leg. The most obvious artificial line, a shallow groove with weathered edges apparently inlaid with copper oxide, defines the belly. The phallus is outlined by discoloration in the rock. The front legs are poorly preserved and are delineated by several lines, probably man-made. Infra-red photographs of the worn head show that it had been drawn twice; its clearest feature is the large, engraved eye. A semi-circle, worn and apparently inlaid like the belly line, is engraved inside the body contour as are many fine parallel lines, probably connected with smoothing rock to enhance the outline. Other very fine lines may represent the engravings of more than one artist.






RODNEY C. RUSSELL



KARIN CRADDOCK

Right, from the top, small finds from the Upper Palaeolithic occupation levels: one of five granite polished stones whose smoothness shows handling over a long period though its function is uncertain, maximum length 8.2cms, two polished and worked bones probably used in skin curing, 7.3cms and 8.73cms long; Creswellian backed blades, 6.25cms and 4.13cms long; flint flakes, 4.11cms and 4.38cms long. All are examples of flints found on the site from cores imported from Lincolnshire.

Europe suggesting a method of artistic interpretation so far unknown. The representation consists of a mixture of natural and artificial elements. The front of the head is formed by a natural ridge of the limestone rock which has been artificially worked to improve the definition; the nose occurs where the ridge forms a right angle and has an 



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## Cave art discovery in Britain

engraved line forming a nostril. The eye is represented by a natural hollow in the rock, the head crowned by two parallel horns, curving back and upwards. The horns are formed partly by the natural rock surface and partly by engraved lines.

It is difficult to ascribe this engraving to any particular animal. The robust nature of the head suggests the artist intended to represent a bovid, but the horns are anomalous. The curve of the horns is reminiscent of those of a reindeer, which sweep back in a characteristic fashion, but not of an ibex, the horns of which are usually shown curving towards the animal's back.

By contrast the bison has suffered little from the effects of weathering and although the sharpness of the engraving has been blurred and some detail of the head obscured by calcite, the main outline can still be clearly seen. The general form could appear to conform with Leroi-Gourhan's Style IV ancien, which in the French prehistoric industrial chronology conforms to the middle Magdalenian (III, IV). This would suggest that the engraving is contemporary with the layer of Upper Palaeolithic occupation found in this decorated cave.

A close parallel with any particular Continental parietal engraving is hard to find but not impossible. Perhaps the most useful is the engraved bison from Roc-aux-Sorciers, Angles-sur-l'Anglin, in France, which stands below the famous group of three engraved females. There are obvious similarities both in pose, with the small upright tail, and in the technique and execution which relies heavily on the use of the natural relief of the rock to emphasize the engraving (as also at Roc de Sers, France). In spite of this similarity the Wye Valley head with its large eyes is rather unusual and is difficult to parallel. Abstract signs in the form of a half circle and parallel lines can also be seen on the body of this figure. While geometrical marks are not unusual in parietal art, these also appear to be different from any others known.

The relationship between the engravings and the topography of the cave and rock shelter where the bison and cervid have been found presents certain problems of interpretation. The position of the isolated head is interesting, placed as it is on the roof of the small rock overhang. This location would have been radically different, however, in Palaeolithic times, when the shelter floor must have been deeper than it is today. The cervid certainly has the horns of a reindeer, while the head although weathered is still defined by eyes and nostrils, small though the latter appear. The rest of the body was either never intended to be represented or was destroyed by erosion. But as with many examples from Continental Europe the fact that we cannot parallel stylistic parts of the whole does not mean that it may not exist. Nor does it mean that we are not looking at the original concept of the artist, regardless of weathering, its

unusual position or the strange morphology of the animal.

The bison, situated as it is on the wall of the entrance to the cave, at the rear but in the daylight, is quite in line with early Style IV engravings and bas-reliefs in France, this period being well known for its works exposed to the light of day. However, if as seems possible there was a west wall to the cave during the late Upper Palaeolithic occupation the engraving would have been in permanent penumbra.

These Wye Valley engravings are the first examples of representational cave wall art from the British Isles, and can convincingly be said to be of Palaeolithic date. An abstract palaeolithic example comes from Bacon Hole, Gower peninsula, and consists of ten vertical parallel lines painted in ochre. No conclusion can be drawn either from comparison with five so-called representational pieces from Creswell Crags in Derbyshire. The nearest parietal art of a Palaeolithic date, apart from possible discoveries in Brittany, is found in the grotte du Cheval de Gouy (Style III, IV), near Rouen, 240 miles away.

The Wye Valley site is isolated and it might therefore be wise to question the validity of imposing on it a system that is derived purely from French and Spanish prehistoric art. Two other isolated decorated caves are known: Kapovaya in the Urals and the claimed paintings from Mount Pelion in Greece. At least one of these appears to be stylistically distinct from the orthodox Palaeolithic canon. On its discovery Western scholars immediately assimilated the Russian cave into the corpus of European cave art, but in fact the paintings appear to be unconnected in style. On these Charles McBurney wrote: "If one abstracts the resemblances due simply to the fact that they are drawings of the similar creatures... and hence reproduce the main visible characters of these animals, the question of stylistic resemblance is another matter." His comments should be borne in mind here before claiming any definite relationship between these British examples and those in France.

The setting of the Wye Valley engravings in a Southern European context is further complicated by the fact that the associated industry, Creswellian, is different from the contemporary French and Spanish Magdalenian industries, having more in common with the Dutch and Belgian late Upper Palaeolithic traditions. If the Wye Valley engravings are therefore accepted as being of the same school and fitting into the same stylistic group as the Continental works then there are obvious implications for the conventional industrially defined cultures. But we shall have to wait for further discoveries before being able to expand these implications and therefore reach further conclusions ●

The authors warmly thank Susan Bierwirth, Richard Beckett, Edith Russell and Christine Tutt.

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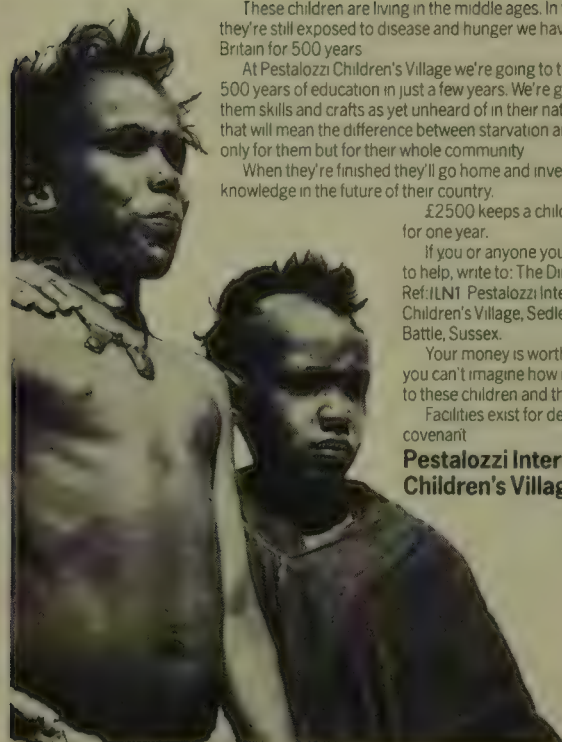
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# THE COUNTIES

## Phil Drabble's

# STAFFORDSHIRE

Photographs by Charles Milligan

Strangers visualize Staffordshire as industrial sprawl from the Potteries in the north of the county to the Black Country in the south. Nothing could be further from the truth; nowhere provides a richer variety of countryside.

This variety is highlighted in the north of the county where the congestion of the Five Towns, where some of the most delicate china in the world is still produced, melts into moorland within a few miles, and where desolate land meets empty skies over the hills between Leek and Macclesfield.

This is stone wall country that has not changed since primitive men tended their flocks of sheep here. Curlews still sing the same wild song and life can still be as hard for the farmers who struggle to wrest a living much as their ancestors did. One man, who is part-time roadman and part-time farmer, told me that in the terrible winter of 1947 he was snowed in on January 25—and it was still taking him two hours to get his milk, on a sledge, to the public road in April.

But for visitors in fair weather these hills are the perfect escape from the pressures and tensions of what we have come to regard as a more civilized life. Sportsmen come here to shoot the grouse and gentler folk are content to revel in the grandeur of the scenery. Many a tripper near the Roaches, a wild cascade of huge rocks, has rubbed his eyes in disbelief when he has thought he saw a wallaby. A landowner's collection of exotic animals escaped when the Army were there in the last war, and a small colony of wallabies miraculously survived; in winter, when the snow covers their food on the lower slopes, they eke a living on the most exposed hilltops, where the tempest clears the snow from the heather.

One of the drawbacks to having beautiful scenery so close to cities like Stoke-on-Trent and Sheffield and Manchester is that too many people wish to see it. The river Dove divides Staffordshire from Derbyshire, the grandest part of Dovedale being on the Staffordshire bank, and the Peak National Park suffers from erosion and congestion because so many people yearn for escape to quieter places.

To siphon off some of the pressure, the planning authority have authorized a major amusement centre at Alton Towers, a few miles to the south of Leek. It was once the home of the Earls of Shrewsbury and the gardens are still on the grand scale of generations ago, though the house itself is mostly in ruins. Not that that matters to the trippers who congregate there, for they come for rides on big dippers and similar fairground at-



tractions. If you disregard the opinions of the local inhabitants, this concept of creating "honeypots" to attract casual visitors and relieve pressure on sensitive beauty-spots is successful.

Part of the Staffordshire Way, one of the chain of national long-distance footpaths, passes within a mile or so of the village of Alton and Alton Towers. It uses part of the Churnet valley, which is steep-sided but richly wooded, in complete contrast to the wild moorlands just to the north. A stream meanders through a chain of pools, and the trees close in overhead to make it one of the quietest and most peaceful spots imaginable. Such sudden changes from open moorland to noble trees, peppered with showbiz razzmatazz, is typical of a county that ranges from primitive farming to sophisticated industry.

The area around Uttoxeter is among the best dairy country in England. The watermeadows of the river Dove are

superb pasture and the local belief is that "in April Dove's flood is worth a King's good" because, when the rains come just at the right time, it is almost possible to see the grass grow. This central part of Staffordshire is untouched by development. From Uttoxeter in the north to Rugeley, about 15 miles to the south, and almost from Stafford to Burton-upon-Trent on the east and west the country has hardly been spoiled at all. It is an area comparable to the Dukeries in Nottinghamshire, and the reasons for the absence of development are much the same. Until relatively recently, this part of Staffordshire has consisted of a chain of great estates.

The Marquess of Anglesea could once drive across Cannock Chase to see his neighbours the Earls of Shrewsbury or Lichfield several miles away and the Marquiss's Drive is still on the ordnance map to prove it; far more important, it is now a public right of way. The Lichfield

lands abutted the estates of Lord Bagot who then owned the part of Needwood Forest where I am now lucky enough to live. Needwood Forest is still heavily wooded, being owned by the Duchy of Lancaster which is part of the Queen's estates. And when the aristocracy began to crumble the beer barons of Burton-upon-Trent, the *nouveaux riches* of their day, took care that the riches distilled from their beer were not despoiled.

The village of Abbots Bromley, on the edge of Needwood Forest, still maintains the ancient custom of holding an annual Horn Dance in September. Some say that the origin of the ritual is lost in long-forgotten fertility rites; others believe that it commemorates the rights of commoners to collect fuel and turf or to hunt the beasts of the forest. Nobody really knows how the dance began, but it is performed by a team of dancers with reindeer horns that hang in the parish church for the rest of the year.

The villagers pick their own dancers, who are often the sons or grandsons of men who performed the same ritual in generations past, but the vicar is in charge of the horns, which may not be taken outside the parishes of Abbots Bromley and Blithfield. Since the members of the Horn Dance team are not necessarily members of the congregation, this has given rise, in the past, to some dissent between the vicar and his parishioners. Indeed, when the dancers were invited to perform at the Albert Hall, replica horns had to be made.

Blithfield Reservoir lies on each side of the main road between Abbots Bromley and Rugeley. It is about 2½ miles long and is spanned by an exceptionally ugly concrete bridge which originally had a solid concrete parapet. There was so much public objection to this monstrosity that a few panels were taken out of the middle of the bridge to leave a reasonable view of the reservoir over a short span. The south-eastern end of the reservoir has a small section reserved for sailing, while fishing and bird-watching are allowed over the whole area.

Passes for bird-watching are sold by the river Authority. It is an exceptionally good area for wintering wildfowl—a few comparative rarities, such as osprey, call in on migration. The reservoir fills from the Kitty Fisher brook and the river Blythe in the basin of the Trent, which lies about 3 miles to the west and, rising sharp above the Trent, is the escarpment of Cannock Chase. "The Chase"—and it is never known as anything else to Staffordshire folk—is about 16 square miles in area and is clad half in softwood Forestry Commission trees, half in open ➤



# Staffordshire

moorland. It is trendy, in some circles, to scorn the monoculture softwood trees of the Forestry Commission, but it was not they but our forefathers who despoiled the Chase.

It lay near enough to the heavy industries of the Black Country for it to supply the insatiable demand for fuel. Before the invention of furnaces which could smelt iron with coal, charcoal was the universal fuel and the ancient oak woods of the Chase were systematically felled to make it, though the finer specimens were occasionally diverted to the ship-building industry. Even when I was a youngster vast tracts of heather and bilberry covered the industrial deserts left by the medieval charcoal burners. Most of the waste has since been planted with fir and pine trees and the Commission has been progressive in its attempts to combine the requirements of commercial forestry with wildlife conservation.

There are large herds of wild fallow deer as well as a few red deer and tiny muntjac. The Commission has planted deer lawns of several acres apiece in the centre of the forest, in part to encourage the deer to feed where they will do no harm instead of straying on to vulnerable farm crops on the periphery.

Apart from the deer, there is a wide variety of woodland birds, as well as badgers and foxes and other animals. The open part of the Chase is administered by the County Council, which is sensible in guarding it as far as possible from overexploitation by declaring large areas as motorless zones: experience has shown that only a tiny minority are prepared to expand the effort to go far from their cars on foot.

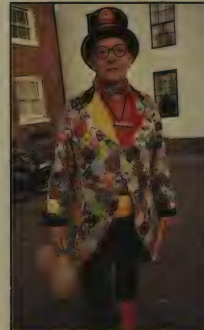
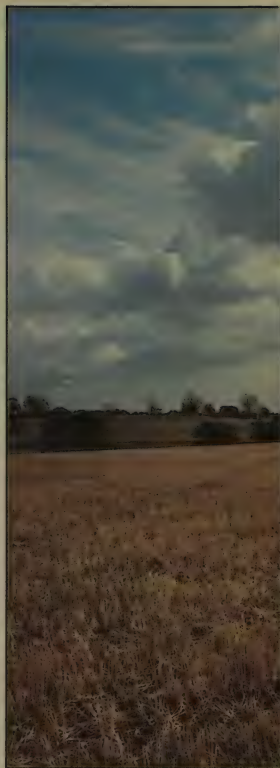
Castle Ring, an ancient hill fort on the edge of the Chase, commands spectacular views. The local belief is that, though it is only about 750 feet above sea level, there is nothing higher between the Ring and Siberia. I cannot vouch for the truth of that, but I do know that on a spring day, when there is a bitter east wind, it is enough to turn strong men's vitals to water.

The Black Country lies to the west, though it is no longer visible from many vantage points because the trees have grown too high. The most spectacular time to see the Black Country is on a clear night, and the best viewpoints are Sedgley Beacon, Rowley hills or the hill where Dudley Castle stands. The M6 motorway has spoiled the view now because much of the carriageway has been lit by lamps, so that it snakes across the horizon precisely as any other motorway does anywhere else.

The prospect is best described, for me, by a man called Elihu Burnitt. He was the American consulate official in the Midlands in the middle of the last century and part of his brief was to send reports back to the United States about the condition of trade in his area. He was an imaginative man. Instead of penning a report in bureaucratic language, he decided to do his reports anecdotally and he called them *Walks* →



From the top, pastoral scene on a farm between Stafford and Uttoxeter; the early 15th-century church at Tong, which contains a remarkable collection of monuments, mostly of the Vernon family; the main street of Alton village; and a small cottage near Grindon.



Top, a stubble field at the edge of Blithfield Reservoir. Left, the Abbots Bromley Horn Dancers and their Fool giving their annual performance at the beginning of September. Above, fishing in the canal near Great Haywood.



# Staffordshire

In *The Black Country and its Green Borderland*. The picture etched most clearly into my mind—and I lent his book years ago and never recovered it—is of the Black Country seen by night from Dudley Castle.

Climbing up the circular staircase in the tower, Elihu says that the light outside was so brilliant that it shone red on the walls through the arrow slits overlooking the moat. The light was provided by no fewer than 90 blast furnaces, all blowing at once.

Nevertheless, the Black Country still has a strange beauty. It still throbs with life and there is still a rare sense of community among its people, whose ancestors no more than about three generations ago flocked in from the surrounding countryside during the Industrial Revolution.

Although such folk are urban dwellers on a census form, they still have a deep nostalgia for the country pursuits of their forebears. I know because my father was a Black Country doctor and I learned my trade as a naturalist from coal miners, descended from the same stock. They were as clever poachers as any horny-handed son of the soil. I now live a mile from the nearest road in the remnants of Needwood Forest and my neighbours' local patriotism is just as strong. I feel I almost need a passport to go over the borders of Staffordshire, and there is nowhere in the country I would rather be 🍷

Next month: Philip Purser's  
Northamptonshire



## Staffordshire

### Area

671,175 acres

### Population

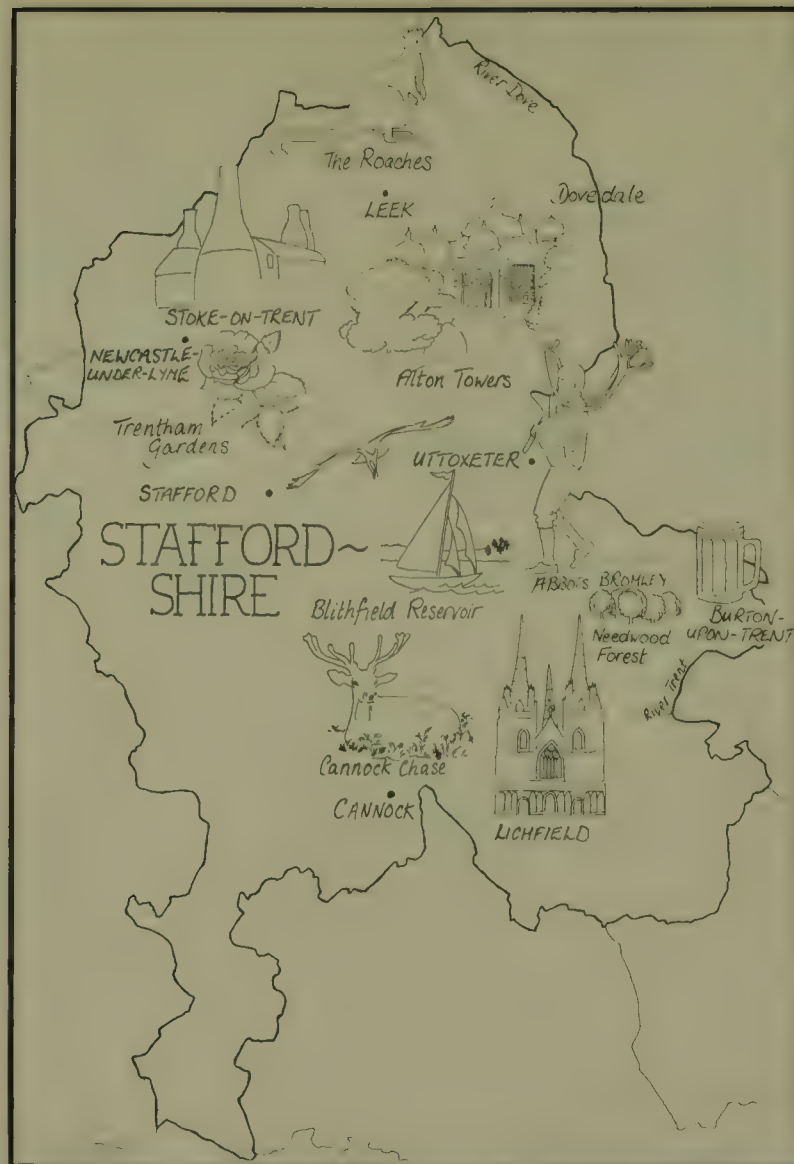
999,900

### Main towns

Newcastle-under-Lyme, Hanley, Tamworth, Cannock, Stafford, Burslem, Longton, Burton-upon-Trent, Stoke.

### Main industries

Coal mining; china, pottery, glass and tile manufacturing; electrical engineering, machinery and domestic appliance manufacturing; car and diesel engine manufacturing; brewing; shoe and clothing manufacturing; printing.



Dry-stone walls are a feature of Staffordshire. Constructed without mortar, many were built in the last century as part of the enclosure of open grazing.



Photograph: Victor Skrebnesko Dress: Jonathan



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# HOLIDAY 1981

## The American dream



The cry "Go West" which accompanied the great trek across the United States in the last century, and made the western seaboard as popular as the east, is echoed today by the British holiday-maker. Last year nearly two million Britons crossed the Atlantic to visit the USA and Canada, and in 1981, thanks to reduced air fares and the strength of the pound compared with the dollar, that number is likely to be substantially increased. On the following pages a team of writers report on some of the areas of this vast continent of contrasts that are most likely to intrigue the visitor from Europe.

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New England by Sam Smith

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New York by Des Wilson

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Washington by Sam Smith

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The West by Joan Bakewell and Des Wilson

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Texas by Michael Watkins and Des Wilson

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The Mississippi by David Tennant

---

New Orleans by Michael Watkins

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Florida by Mary Moore Mason

---

British Columbia by Andrew Moncur

---

Ontario by Gordon Bowker

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The Atlantic provinces by Sylvie Nickels

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## NEW ENGLAND

Even for those to whom the big city has been kindest, there can remain a nagging doubt that somehow it would have all made more sense in Center Sandwich, New Hampshire. For some there is simply no doubt: if they could find a living, if they could go to the theatre without driving all the way to Boston, if only the winters were milder, they would move to New England in a minute. But they do not need that many lawyers and copywriters in Vermont; Maine does not even have a branch of the actors' union—and the winters, damn it, are cold. So each summer the city-dwellers collect the children, drive to their favourite spot for a week or two, or several, and say, "This is how it would be if it had all worked out right." And keep looking at the "For Sale" ads to see if it still might.

New England, comprising the six north-eastern states—Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine—is small enough for easy, enjoyable touring by car, but it can also be investigated by bus or, to a limited extent, by train. Trains from New York run along the Connecticut shore, stopping in Providence and ending in Boston. By car, New England can be approached most pleasantly by heading a short distance north from New York City, entering via one of the bridges across the Hudson River into Connecticut or Massachusetts. There need be no fear of departing from the freeways. In fact, doing so south of Boston will spare you the somewhat depressing former milltowns of Connecticut and Massachusetts. New England is its own monument and you see it as often going by or around someone going to it.

Thus you can leave the Massachusetts Turnpike at Lenox and find yourself in the lovely Berkshire region where in July and August you can attend the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood. From here you can either drive east on Route 2 through a procession of gentle Massachusetts small towns towards the Connecticut River Valley, or you can continue north on Route 7 and find yourself swiftly in Vermont, which, with its white churches and green mountains, is truly a state that looks as it is supposed to.

Vermonters have a reputation for stubborn independence rivaling that of their neighbours in Maine and New Hampshire. Vermont was in fact for 14 years a kind of independent nation, making its own money, running a postal service and maintaining its own papers. The British general John Burgoyne got a heavy taste of the Vermont spirit during the Revolution when he ran into Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys. The Green Mountain Boys were a colourful

mob of farmer-guerrillas who were instrumental in putting the British to rout—but only after telling the Continental Congress that they would let Burgoyne pass unimpeded unless it got rid of the anti-Vermont general it proposed for the sector. This typically New England approach to cosmic events was further exemplified by the farmer who showed complete disinterest in the Revolution until he heard the guns of the Battle of Bennington. He then saddled up his horse, grabbed his musket and took off, announcing, "We'll see who's going to own this farm!"

Vermont can be well viewed by a trip to Lake Champlain where, at Shelburne, you will find the excellent museum of Americans. At this point, you can turn east on Interstate 89 and Route 302 into New Hampshire and the heart of the White Mountains. The tallest of these is Mount Washington. It is only 6,200 feet high but the treeline is at 4,000 feet (compared with 10,000 feet in the Rockies) because of the bad weather that often envelops the peak. You can ascend by car, by cog railroad or on foot.

Although the White Mountains are a favourite for hikers and campers, they include some 86 mountains and 750,000 acres of forest, so a good guide book is essential. For example, before hiking up Mount Washington you might wish to consider the following from the Appalachian Mountain Club handbook: "Wintry storms of incredible violence occur at times even during the summer months. Rocks become ice-coated, freezing fog blinds and suffocates, winds of hurricane force exhaust the strongest tramp and, when he stops to rest, a temperature below freezing completes the tragedy. If you are experiencing difficulty from the weather, stop and give up the climb." The highest wind velocities ever recorded were at Mount Washington. Since the worst is yet to come, turn back without haste, before it is too late."

For those, like myself, who tend to get vertigo just walking up a ramp for the summer months, Mount Washington can be enjoyed at a safe distance—as far away (on one of those vacuum-clear days) as the coast of Maine. Which, it turns out, is not all that far away. You simply keep driving on Route 302, entering the state at Fryeburg, for about 100 miles, past the recreation area of Lake Sebago, right into downtown Portland, Maine's largest city (population 63,000) and seaport.

To one who loves Maine the rest of New England is like a pleasant appetizer. But loving Maine usually means loving the northern part of Maine, because this state has 3,500 miles of seacoast (stretched out, the shoreline with its infinite coves and necks would reach from Portland to the Panama Canal), 2,500 lakes and ponds and



5,000 rivers and streams to choose from. There are mountains, seacoast, farmland, woods, lake regions and pure wilderness. It is 400 miles from one extremity to the other.

The beauty is not so much one of spectacle as of a species of comfortable perfection. Maine feels like one of those hiking boots sold around the world by L. L. Bean of Freeport. It does not ask you just to look at it, but to wear it. It is an exceedingly good fit.

The taciturn wit of the Mainers produces a deep quarry of humour. It is the land of the epigram where the tourist once asked if there was a law against speaking. "Nope," replied the native, "we just don't believe in talking unless it improves on silence." Although poor (it ranks 42nd of the 50 states in income per head) Maine is considered something of a fountainhead of personal integrity, dignity and independence. In one afternoon of buying fishing equipment for my sons, I was talked into less expensive choices by two shopkeepers and sent by the third to a fourth store because, as he explained, "his fishing poles were too good for kids."

Maine has its own accent (although with an influx of newcomers it is beginning to fade) and its own cuisine, much of it drawn from the sea—lobsters, clams and crabs—with the ubiquitous and delicious blueberry showing up in pies, jams and ice cream.

The population of Maine doubles in the summertime, yet because of its expanse you hardly know it. You can run into traffic jams where the impressive-

sounding Route 1 turns out to be a two-lane road through beautiful and popular small towns like Wiscasset and Camden, but rather than getting frustrated, the sensible tourist just stops and enjoys the place. "Which way to Wiscasset?" another Maine story has the tourist asking. The reply: "Don't you move a gawd-damn inch!"

The real feeling of Maine begins east of Portland. From there to Eastport, depending on your whim and time, you can drive down the coast taking almost any route towards the water and coming up with something special.

Having seen what New England is really like, you are now ready to take on Boston, a wonderfully anarchistic city of Brahmins and brawlers, in which traditional New England, fiscal and intellectual high style, and European immigrant culture bump into each other in the underground. It is the town where the Lovells were meant to speak only to the Cabots and the Cabots only to God, but which once elected a mayor who was still in jail for certain indiscretions. It is the town of the Boston Red Sox and the Boston Symphony of Harvard University and some of the worst school bussing disputes, of baked beans and codfish, of Catholicism and Puritanism. It is marvellously accessible on foot or by public transport (do not be put off by the apparently rocky nature of the transport—it works). Get a guidebook will fill a day or two to the brim.

West of Boston is Sturbridge Village, a colonial reconstruction à la Williamsburg only in some ways better since

A graceful New England church seen in the district's most colourful season.

it lacks Williamsburg's "new" look. South of Boston is Plymouth, the sandy playground of Cape Cod and the salty islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. Farther south is Rhode Island, the smallest state in the union, which sits pinching beautiful Narragansett Bay. A prime site here is Newport, home of the America's Cup race, with its collection of some of America's most excessive mansions. Driving this good will allow you to return via Mystic, Connecticut, which contains a maritime version of Williamsburg—a must for anyone of nautical inclination. **Sam Smith**

## NEW YORK

To many travellers it comes as a surprise on the journey south from New England or from Canada to New York that the beautiful countryside they encounter on roads winding through mountains, forests and lakes is New York. Such is the magnetism of Manhattan that New York State is one of the most under-rated by overseas visitors to the United States.

So before we abandon ourselves to the allure of Manhattan, let us record the existence of Long Island with its 250 miles of coastline, of the Hudson Valley, of two superb mountain ranges, the Catskills and the Adirondacks, of the One Thousand Islands, of the Finger Lakes, and much more besides with which New York State contrasts the man-



New York skyline with UN and distant Chrysler buildings. Left, Central Park.

New York, and specifically in Manhattan, that we best come face to face with ourselves through our reflection in the place itself—through the way we react to it and behave in it. Manhattan is to be experienced, not merely to be seen.

New York is an enormously physical city. Walking its streets is rather like riding on an old steam train. Steam comes up through vents in the pavement. In some places the pavement literally shakes as the subway trains rattle underneath. And always there is the roar of the traffic reverberating from the walls of the skyscrapers. I never miss the chance to stand on Park Avenue which runs like a deep valley between these mountainous buildings, and in the late afternoon listen to the thunder of the traffic and look up in awe at the huge office blocks as they light up to meet the approaching dusk.

You climb the Empire State Building (or, more accurately, ride to the top in a lift) "because it is there", but the best views of Manhattan are those from either end of its main block of buildings; at the Central Park end there is the Pan-Am Building or the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center, with tremendous views up town of Central Park, and downtown across the whole of Manhattan. From the twin-towered World Trade Center there is another view up town of the whole of Manhattan, or, in the other direction, of Brooklyn Bridge, Staten Island and the Statue of Liberty.

These views are awe-inspiring. From 800 feet, high above the city, you can cut the "Big Apple" up into manageable slices—Lower Manhattan, the West Village, Midtown, the Upper East Side, and the Upper West Side, each to be a feast in itself. Lower Manhattan makes the ideal starting point, because many of the oldest buildings are there, as if Battery Park, with its splendid view of the harbour, and the Statue of Liberty, Chinatown and Wall Street are not enough. I have always found Lower Manhattan most enjoyable on a week-day morning, when one can lazily watch everyone else rushing about their business. The West Village, incorporating Soho, Greenwich Village and Gramercy Park, I have always chosen to visit in the late afternoon. I could watch its residents come home from work and re-emerge for the night.

The section of Manhattan from 30th Street to Central Park, bounded on its other two sides by 3rd Avenue and 7th Avenue, broadly known as Midtown Manhattan, will attract the shopper, though even with the present favourable buying power of the pound 5th Avenue's luxuries are more easily seen than bought. You cannot have breakfast at Tiffany's but you can see it; you can have breakfast at Macy's; both are New York landmarks. The New York public library at 5th Avenue and 42nd Street is one of my favourite buildings in New York, not only beautiful but containing a library of exceptional quality. The Rockefeller Center never



disappoints: in the winter there is open-air ice skating and in the summer the skating rink is replaced by an open-air bar and restaurant, which on a sunny day is one of the best places to meet a friend in all New York. For the internationally or politically minded there is the United Nations; for those who like seedier things there is Times Square. Broadway theatre has been enjoying a revival, but Broadway itself is a sadly tawdry street these days. I find Grand Central Station irresistible, not only because of the nonstop pandemonium but the architecture. The Upper East Side is the place for museums and the Upper West Side for the arts.

All of which is merely to touch on the better-known landmarks but not to reach the people, and for me it is the spirit of the people, a spirit that towers even higher than the skyscrapers, that makes New York such an exhilarating city to visit. Few, if any, other cities in the world are so cosmopolitan, or have so many cultures and races within them. It is a city of enormous humour and character and resilience.

The hotels are relatively costly but it is possible to eat and drink well inexpensively in New York, and the buildings and the people come free. If you can afford it, the Essex House offers a magnificent view of Central Park and the Upper East and West Sides. Otherwise, it is best to obtain a list of hotels at a price appropriate for you and book early. New York is uncomfortably hot in midsummer, and the best times of the year for a visit, when you can walk substantial distances in comfort, are mid September to late November, or late April to early July.

Des Wilson

## WASHINGTON

By all means wander through the marble orchard of Washington but leave adequate opportunity to see what surrounds it—the region where America began and where, during the Civil War, it almost fell apart.

A sensible starting point is Jamestown, Virginia, where the English gained their first permanent foothold in America and where the foundations of the settlement have been exposed. Jamestown is not a place for those who wish to see the past without using their imagination, but if you find the incomplete record of archaeology disappointing, you can visit nearby Williamsburg, where the past is re-created with a detail and perfection that makes it the pearl of American historic reconstruction.

Also nearby is the battlefield of Yorktown, where the British said a reluctant goodbye to their American colonies. The battlefield is not extraordinary but there is a good visitors' centre that displays George Washington's tent and shows a movie re-creating the considerable drama of that



DES WILSON

day in 1781 when nearly 8,000 British soldiers individually laid down their arms and then marched single file between lines of French and American troops as a band played, "The World Turned Upside Down".

About 150 miles north-west of Williamsburg via a good interstate expressway is Charlottesville, site of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson and one of the country's finest houses of any period. George Washington is called "the father of his country" but it is in Jefferson that a true distillation of the best of 18th-century American thought, values and ideas is found. He was an intellectual, writer, revolutionary and politician, but he was even more: a musician; a gardener and farmer who kept records of everything he planted, and who experimented with new crops; an inventor who improved on a machine to make copies of his copious letters and who designed a revolving desk, a dumb-waiter and a calendar clock; and a superb architect.

At Charlottesville, this latter talent reveals itself not only at Monticello, with its columns, dome and airy, well lighted bedroom/sitting room, that seems to foreshadow modern architecture, but in the buildings at the University of Virginia and at Ash Lawn, a more traditional house designed by Jefferson for his friend James Monroe.

Heading west of Charlottesville takes you into the rugged mountains of West Virginia. It is a useful incursion if only to see how challenging the frontier must have seemed to early Americans. Today freeways take you over and through the mountains and not far beyond the border you will find White Sulphur Springs, a spa that has been patronized since the 18th century. In 1913 the Greenbriar Hotel was built here, on the old Chesapeake and Ohio railway line, and it provides still as luxurious accommodation as you will find on the east coast, with the comfort and self-sufficiency of a grand old ocean liner. It is worth scrimping elsewhere for a few days at the Greenbriar.

### The Jefferson Memorial, Washington, a tribute to the USA's third president.

Coming north from West Virginia, the most pleasant route is along the Blue Ridge Parkway and Skyline Drive which curves around the ridges of the lush Shenandoah mountain range. You would not take this road for speed, but try it for a while, especially in the fall, and then duck back to a more direct route. You can also sneak into West Virginia at the northern end of the Shenandoah mountains via Front Royal and Winchester, Virginia, then taking Route 50 west. As you climb up, down and around through this pass, you may sense why such places were of critical importance during the Civil War. The town of Romney, West Virginia, for example, changed hands 55 times during the conflict.

The third, and perhaps most dramatic, approach to West Virginia is at Harpers Ferry. Located where the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers meet (and at the corner of Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania), Harpers Ferry sits on and under the river heights. It is now a national park, with several well restored homes and many hours' worth of historic exhibits. It was here that the abolitionist John Brown staged his insurrection just before the Civil War. During the war it became an important battle point, offering access to Washington down the Potomac.

Not far from Harpers Ferry is the Antietam battlefield where, on September 17, 1862, 23,000 men were killed or wounded as the southern march to the north was halted on the war's most deadly day. Many battlefields no longer evoke the horror and drama they commemorate. Antietam is different. You can stand at the exhibit centre and look over to Bloody Lane, where 4,000 soldiers died in just three hours, and almost expect to see the carnage still. In the field where another part of the struggle took place corn still grows. The place is cluttered with monuments to those who fought there; you

can feel here how wrenching the Civil War was to this country, with more than a half million Americans on both sides killed in a fratricidal conflict still only 120 years old.


A slightly off-centre but satisfying tour of Washington might skip such traditional but time-consuming stops as a visit to the White House and Mount Vernon or a trip up the Washington Monument, including instead some of the following: a visit to a congressional hearing (often far more interesting than a peek at the Senate "in action"). The excellent National Air and Space Museum, The National Gallery for European art, the Hirshhorn Museum for American art, and the delightful and personal Phillips Collection for 19th- and 20th-century painting. A ride on Washington's financially disastrous but technologically impressive underground system. A walk along the C & O Canal, a pre-railroad era scheme for opening up the west that never was a highly successful commercial arterial but which today is one of the nation's most popular national parks. A visit to the gardens at Dumbarton Oaks. A walk around restored neighbourhoods such as Georgetown (whose shopping district is Washington's favourite place to browse), Cleveland Park, Dupont Circle and Capitol Hill. And a visit to the National Cathedral which was started in the last century and is still not complete, having been built with the care and love of the ancient structures it copies.

Having done all this, you may be surprised to learn that Washington's population is 70 per cent black, for tourist Washington and residential Washington are largely kept apart. Two significant black sites in Washington are Howard University, which once provided over half the black doctors and nearly all the black lawyers for the country, and the home of Frederick Douglass, a 19th-century abolitionist editor and politician whose Anacostia residence has been faithfully restored and which, along with the home of President Woodrow Wilson, has an unpretentious reality.

Finally, before you go pay a visit to the Lincoln Memorial. It was built only in 1922 but it is still, I think, the most moving monument in town. It has been the site of many great demonstrations, including those for civil rights and against the Vietnam war. As the mall below him filled with 100,000 citizens seeking redress, the looming, seated figure wore the same expression of forbearance, sadness, trust and hope that you will see as you pause beneath it. In the evening, especially, when the crowds are slight, you can stand there reading Lincoln's words in the stone and, in the silence, perhaps hear something about America you often cannot quite catch in the daily noise of the country's life.

Sam Smith ➤➤➤





# DISCOVER ALL THE NEW YORK SKYLINES.



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## THE WEST

Los Angeles to Albuquerque—taking in California, Arizona and New Mexico—makes a memorable motor-holiday. America is made for the motor car. Freeways, petrol stations, motels, steak-houses, hamburger counters and pizza parlours are all there, yet do not spoil the ever-changing landscape. Cities there are—famous and fabulous—but this is a journey through the land of America.

While the actual travelling is easy there are some things to reckon with. The distances are vast. We covered 2,000 miles over excellent roads, but a rigid 55 mph speed limit means a long time in the car each day and so much change is exhilarating rather than restful. The temperature was regularly over 100°F, wonderfully dry so you do not get sticky and bad tempered—but you must drink plenty and an air-conditioned car is essential. Our comfortable Buick from Avis was a haven from the heat.

Before you leave Los Angeles, there are Hollywood and Disneyland to be visited. Both indulge fantasies to the full. Disneyland I was prepared to hate, arriving full of adult superiority. It did not last, and I was as eager as anyone to stay the full delightful day.

Los Angeles is a huge spreading city, without any positive centre. We stayed at the Long Beach Hyatt Hotel, typical of the hotels America does so well with big rooms, big beds, air conditioning and all comforts. North along the famous Pacific Highway we visited the Paul Getty Museum at Malibu. This copy of a Roman villa at Herculaneum is solidly made of the finest marbles with exquisite mosaic floors. Inside, the collection of European paintings made us suddenly feel at home outside the sun-blazed. We lunched on an open terrace.

Then we turned our backs on Los Angeles and headed inland. I have never crossed a desert before. The Mojave is not sand dunes, but dry rock—gold and barren. We got out to see how hot it was but you do not linger. The highway is patrolled by helicopter. And then suddenly, and crazily, we came upon Las Vegas, Nevada. It rises out of a hot barren plain, the windows of its skyscraper hotels twinkling in the heat. It is a modern fantasy blazing at night with a million lights. Like everyone who goes there we drove slowly along the Strip, gawping, speechless. Inside the hotels, foyers and corridors are choked with one-armed bandits, the sound of their rattle, the chinking of coins endless. The Tropicans where we stayed is the most serene. By day you lounge by the huge pool, pampering your body as your purse empties. Las Vegas is a great gaudy vision—of hell or heaven.

How odd then to be so easily in the

open spaces and heading for Arizona. We tiptoed to the rim of the Grand Canyon as the sun was setting. The rocks layered pink and mauve were beginning to fade out of sight in the deepness of this, the hugest crack in the earth's surface. Below, the Colorado river looked like a thin silver ribbon; we were told later it is over a mile across. We spent a day driving along the canyon rim and my family, braver than I, took a helicopter trip. However you see the Canyon, it is breathtaking.

Enough of nature's vastness and antiquity; I needed trace of human life. Here, right down the centre of Arizona, is just the place. But before we go exploring Indian pueblos we have one strange encounter with prehistory. Along the dusty road a blistered wooden sign, awkwardly placed, casually painted, points to dinosaur remains. We come upon a family of Indians, huddled for shadow in a tiny wigwam. The boy—taciturn and serious—leads us across the red plateau to show us three-toed footprints, quite clear, made and preserved for ever in the rock. The heat bakes as we look and chat to him. "From London? Long

Above, the Grand Canyon, Arizona. Right, an adobe church in Taos, New Mexico, built in 1772 by missionaries.

way, far away." And it feels like it. We buy Indian carvings from his mother.

And then we head south. The Americans are brilliant at national parks. They combine the most exact guidance with the least conspicuous intrusion on the landscape. One such is Wupatki Park, where around AD 1100 the Sinagua Indian culture reached its peak. The remains are there to visit, a scattered group of Indian pueblos. Beside the largest, a trim and well run museum sets out all you want to know.

From the low scrub and desert of Wupatki Park we drive to Sunset Crater. This is an old volcano and the soil shows black between the pine trees. Within a few miles the landscape has changed completely and we are now driving through a mountain landscape of gullies and bluffs, the main peak looming above us. And so it goes until we cross the main West-East Highway at Flagstaff and enter Oak Creek Canyon. And suddenly there is yet another landscape, towering granite



bluffs this time and a winding road finding its way down the steep ravine. And so we came to Sedona.

It was in this beautiful arena of red mountain crags that the film world came on location to make its westerns. And there is no one better to tell you about it than Bob Bradshaw. You will find him at the King's Ransom Hotel looking like a gaunt Henry Fonda and taking small groups of holiday-makers

out on horseback on the trail of former glories. For Bob rode stand-in for Zachary Scott, Sterling Hayden and James Stewart in the film *Broken Arrow*.

At Sedona we stayed in what the Americans call a resort—a hotel plus—providing tennis and golf as well as the routine swimming pool. On a journey like ours it was a good place to pause for more than one night. Besides, south from Sedona there are more Indian



ruins to see: Montezuma's Well and Castle where the cliff dwellings have survived the centuries. The Aztec emperor Montezuma, incidentally, had little to do with it. Within recent history this was dangerous Apache territory and at Fort Verde you can see the homes in which the American cavalry lived, posted here to defend a small settlement. The doctor, the commanding officer and the men each had their separate houses. They are still there with all the original furniture, implements and even clothes.

From Sedona we took the highway east towards New Mexico. The horizon stretches far, but in the clear air looks sharp and vivid. There are mountains in the distance, low shrubland, homesteads and, way off to the south, Meteor Crater. It is a very big hole indeed: 3 miles round the rim, blasted out some 22,000 years ago by the largest meteor known to have hit the earth. Again, an excellent exhibition hall makes all the details clear and interesting.

Further along that same route is an even finer landscape phenomenon, the Petrified Forest: a rocky spread of land scattered with what are quite clearly huge tree trunks. But when you stop to examine them, you find inside the "bark" is richly coloured solid quarry rock. It is so hard to believe that we ran from one to the next, shouting out in renewed surprise.

Acoma was our next stop. Known as the sky city, it is an ancient Indian pueblo believed to be the oldest continuously inhabited settlement in the USA. It sits on top of a mesa—a circular projection of rock that juts, straight-sided, 360 feet up from the surrounding plain. The ride to the top is tough. You

cannot wander freely unless you are Indian but you can buy the beautiful Acoma pottery.

New Mexico spreads its landscape even wider than Arizona. Stepping from the car, under its huge skies and spreading hills, you feel very small, and man's contribution—the highway—is dwarfed by the immensity of the space.

Santa Fe is one of New Mexico's prettiest holiday centres. I say "pretty" because of the way the modern builders have copied the Indian adobe style and used it for hotels, churches and houses. It is high too, almost 7,000 feet, so it is cooler. At its centre is the busy jostling Plaza where the old Santa Fe trail ended. Here you will find the Palace of the Governors, the oldest public building in the USA, built in 1610. Now it houses a lively record of the area's past.

From Santa Fe we headed north to Taos. The heat is not so intense here and trees and flowers flourish. D. H. Lawrence lived here for a time. We walk up in the heat to the simple white shrine to Taos. The heat is not so intense here and trees and flowers flourish. D. H. Lawrence lived here for a time. We walk up in the heat to the simple white shrine to Taos.

It is at Taos we discover the Sagebrush Inn. It has no air conditioning and no jacuzzi pool but simple, attractive rooms, and old-fashioned hospitality made it a good place to spend our final night. **Joan Bakewell**

As Joan Bakewell rightly says in the preceding article, "the Americans are brilliant at national parks", and after a comfortable Pan Am flight to California and an equally exhilarating visit to Las Vegas we chose to head north to

Death Valley, hottest spot in the USA.

Yosemite National Park. But first, to reach it, we had to drive across the ominously named Death Valley. For those of us who will never walk on the moon this is perhaps the nearest approximation. The landscape varies between miles of rock and sand, and just miles of sand, with the occasional crater-like valley. It includes the lowest point in the whole of the Western hemisphere, nearly 300 feet below sea-level, and is one of the hottest spots in the world. It is a lonely and awesome drive, but a memorable experience. Once beyond Death Valley, we drove north at the feet of the Sierra Mountains, marvelling at the way it was possible to be in dry desert at midday and between snow-capped mountains and an icy river by 2pm. This is hunting and fishing country, full of small towns with friendly motels and it was difficult to resist dawdling from one to the other.

I am glad we resisted, for you would have been a tragedy to miss a minute of the time we had allowed for Yosemite National Park, 1,200 square miles of cliffs and waterfalls, alpine meadows and forests, wild flowers and tall pine, fir and oak trees, birds and animals. The park varies in height from 2,000 to 13,000 feet above sea-level and is magnificent. At the centre is Yosemite Valley, dominated by the second highest waterfall in the world. It is possible to stay in a hotel in the park overnight, and it is well worth reserving accommodation, not only because you will want the extra day but because the valley is superb in the early morning. Within the park there are three groves





of giant sequoias, trees that span the centuries from the time of the dinosaurs. They can be viewed on the way out of the park to San Francisco and form a fitting climax to the experience.

By the time we reached San Francisco my problem had become how to write about this trip while avoiding the enthusiasm of a travel brochure, for California really is breathtaking, encompassing beaches, deserts, mountains, great cities like Los Angeles and San Francisco, and tiny farming communities hidden in the hills or isolated on plains. San Francisco does not make the problem any easier. It rolls up and down hills until it appears almost to fall into the magnificent San Francisco Bay, and is just as colourful and romantic as we had been told. It has been said that "Every man should be allowed to love two cities—his own and San Francisco" and I find it hard to dissent. It has a sunny but temperate climate, but while the bay is beautiful when the sky is blue, it is even more impressive when the mist rolls under the Golden Gate Bridge and across the harbour.

At such times Alcatraz Island, site of the infamous prison, looks even more

Top, Yosemite National Park. Above, Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco.

sinister. The last of the prisoners left in 1963, and the island was later occupied by Indians. It is now preserved as a monument. The main prison block with its steel bars, cells, mess hall and "dark holes" is still there to be seen, as is the exercise yard with its high walls and guard towers, and they can be visited. It is a sobering experience.

San Francisco's cable cars have been rock'n'rolling up and down the city's hills for 100 years, and they still carry about 30 million passengers a year. For excitement the Powell-Hyde street line is the winner. For 60 cents you travel from the busy Powell Street shopping area over Nob Hill and down to Fisherman's Wharf. Not to be missed is the cable car museum, full of old cable cars and mementoes of the past, but also including the three 14 foot wheels that turn the cables that operate the whole system.

Do not wear a bathing costume to North Beach, because that is merely the name for the nightclub area of San Francisco. You can wear what you like to Fisherman's Wharf.



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where the locals say they would not be seen dead ("just a tourist trap") but which is a lot of fun. There have been three exceptional restoration projects at Fisherman's Wharf: Pier 39, opened in 1978, embraces three deep-water piers and 45 acres of restaurants, shops and open-air clowning and is architecturally imaginative; Ghirardelli Square is another multi-level miscellany of shops, galleries, cafés, restaurants and theatres housed in a 19th-century chocolate factory; and the Cannery contains over 50 restaurants and shops housed in a 90-year-old fruit cannery opposite Fisherman's Wharf.

The Golden Gate Bridge inevitably sets the heart pounding, even if it is red rather than golden, but we had not expected to find another bridge that dominates San Francisco even more, the Bay Bridge, said to be one of the seven engineering wonders of the world; it is twice the length, cost twice as much and carries twice the traffic load of the Golden Gate Bridge, and stretches from San Francisco across the harbour to Oakland.

San Francisco is relaxed and friendly in the daytime; it sparkles in the evening. San Francisco's popular columnist, Herb Kaen, says: "A city has to be a place where you can see old ladies riding bicycles and older ladies in limousines. Where the hotels have doormen, and bellboys can produce a bottle of scotch at 3 am; where, if the mood is upon you, you can get blinis and caviar, fisherman's spaghetti, white figs and prosciutto, a '45 Mouton-Rothschild, or a movie in any one of six languages. A city is where sirens make white streaks of sound in the sky, and fog horns speak in dark greys. San Francisco is such a city."

We liked it, too.

Des Wilson

## TEXAS

They walk tall in Texas; and the farther west you go, the taller they become. By the time you reach the Wild West—the Badlands—it does not do to lock eyes with this kind of cowboy. They are all 8 feet tall, and an unfriendly pat could knock you from the Texas panhandle all the way to Phoenix, Arizona.

The impact of the Wild West slams you in the solar plexus like a slug from a six-shooter. One evening you are dining elegantly in San Antonio—dear, dreamy, riparian San Antonio—then, in the brassy glare of morning sun, you drive into Hondo. "This is God's country," the town sign welcomes, "so don't drive through it like hell." This is not a suggestion; it is a warning, to be ignored at peril. Flout the law and the sheriff may send out a posse to bring you in—for this is the gate to the Badlands, where a man, under provocation, could be a pretty mean *hombre*.

They speak their mind in these parts. "Cactus Jack" Garner, of nearby

Uvalde, did not mince words about his term of office as vice-president of the United States in the 1930s: being vice-president, he concluded, was not worth "a warm bucket of spit".

Brackettville is 120 miles from San Antonio, and here lies "Happy" Shahan's cattle ranch, Alamo Village, a raw-hide place complete with saloon, cantina, stage-coach, Boot Hill cemetery . . . whose headstones read well: "Ol Injun Jo, died from natural causes, we just natural didn't like him"; "Here lies Bearded Brad, a simple cuss who drew too slow and bit the dust"; "Here lies Ortho's father. We'll get his son one day." Neither did the gentle sex escape the macabre wit: "Connie Newton said she'd never settle down"; "Hogface Sue, man are we glad she's through."

The fastest draw hereabouts is Tex Hill, who does not take kindly to the sort of shoot-out you see in the movies. The times when two gunslingers faced each other down the street could be counted on one hand, he says; mostly they took cover, blowing the other guy's brains out when he wasn't looking. Tex runs through the gunfighter's tricks, blasting off mainly with blanks these days.

A long time ago, down Mexico way, near the border between Del Rio and Ciudad Acuna, Judge Roy Bean dispensed hard liquor and rough justice at Langtry. "I'm fining you \$50 and a round of drinks for the jury, that's my ruling" was not untypical of his kind of law. He is said to have been in love with English actress Lillie Langtry; an unrequited passion it must have been since they never met. He built a bar to honour her; but he could not find a signwriter who could spell. "Lilly Langtry" was painted above the door, uncorrected, and peeling a little it remains to this day. There is a melancholy postscript to the story: sweet Lillie paused once at Langtry for 40 minutes, six months after the judge had received his own ultimate verdict.

The unanimous verdict on Big Bend, leading into the Chihuahuan Desert, is that this 1,100 square miles of damn all is about the remotest part of the USA. It is parched land, sparsely covered by creosote bushes, with the sporadic vermilion bloom of ocotillo. There are hazards, too: from the sun, bubbling temperatures to 115°F; from the desert chill at night; from rattlesnake and scorpion; from spines of the devil cactus. In such terrain it is lunacy to be unprepared: you need 2½ gallons of water a day in summer, tweezers for dealing with cactus, and more than tweezers should you tread on a rattler.

Remote it is, yet rarely bereft of human kind. The Comanche and Apache took this trail; so, too, the Mexican bandits under Pancho Villa against whom General Pershing sent troops of the US Cavalry to establish a post at Lajitas in 1916. A hundred years ago



adventurers from all over scabbled around Lajitas on the Rio Grande for a bare living, dreaming of fortunes in gold, mercury, wax. Some struck rich; most moved on, leaving behind three derelict ghost towns.

Less predatory adventurers come to Big Bend today: climbers attempting the Chisos Mountains, naturalists to study the 75 species of mammal, 360 species of birds, 65 species of reptile and amphibians identified to date. They come to camp, walk, ride, to collect specimens from 1,000 different types of plant. Geologists come—and a few intrepid souls to shoot the rapids coursing through the Rio Grande canyons.

There are oases of civilization for bread and water—at Maverick, Study Butte, Terlingua—but the first touch of comfort is at Lajitas where Pershing's cavalry post is restored as a motel and Badlands Hotel. This is where you will find Mike Davidson and Steve Harris of Far Flung Adventures. If you are prepared to sign a liability waiver you can join one of their expeditions, which go something like this: at first light a briefing in raft handling and safety precautions, loading and making fast camp equipment, kitting up with life-jackets. Three or four to a hypalon raft, you launch, each craft under the command of a guide, to steer a course along the whitewater.

Most of the route is placid, sometimes turbulent, occasionally hair-raising—as when you enter Santa Elena Canyon, whose cliffs rise precipitously 2,000 feet directly above the river, and where sudden, dangerous rapids gurggle and swell like the *Titanic* going down. Camp is struck before sunset, supper barbecued; the river is your bathroom, sleeping bag your bed, sand and rock your mattress, nothing between you and the stars. It is a long way from Throgmorton Street, the nearest dry martini or dry socks. In the morning you awake to the comforting cry of turkey vultures wheeling overhead.

Another day, another destination; a couple of hundred miles on by road

**The parched landscape of Texas with its sparse vegetation, above, is in sharp contrast to the greenery in its cities, right: the Reunion Tower in Dallas and the Water Gardens of Fort Worth.**

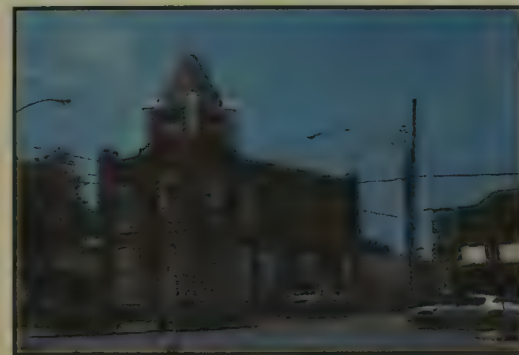
brings you to Indian Cliffs, towards El Paso. From Indian Cliff's wagon trains cross the desert to Fort Misery, simulating the ways of the old forty-niners who battled westwards, fighting the Apache, dysentery and disillusion. The worst you combat these days is wind—a wind that hurls sand in your eyes like pellets from a 12 bore.

You saddle up, riding western—which is not the way of the Quorn . . . your wrangler (cowboy) will show you the difference. Bedding rolls, food and booze follow by covered wagon across this big, raw, savagely beautiful country. The people are raw, too, raw-fisted, God-fearing, who would not understand the ways of the Quorn, or care much for that matter. They are a decent people, knowing the desert, respecting its moods, valuing its silence. To get things into perspective: an average ranch runs to 152 sections; at 640 acres to a section, that is 97,280 acres to put your cows on.

Fort Misery is chiselled into the hillside; it is of wood and adobe construction, with a perimeter stockade, central gateway, cook-house, bunk-house, wash-house, jail-house. You corral the horses, unsaddling as the sun touches sandstone slopes with the last rosy tints of day. Paraffin lamps cast weird shadows, and fat begins to spit from prime beef steaks on the iron grid. Later you huddle round the camp fire, squatting on straw-bales as wranglers make music and song—on guitar, mouth-organ, washboard and violin. You dip an enamel mug into a billy-can of scalding, bitter, terrible coffee, joining in the chorus about a yellow rose of Texas.

It seems like a tableau, like a film set almost; but it is not, it is real, people still do live like this. Much later you crawl into your bedding roll by the dying embers of the fire. In the not too far dis-





tance coyotes are baying at the moon; and you know that Fort Misery is the least miserable place on earth.

**Michael Watkins**

Texas is the size of France, Switzerland and the Benelux countries put together, so it is hardly surprising that the Dallas-Fort Worth area I visited contrasted sharply with the south-west Texas area described by Michael Watkins; men may still stand big in their boots but they walk more quietly. Dallas prides itself on being more sophisticated than other places in the state, while Fort Worth, the cattle town, cannot make up its mind whether it wishes to reflect its dusty, cowboy past or tune in with Dallas.

There is still plenty of the atmosphere of the past round the old Fort Worth stock yards, but the best feel for the pioneer days is to be obtained in the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, to my surprise the highlight of the trip.

The museum features the work of two remarkable western artists, Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell. Remington was 19 when in 1881 he concluded that "wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever" and to record the period he produced thousands of paintings and drawings, wrote eight books and over 90 magazine articles. His paintings and sculpture of cowboys and ranchers, soldiers and Indians, horses and cattle

are full of rich colour, detail and movement. Russell was a cowboy who developed into a great painter and sculptor. His love and respect for the Indians led him to depict them with distinctive sympathy and dignity. The exhibition of these men's work is so exciting that you can hardly wait to rush from the museum out into Texas itself to see the real thing.

Which of course you cannot really do, because time and the Indians have moved on, and ranchers now use trucks and tractors. The best feel for the past is to be found in two tiny towns near Dallas and Fort Worth (the cities tend to be linked, sharing the same airport and other facilities). One is Canton, where on the first Monday of every month,

From the top: the Kennedy Memorial, Dallas; Southfork Ranch, home of the Ewing family in the television series *Dallas*; Granbury, where the old town square has been preserved; and the stock yards of Fort Worth.

and in fact over the whole of that weekend, there takes place the unique First Monday Trades Day. This is a gigantic, open-air market, over 100 years old, started when farmers with little opportunity for communication would come to town on the first Monday of the month to stock up, to meet relatives and friends, and to chin-wag. Over the years the market has grown until it now occupies 35 acres

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So much talk of food—well, this is New Orleans, unashamedly so indulgent, voluptuous. Food is the chief preoccupation; you cannot





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## There's always another side to see.



STEPHEN MORTLEY/SUSAN GRIGGS

leave until you have tried the gumbo, they say. And after food comes jazz, sex, death; hedonism, followed by the hereafter.

Death must be considered because it is such a palaver. In the normal course of events people are buried 6 feet underground; in New Orleans they bury you 6 feet above the ground—if you could call it "bury". Water is so near the surface that raised family vaults are bought, the system being that the most recent incumbent gets the top shelf for one year and a day, after which the remains are riddled to a lower compartment, the grounds, so to speak, eventually collecting in a kind of drawer.

If gumbo soup is hot with Creole spices, the jazz is hotter, meaner, the sassiest music around. New Orleans is the cradle of jazz (néé jass), as the area in which slavery, deprived of education and official religion, first expressed its faith through the sounds of music. From dusk to dawn jazz blasts out of every swing-door along Bourbon Street, from Frenchy's, Crazy Shirley's, from Maison Bourbon. But there is nowhere quite like Preservation Hall where, for a princely \$1 bill, you can sit all night long at the feet of the old masters who swung along with Satchmo and Kidd Thomas.

In their 70s and 80s now, their light is undimmed, their magic as bewitching... man, how they play: Father Al Lewis on the banjo, Ernie Cagnolatti on the trumpet, Willie Humphery on the clarinet—and Sweet Emma, even after her stroke, still draws her wheelchair up to the piano to play with her one hand.

Names are held in reverence in New Orleans; who you are is important. If your name is Beauregard you will do; if it is John Doe, the waiter may take his time—and waiters are the real élite in this town. If they like you they will show it: possibly by a "lagniappe", which means giving you 13 oysters for a dozen, or by handing you a "go-cup" so that you can walk your cocktail all the way to the Mississippi if you wish.

Paddle steamers still churn this ochre-coloured river, making low ab-

**View of the French Quarter, or Vieux Carré, in New Orleans.**

dominal sounds on their sirens, stirring up the sediment of nostalgia. There is the *Mississippi Queen*, *President*, *Natchez*, the sturdy little *Mark Twain*, aquatic hurdy-gurdies giving huge fun of the fair to all who sail in them.

Along this river, shedding every few thousand years an ox-bow lake or two, lies the magnificent seediness of the past: bayoux, those sluggish creeks, swamps alive with alligator and egret, decaying ruins abandoned since the Civil War, plantation houses like Oak Alley where once 105 slaves worked the cane, Houmas House where belles dressed in crinolines drawl in sonorous southern accents the legends of their heritage.

**Michael Watkins**

## FLORIDA

Florida was the first area of the USA to be explored by the Spaniards, in 1513, and yet it did not become a state until 1845 and remained, particularly in the south, largely unsettled by the Americans until the end of the 19th century when Henry Flagler extended the railway to Miami. The state was renowned in the 16th century as the site of the mythical Fountain of Youth; in the 20th century it is famous for its retirement communities and resorts, sometimes unkindly called "The Cities of the Living Dead".

Even in northern Florida the average winter temperature ranges from a mild 55.7°F in January to 62.7° in March; during the same period it ranges from 70.7° to 74.6° in the Florida Keys, that string of pearl-like islands stretching south towards Cuba. In December we lay by a Miami beach pool, basking in the hot sun, while the muzak played "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" and barmaids in seasonal red and white bikinis served *pina colados*.

Florida has 1,149 miles of beaches but there are other natural attractions. There are some 30,000 small lakes and 1,717 streams, many of them ➤



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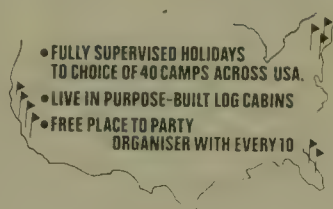
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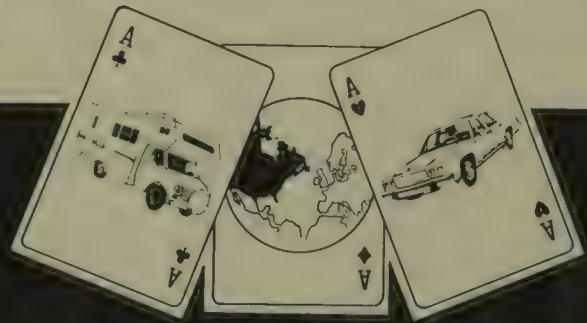
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## PARKS AND GARDENS IN CHINA

The Illustrated London News has arranged, with Study China Travel Ltd, a 19-day parks and gardens tour of China in 1981. China has over 3,000 years of gardening tradition and this tour gives an opportunity to see some of the most attractive Chinese gardens and to study their historical evolution. The party, which will be limited to 26, will be led by Nancy-Mary Goodall, the ILN's gardening correspondent.

The party will leave London on April 24, 1981, and fly by Swissair to Hong Kong for an overnight stay before moving to Guangzhou. The tour will include visits to the ancient city Suzhou, to see "The Humble Administrator's Garden" and "Pavilion of the Waves", two of the most famous gardens in China; to Guilin, the beauty spot of China in the centre of the spectacular tropical Karst scenery; to Peking, where the tour will stay for four days visiting the famous sites—and, in addition, there will be a special trip to the Summer Palace at Chengde. The party will return to London from Peking on May 13, 1981.

The total cost of the 19-day tour will be £1,450, inclusive of air fares and full board throughout China in good hotels with twin-bedded rooms.

For further information, please write to:  
**China Parks and Gardens Tour, 1981**  
The Illustrated London News  
4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL.

To make a provisional booking now, send a cheque for £100 deposit made payable to Study China Travel. Confirmation of booking and full payment will be required by February 9, 1981.



paradises for fishermen and boaters, and more major fresh water springs in Florida than any other state, often with names as syrupy as their waters are clear: Homosassa, Wakulla, Weeki Wachee. The state is also well endowed with exotic sub-tropical gardens, but what come as a surprise are central Florida's large cattle and horse ranches. Florida's mainland tip is covered by the Everglades National Park, a mysterious 1.4 million acres of water, islands and grass, inhabited by a few Miccosukee Indians, cruising alligators, over 600 varieties of fish, nearly 300 varieties of birds and other wild life.

Then there are the Keys, 42 islands forming an archipelago jutting into the Gulf of Mexico. The largest is Key Largo, the site of John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park, America's only underwater state park running parallel to the Key for 21 miles.

On our first visit we were whisked up over southern Florida in a Goodyear blimp. On the mainland below sprawled the then sleepy city of Miami. Tethered to its side by causeways and bridges and resembling nothing so much as a giant cruise ship was Miami Beach, splendid with skyscraper hotels and sparkling with swimming pools. On closer inspection the beaches were slightly disappointing compared with others in Florida, built over as they were with concrete and swimming pools. My fellow-guests were primarily "snow-birds" escaping from the icy New York winter. Today the blimp has unfortunately floated on up the coast; Miami's beach has been quite dramatically widened; and though the winter and early spring months are still peak in terms of prices, the season has been extended right through the year and tourists include South Americans primarily here for the shopping and some 200,000 Britons.

Neither Miami nor Miami Beach is, however, the "real Florida". In search of it we took a Greyhound Bus southwards through the Keys. The 102-mile Overseas Highway was just that, skimming along over the glittering water towards Havana, connecting some 29 islands and ending in Key West.

A town of quaint, white, gingerbread houses, Key West is best known as the one-time home of Ernest Hemingway and the sometime home of Tennessee Williams. Tours take in Sloppy Joe's bar where Papa allegedly drank, his balconied home and the adjacent studio where he wrote *To Have and Have Not* standing up at a desk. Other attractions include the 14-mile narrated Conch Train tour, an aquarium, giant sea turtle kraals and such local delicacies as spiny lobster stuffed with conch and lime pie.

Northwards up the coast from Miami there are such resorts as Fort Lauderdale and Palm Beach with their elegant high-rise apartments, beautiful



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HALL/SUSAN GRIGGS



Above, swampland in the Everglades National Park. Left, Miami Beach.

beaches, chic boutiques, palm-lined boulevards and exotic denizens including the mandatory blue-rinsed widows.

Heading west along Alligator Alley to Florida's other coast on the Gulf of Mexico, we reached swanky Naples which looked as if it had been shampooed and manicured just before we arrived. And yet in October and February it is the site of one of the dirtiest sports around: swamp buggy racing. It is reasonably close to the Everglades and to the resort of Marco Island, and it has its own spick and span beach and a pretty Brighton-style pier.

Northwards, Fort Myers is notable as the winter home of inventor Thomas Edison. He donated the 2,000 royal palms which line the city's main boulevard, and his rambling white frame home, laboratory, lush sub-tropical gardens and museum are open to the public. He must have carried some trade secrets to his grave: his original light bulbs are still burning.

A \$3 return toll bridge leads to idyllic Sanibel Island, site of a wildlife reserve. All along its golden sand bucket-swinging tourists were doing what is known locally as the "Sanibel shuffle". Heads bowed, eyes glued to the sand they were alert for rare finds; conchologists consider this to be one of the world's finest shelling beaches. The smarter, more residential neighbouring island of Captiva is the home of the luxurious South Seas Plantation, a golf, tennis and boating resort built around an old lime plantation.

Back on the mainland, Venice is the winter home of the Ringling Brothers and the Barnum & Bailey Circus as well as of its clowns' school. But the city more associated historically with the circus is Sarasota, 16 miles to the north. When John Ringling discovered it in 1927 it was a mere village of fishermen and cattle farmers. Soon his "Greatest Show on Earth" was attracting thousands of winter visitors. Many stayed and bought property even as Ringling transformed the village into what is today a metropolitan area of 183,000 people, building a bridge to the Gulf

Keys, constructing a luxury hotel on Longboat Key and an elegant shopping circus on St Armands' Key.

In his spare time he crammed a pink Sarasota 'palacio' full of priceless, primarily baroque art; plonked down an 18th-century Italian theatre imported from Asola next to a circus museum, and then enthroned himself and his wife in a Citizen Kane-style mansion set in sub-tropical grounds. All these are now open to the public, as is the nearby Circus Hall of Fame which includes memorabilia of Britain's circus tycoon Billy Smart.

For us the grand finale was Walt Disney World at Lake Buena Vista. Glass monorail bullets zipped us through the roof of an ultra-modern hotel and dropped us in the midst of a Mickey Mouse parade at the base of Cinderella's Castle. In the Hall of Presidents, American presidents "came alive" and spoke their pieces; ghosts materialized in the Haunted Mansions; pirates attacked us as we sailed through the Caribbean; bears serenaded us and dolls danced. Unforgettable!

Mary Moore Mason

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

Across the dusty corral of the Sundance dude ranch, in the cariboo country of British Columbia, horseless riders and riderless horses eye one another with mutual suspicion. This is Canada's mild west, where urban visitors can enjoy the uncomplicated pleasures of a cowboy's life with none of the hardships.

Before the guest can become a cowboy he must have a horse. ➡



In the early hours the wranglers (*real* cowboys) ride out to round up however many of the ranch's 85 saddle-horses will be needed during the day. By the time the guests have eaten breakfast, clapped on their Stetsons and climbed into their boots, the mounts have been saddled and led into the corral. There horses and riders weigh each other up. A large, yellowish creature with a rolling gait, a sardonic eye and enormous square teeth is led forward. "Right," says the head wrangler, "who's going to ride Satan?" It is one of those heart-sinking moments as, with an awful inevitability, his eyes meet mine. "You," he says. Satan turned out to be an utterly imperturbable old hand with the faintest suspicion of a cough and a will of iron at moments of decision. After a while I began to feel attached to him by rather more than the polished seat of my western saddle.

The landscape and the place names are authentically western. We rode to Windy Point on the lip of Black Canyon, where the Thompson river cuts through the parched bowl of cowboy country that creates such a striking contrast with the surrounding green and pleasant land of southern British Columbia. This region is robbed of rainfall by the mountains all around. The distant hills are blue. A little closer they are grey with a trace of sage green. Near the ranch the landscape is deeply green, due to irrigation. This 26,000 acre spread is also a working ranch, supporting 400 head of beef cattle as well as a breeding stock of Tennessee walking horses.

On a guest ranch like this the urban cowboy pays roughly £25 a day, all found. Accommodation is in single-storey ranch-style buildings and the food is robust.

This high country is only half a day's drive from the mild-mannered and beautiful city of Vancouver, which is where our visit to western Canada had begun. There could hardly be a better introduction to the Pacific seaboard. We had left London at mid morning, flying first eastwards to Amsterdam by KLM Royal Dutch Airlines to link up with the CP Air flight to Vancouver. CP Air, the contracted title adopted by one of the world's great romantically named airlines, Canadian Pacific, uses the impressive new Schiphol Airport as its collecting point for UK passengers.

The first and overwhelming impression on arrival is of the freshness and clarity of the Pacific air. The second impression is of Vancouver's beauty. Our hotel was on the harbourside, with a panoramic view of the broad, protected waters of Canada's most important west coast port. Beyond, mountains rose from the north shore. Behind us were the clean-cut skyscrapers of downtown Vancouver. It is a new city which has managed to grow without



**Downtown Vancouver with view of the Coastal Range across the Burrard Inlet.**

losing its natural good looks. It is, above all, a cosmopolitan city.

Vancouver's Chinatown is the second largest in the continent, complete with oriental telephone kiosks and a Bank of Montreal with a dragon over the door. Gastown, the original site of the city's foundation, is preserved now as a shopping and tourist area. Its most photographed feature must be the 2 ton steam clock that stands on a street corner and sounds a slightly jarring burst of Westminster chimes every quarter of an hour. Elsewhere are shops in spotlessly clean underground malls.

After enjoying the view of the mountains from the city it is worth reversing the process and taking the cable car 3,700 feet up Grouse Mountain, on the north shore. From there another of the city's assets becomes especially clear: Stanley Park forms a 1,000-acre front garden for Vancouver's commercial centre. The 6 mile drive around its perimeter, between park and harbour, is one of the most pleasant urban excursions in Canada.

British Columbia is described truthfully on the number plates of its residents' cars, which all bear the words "Beautiful British Columbia". To hire a car and drive into the interior of the province is to embark on a prolonged geography lesson. There are log booms on the Fraser river and there are forests and lakes in abundance. Every so often you may hear the haunting wail of a magnificent railway train rolling through the landscape. I counted one train of 109 large trucks, hauled by two locomotives and pushed by three more.

Elsewhere it is a country of plenty on the Mediterranean scale. The Okanagan

region of southern British Columbia is a rich orchard and vineyard area. Farther north the cactus and sage brush country around Ashcroft creates another contrast. That was a starting point for one of the toughest overland routes to the Yukon Territory that sprang into prominence at the height of the Klondike gold rush.

Happily it is now possible to make the same journey in considerably greater safety and comfort. We returned to Vancouver to pick up another CP Air flight up the Pacific coastline to Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon Territory. It was a memorable journey with the captain dipping his wings to point out the mountains and glaciers of Alaska. Whitehorse is a down-to-earth, modern city in the wilderness. The Yukon is vast, empty and compellingly attractive. It must be one of the last frontiers for tourism. In an area of 207,000 square miles there is a population of around 25,000, two-thirds of whom live in Whitehorse. Stretching away in every direction is the forest—and a great stillness.

At first sight the city is strikingly ordinary: shops, motels, suburbs, 32 bars, government buildings, a railway station. But the robust history of the north is never far from the surface and there are many reminders of that still recent period when the wilderness was first penetrated on any scale.

The SS *Klondike*, a survivor of the fleet of sternwheeler paddle-boats which once plied the Yukon river, is being renovated by the government and is already a tourist attraction. Multi-storey log cabins have been preserved. Sam McGee's original cabin still stands (it is

believed that the Yukon's adopted poet, Robert Service, only chose to mention Sam McGee because the name rhymes usefully with Tennessee). The museum is filled with relics of the gold rush. Just outside Whitehorse we bathed in the open air in hot springs (at 101°) and then drove north to Dawson City.

The Yukon is served by dirt roads. Vehicles with protective screens over windscreens and lights pull into town caked with dust. It becomes clear to the stranger that dirt means dirt. In the summer you have the advantage of driving in virtually constant daylight: in Whitehorse the sun sets after midnight in June. It is warm and dry and your hair crackles with static electricity. In Dawson City I sat outside the motel bedroom at midnight and read a book.


Dawson boomed briefly at the time of the gold rush and survives to evoke those hard, energetic and rootless days. It is still a working, mining town. Time and weather have dealt harshly with its wooden buildings. There was, most recently in May, 1979, a disastrous flood when ice floes jammed the Yukon river and its waters burst over the protective dyke. The Flora Dora hotel was washed away, along with a number of other homes and buildings. The tourist industry was left to cope with an influx of visitors who arrived to find themselves in a quagmire. It took another blow last winter when the 20-room Downtown Hotel was burnt down. Hotel rooms are at a premium and prices of most necessities are slightly higher here, too. The community is at the end ➤➤



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of a long supply line.

The atmosphere of the faded, dusty streets and the surrounding gold fields is a great compensating factor for the tourist. And some of the attractions of the gold rush days have been re-created, in a mild form. We spent an evening at the Gaslight Follies in the restored Palace Grand Theatre and strolled outside during the interval. A figure approached down the road, wearing a black hat and a frock coat green with age, carrying a Bible and a wood stump. He put down his stump, stood on it and opened his Bible. This, we thought, must surely be part of the show. It was not. The Reverend Dan Meeks, vicar of Dawson, was spreading the word—as he does every Saturday night.

The Yukoners are also eager to spread the word about the undoubted attractions the territory offers to visitors. It is, reputedly, a paradise for sportsmen interested in angling or shooting. It also has a magnetic appeal for those who want to explore the wilderness.

Andrew Moncur

## ONTARIO

My travelling companion on Air Canada 857, a vet from Guelph, suggested an itinerary. "Algonquin Park—but not at weekends; the Amish Market at Kitchener (New Berlin until 1914); the old waggon trail at Conestoga; the Pioneer village at Doon; the Toronto Metro Zoo—but not at weekends; the Inniskillin winery; theatres at Stratford and Niagara (the first Canadian settlement, still flying the 1830 Union Jack). Avoid the Lake Huron coast. Just like Blackpool." I thanked him for his sage advice but secretly determined that I could not miss "Blackpool, Ontario".

My first base was London, an affluent English town with a muddy river Thames, an Oxford Street, a white-brick university, a superb vegetable market called Covent Garden, a new art gallery masquerading as the Crystal Palace, some good restaurants and a one-way traffic system designed to keep you there longer than you intended. I eventually found my way north along Highways 4 and 7 to Stratford, a pleasant pastiche of the original, complete with river Avon, swans and Festival Theatre, where you will find the best Shakespeare produced in North America. Try the Olde English Parlour around the corner: the best pub I have yet struck in Canada.

The Lake Huron coast, so despised by my informative vet, was quite a delight (even at the weekend). True, a place called Grand Bend was a bit Blackpoolish with a jolly, teeming, down-to-the-seaside main street and beaches crowded with the swinging young set. But Bayfield, a short drive north, was a shy, tree-lined village with a superb marina flanked by a sandy coastline,

deserted and idyllic. Goderich, a handsome town farther north, lost points for a grim-looking factory brooding over an otherwise picturesque harbour.

And so to Toronto, the high-rise, highbrow hub of the Anglo-Canadian world. A somewhat bland and self-satisfied metropolis, it is nevertheless an efficient city run by clever, friendly people. The lowest big-city crime rate in North America makes it a comfortably pleasant place to explore without a car. They have kept their trams, and you can cover the town on the old iron way at modest cost. On foot the area to explore is the downtown section between Bloor Street and the Lake.

There is a strange, clam-shaped City Hall and an adjoining square where rock bands, street orators and other exhibitionists compete. Then there is trendy Yonge Street, a cross between Greek Street, Oxford Street and the King's Road, with faded sex shops, leggy ladies and the Eaton Shopping Mall, a veritable cathedral to consumerism. After that, there are Bloor Street for smart restaurants, Markham Street for antique shops and bistros, and Kensington Market for exotic foods.

Subterraneans can scoot around all this on a spanking new subway system; high-fliers can zoom up the CN Tower, 1,815 feet 5 inches high, sit in the revolving restaurant and watch the whole town turn down below.

Across Lake Huron is Niagara Falls. They have not only cascading waters here but wax museums, fun fairs and dirt-cheap souvenir shops. You can also play "Spot the honeymooners". Nearby Niagara-on-the-Lake is the well cultivated home of an annual Shaw Festival. Three auditoria, a talented company and a vigorous artistic director have produced the formula for a theatre buff's Utopia. Just next door, standing in its own vineyards, is the Inniskillin winery (the Fusiliers were there in 1812). They are friendly folk here and on their tours ply one with some agreeably palatable plonk.

From Toronto I took a trip north on the Great Canadian Railway Bazaar. The famed CPR and CNR have recently abandoned passenger travel to a new Crown Corporation, Via Rail—a cleaner, more staid and courteous means of locomotion than British Rail.

First stop was Muskoka Lake, a paradise for waterskiers, parasailors and windsurfers. A short drive east of neighbouring Huntsville is the wild but natural beauty of Algonquin Provincial Park. The intrepid can pick up canoe and provisions at the Portage Store and follow the lacework of lakes through a fairyland of forests with only wild animals for company. Apart from the usual moose, deer, black bear and beaver, the Park has the only pack of timber wolves in any such reserve.

If that is too primitive, join the



Top, Muskoka Lake is a lodestone for water sports enthusiasts. Above, Indian children at a summer powwow.

Ontario Northland Railway to Cochrane, then take the Polar Bear Express up to Hudson Bay and get a whiff of the Arctic. At "the end of the steel", on the southern tip of Hudson Bay, are two strange settlements. Moosonee is a small railway town born in 1932 with the coming of the "Iron Horse". It is a sad frontier town of unpaved sidewalks and dirt roads along which unemployed and aimless Indian teenagers scorch furiously on their bucking Yamahas and Hondas. The great wide Moose river flowing off the Arctic edge of the great American continent is the highway for hefty cargo canoes powered no longer by paddle but by outboard motor. In one of these an Indian guide will shoot you to Fossil Island where every stone on the beach is a fossil.

Moose Factory Island, across the river, has been Hudson Bay Company territory since 1673. An old cemetery tells part of the story and the pretty, wooden Anglican church is decorated with texts in Cree. Its floor has holes bored in it to let in spring flood waters to prevent the House of God being swept away. The local Swampy Cree Indians have been thoroughly Christianized, but still hunt, trap and fish. The depressed

reservation here suggests that the scant benefits of 300 years of European trade have been a dubious exchange for a lost culture. To see native Indians at their exciting best you can visit a summer powwow. Just west of Toronto near Brantford, at the Six Nations Reservation, I saw dancing and archery and native art at what must be its most thrilling.

Gordon Bowker

## THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES

In the streets of the fortified town all was bustling 18th-century activity. Youngsters bowled their hoops, wood was being chopped in a yard and vegetables planted in a garden, the shop was doing brisk business, and convincingly scruffy soldiers slouched on duty by the harbour. In the houses, chickens were roasting on spits while women dried herbs, wove cloth, embroidered.

Fort Louisbourg, on the lovely Cabot Trail of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, is one of the world's more imaginative tourist sights. The French began building it in 1720, the British finally destroyed it in 1760; in the interval it was France's key centre for trade and military strength in the New World, a paradox of distant luxury and discontent. Now a fifth of it is being restored





down to the last detail, including named inhabitants wearing the right clothes and doing all the right mid 18th-century things. The Canadians are good at this sort of thing, but they have excelled themselves at Fort Louisbourg.

The Annapolis valley, near Halifax, is famous for its apple blossom, celebrated with a May festival. It is one of innumerable events that crowd the provincial calendars, most of them with some historical or more earthy theme, with anything from French or Gaelic culture (for the Scots later came in droves, too) to strawberries, maple syrup, potato blossom, lobsters, clams, providing an excuse for a jamboree.

Though Canada's history may be relatively short, it is frequently apparent. Historic settlements re-created far out in the countryside or restored in downtown areas of major cities are constant reminders of what life really was like in those tough pioneering days. Examples are the water-front areas of Halifax and Dartmouth in Nova Scotia, reflecting a long seafaring past next to the sleek and extensive facilities of a modern port; or Kings Landing, 23 miles west of New Brunswick's capital Fredericton, where rural life of a century and more ago is enacted each summer.

Fredericton itself is known for its still magnificent elms, its stately 19th-century buildings, its connexions with Lord Beaverbrook (the Beaverbrook Art Gallery is here) and the United Empire loyalists who flocked here in 1783 and really put the town on the map. About 70 miles away down the lovely Saint John river, busy Saint John was founded almost overnight by those same loyalists to become North America's "Liverpool" on the Bay of Fundy. Among other things, the bay can claim to have the most massive tides in the world, reaching heights of up to 53 feet, and one of the sights of Saint John is the Reversing Falls Rapids, a phenomenon that occurs twice daily as the tides conflict with the waters of the Saint John river. Remarkable evidence of the Fundy tides is to be seen in many

#### Orwell Corner Agricultural Heritage Site, Prince Edward Island.

other places, and one of the best is New Brunswick's Fundy National Park.

One of the highlights of my recent visit was a stay on a farm on Prince Edward Island. My hosts were Waldron and Jeanette MacKinnon, my fellow guests a retired farming couple from Vancouver and a working farmer from Devon attracted there by the strong connexions between PEI and his West Country. He must have found many similarities in this extremely pretty island with its rich red earth, its rolling arable lands (potatoes are the major cash crop) and green pastures interspersed with woods, with the glint of the sea never long absent from the scene. But the cosy, wooden homesteads, and predominance of spruce, birch and maple add dimensions of their own.

Packaged farm arrangements on PEI usually cover return flight, bed and breakfast, and a self-drive car which is essential for exploring the intensive network of lanes; but, though it was not part of the arrangement, home-cured ham, home-made blueberry pie and other goodies were also lavished on us.

My fellow guest from Devon was researching the presence of Bible Christians from the West Country here in the 19th century. It led to a chain-reaction of contacts round the island. "I was a bit worried I might be bored," he said, "but there hasn't been a minute to spare." I was not surprised. The Canadians in general, and the PE Islanders in particular, have a unique warmth of hospitality ●

Sylvie Nickels

For further information on the USA contact the United States Travel Service, 22 Sackville Street, London W1X 2EA, personal callers only (tel: 01-231 1300) or by post to USTS, PO Box 2000, London SE1. For Canada, the Canadian Government Office of Tourism, Canada House, Trafalgar Square, London SW1Y 5DR (tel: 01-629 9492).

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# Just what is this "secret weapon" you're offering would-be borrowers, Mr Wagstaff?

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'Specially designed by one of Chris Greening's electronics wizards, I suppose', said Jack Rogers, one of the busiest accountants in town. Now pull the other one, Bill, I can't tell *that* to my clients!

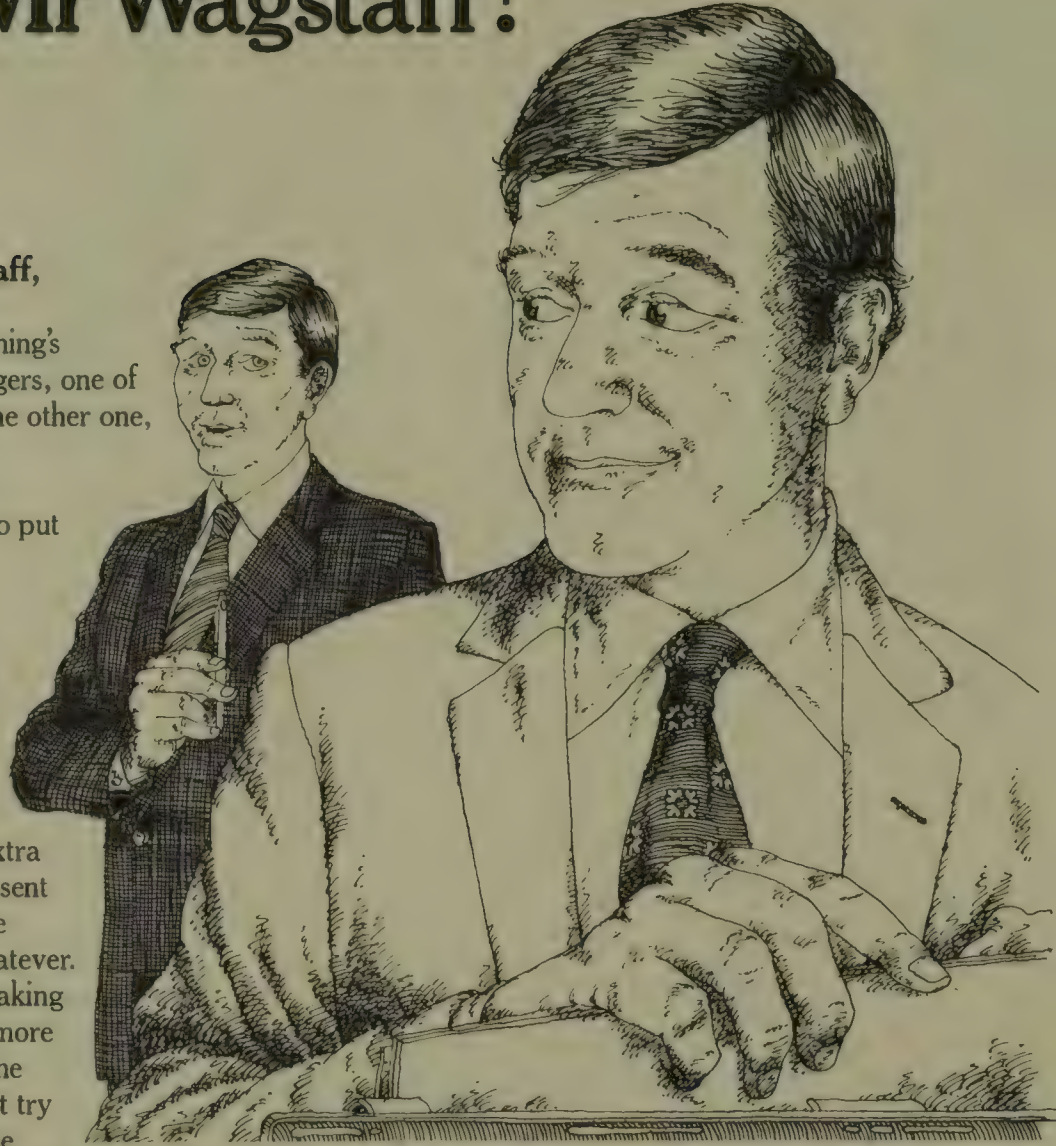
'Well I wish you would', said Wagstaff. 'It would help them no end when they want to put up a case for a loan.'

'I'm all ears then, fire away!'

'R.a.d.a.r is an acronym', said Wagstaff, noticing with some disappointment that Jack Rogers obviously knew what an acronym was. 'It stands for Reason, Amount, Duration, Assets, Repayment. Let's take the Graham brothers, those clients of yours we're meeting shortly. If they're looking for extra finance, *they* need R.a.d.a.r to help them present their case. First, a *Reason* why they need the money – for diversification, expansion or whatever. Then the *Amount* – a realistic assessment, making sure they neither underestimate, *nor* borrow more than they need, at today's high rates. Then the *Duration* of the loan – we must see they don't try to commit themselves to a repayment schedule too difficult to meet. Next, their *Assets* – what can they offer as security? And finally *Repayment* – they must be quite sure it's not going to be too great a burden on their cash flow.'

'So if the Grahams use R.a.d.a.r to make their case, it's as good as won.'

'Not quite', said Wagstaff, 'but they'll be much more likely to win – because at W&G we like to look for reasons why we *can* lend, not reasons why we *can't*.'



*Wagstaff was ready to fire away.*

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# The Great Depression

by Tom Miller

As the world grapples with the worst economic slump since the 1930s, the author looks back on the Great Depression, traces its causes and charts its effects.

The Depression of the 1930s has so far been the most important event of this century. Unlike the world wars, which left, for example, the American and Australian continents untouched by the fighting, the Depression ravaged the whole world, unseating governments, ruining banks and industrial companies and sentencing millions of people to destitution or the dole queue.

The world had been given a dress rehearsal of the Depression in the years immediately after the First World War; among the spectacular occurrences that followed the conflict was a frightening inflation, which was cured in Britain by the Lloyd George government's policy of deflation that raised the unemployment rate from .5 per cent to 16 per cent in a year. In Germany the feeble Cabinets of the new republic delayed the attack on inflation until it achieved "wheelbarrow" proportions, endangering the existence of the state and making necessary the severe treatment of Dr Schacht, whose rentenmark ended the inflation in 1923 and enabled Germany to regain something like normality.

However, the global economy seemed to recover from the recession faster than anyone dared to hope, and the middle 20s saw a revival in confidence together with political stability, which manifested itself in the Treaty of Locarno (1925) whereby Germany guaranteed her western borders.

However, the economic after-effects of the First World War were not eliminated by the destruction of the inflation. There remained the world's burden of debt and the overcapacity of the agricultural sector, especially in South America and Australasia, which had been overstimulated by the Allies' requirements during the war.

Britain, France and the other European Allies owed large sums to the United States, and were in their turn owed reparations by Germany. The amount of the reparations was not specified at Versailles, but fixed in 1921 at \$33,000 million or 132,000 million gold marks; Germany had great difficulty in making payments and almost immediately had to ask for a moratorium. In January, 1923, French, Belgian and Italian troops occupied the Ruhr; the result was to weaken the Weimar republic.

The rest of the world's indebtedness to America imposed reciprocal problems on the United States. The Fordney-McCumber tariff of 1922 made it hard for America's debtors to sell to her; since American industry and agriculture continued to export, Europeans had to be supported by loans to enable them to buy. Many loans were extended to Germany, where municipalities built town halls and swimming pools (later destroyed by American bombing) with



Unemployed hunger marchers converging on Trafalgar Square in 1932.

borrowed American money.

With the possible exception of the same country in the 1950s and early 60s, America was in the 20s perhaps the most well-to-do nation in the history of the world. Her prosperity was partly due to the acquisition of cheap energy: in the early 20s the Americans found oil in Texas and Oklahoma. The discovery of this energy source encouraged American industry, which produced large quantities of goods and sold them to eager consumers, who financed their spending by the instalment plan, thus adding to the world's enormous indebtedness.

Conditions were right for a big bull market on Wall Street, and this is just what took place. Between June, 1921, and September, 1929, the New York Stock Exchange enjoyed a strong upward movement which, after March, 1928, became almost a national religion. Individuals without any knowledge of the market invested heavily with borrowed money; many foreigners also bought stock, and foreign banks lent to Americans for speculative purposes.

The Wall Street boom undermined the shaky foundations of European prosperity; bankers who had been happy to lend to Germany were now attracted by the higher interest rates prevailing in America. By the middle of 1929 the German recovery had begun to falter, despite the fact that in 1928 the Allies had renegotiated Germany's reparations. Under the terms of the Young Plan of 1929 the more humiliating features of the Dawes Plan of 1923-24 were revised; Germany was to make her reparations payments to the Bank for International Settlements, and their amount was reduced.

The Wall Street boom was probably punctured by a calamity in London; the speculator Hatry, who had launched an ambitious attempt to rationalize the

British steel industry, ran out of money and tried to solve his problem by forging local authority stock. When his crime was detected, London bankers corrected their own balance sheets by calling in loans to Wall Street speculators; this was enough to destroy the momentum of an unsound bull market.

The Wall Street Crash was soon over. Many speculators who had purchased stock on credit were wiped out, but the market started to rise again in November, 1929. The financial community misinterpreted this "little bull market" which lasted until April, 1930, giving investors a last chance to sell their stock at valuations near to the levels of the 20s. Except in the financial centres, where much paperwork remained to be done, unemployment grew because financiers and industrialists, their confidence shaken by the Crash, started to repay loans and to economize. America's primitive social services were unprepared for a large and permanent increase in the numbers of the jobless.

In the meantime similar phenomena appeared in Europe and the British Dominions. As 1930 gave way to 1931 even those who were uninterested in finance and had survived the fall in capital markets with assets intact noticed a slowing down in economic activity.

The causes of the Depression are now clear. Since the 1890s the international economy had been increasing its indebtedness. Insofar as public opinion had allowed them to do so, governments had printed paper money to ease the lot of debtors by allowing them to repay their creditors in devalued currency. This process was not indefinitely sustainable, and led to the inflationary crisis of the immediate post-war years; the inflation was cured, but only at the cost of inflicting important damage on the world's banking system. The great increase in borrowing between 1922

and 1929 imperilled a weakened structure and in 1929 the world's creditors started to ask for their money back. Between 1929 and 1933, the nadir of the first downward wave of the Depression, creditors became increasingly anxious, and their anxieties voiced themselves in demands for repayment. The accumulation of these requests in a given country would lead to a banking crisis, which would "knock on" to a neighbour. Thus the value of money appreciated.

The weakest state in inter-war Europe was probably Austria; detached from her pre-war Empire, she was forbidden amalgamation (*anschluss*) with Germany, largely because it was thought wrong that Germany should benefit from a war for which she was primarily responsible. In 1930 Austria's financial situation was desperate, as no one wished to invest in what appeared to be an unsound country. Austria's crisis was precipitated on March 21, 1931; Chancellor Brüning of Germany proclaimed that Austria and Germany had provisionally agreed to form a customs union. This idea outraged the French, who feared that such a union would lead to the full assimilation of Austria by Germany, thus rendering strategically indefensible Czechoslovakia, a model democracy and France's main ally in Eastern Europe.

French reaction to Brüning's announcement induced a flight of gold from Austria; this caused one of the country's strongest banks, Credit-Anstalt, founded by the Rothschilds in 1855, to declare itself effectively insolvent. When official attempts were made to rescue Credit-Anstalt, the Austrian Central Bank began to run out of liquidity; Austria was thus threatened by financial and economic breakdown as banks recalled their loans to industry in order to rectify their own balance sheets. The only policy open to the government was to borrow abroad, and this they attempted to do, approaching in the first instance France, in 1931 the world's most stable economy.

In the 1920s the Bank of France had adopted a cautious policy; its senior officials had resented what they considered to be the selfish actions of Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. The French thought that Norman was trying to establish British financial supremacy over Europe, using his friendship with Benjamin Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to influence interest rates in Britain's favour. More probably, Norman's object was to re-establish what he considered financial rectitude; this was his aim when he persuaded Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to restore Britain to the gold standard in 1925. ➡



# The Great Depression

Predictably the French were unwilling to help Austria unless she renounced the proposed customs union with Germany, and Norman's efforts to save her extended Britain's financial reserves to the limit. The Austrian crisis rapidly engulfed Germany; German securities in New York fell sharply, gold began to leave the country and the reichsmark declined. The withdrawal of foreign funds placed insupportable strains on German banks, especially the great Danat Bank, and German industry came under financial pressure.

On June 20, 1931, Luther, the President of the Reichsbank, sought help from Norman, who feared that to assist Germany would expose the pound to an attack from France. On the following day, however, President Hoover came to the rescue by suggesting a one-year moratorium of Germany's foreign indebtedness. This idea was put forward without reference to France, and it failed to meet with French approval for the understandable reason that France was entitled to 52 per cent of the German annuities.

On July 7 France's reluctant and partial acceptance of Hoover's moratorium was announced; even this, however, did not solve the German problem, which was less her political debts to foreign governments than her commercial debts to foreign bankers. As German banks and industry approached insolvency the government reacted with a series of emergency measures, which saved Germany's economic life at fearful cost: the cuts in government spending, imposition of exchange controls and restrictions on imports that Brüning introduced reduced confidence in the democratic system, slowed economic activity and led to protectionist retaliation by other countries.

Germany's foreign indebtedness was dealt with by a conference that met in London in late July, 1931: her short-term debts were converted into long-term ones. By this time, however, the disaster was moving from Germany to Britain; the transformation of Germany's debts effectively froze many British resources; British banks had borrowed from France in order to lend to Germany, thus leaving themselves vulnerable to any loss of foreign confidence in Britain. A severe shock to that confidence was soon administered.

On July 31, 1931, the May Committee, which had been set up by the minority Labour government to recommend reductions in public expenditure, issued its report which suggested a cut in the social services; at the time this idea appeared less heartless than it does to historians. Money, after all, was appreciating in value against goods, so the unemployed were gaining purchasing power in relation to, for instance, the farmers, whose position the world over was deteriorating. The May Report precipitated a run on sterling, which the government tried to correct by borrowing in America.

In mid August the government, which found itself unable to accept Wall Street bankers' conditions for a loan to support the pound, fell, and was replaced by a coalition led by the Labour Prime Minister, MacDonald. The coalition almost immediately took sterling off the gold standard; this action, together with the renunciation of the proposed Austro-German customs union, which permitted French funds to go to central Europe, ended the worldwide banking panic of 1931, but the economic, political and social effects of the Depression were only beginning to make themselves felt.

The financial disaster of 1931 was incomprehensible to the ordinary newspaper reader, but its consequences were all too apparent. As countries competed for markets and tried to ensure the survival of their own industries, a cycle of competitive devaluations and protectionist tariffs closed banks and factories all over the world. The result was vast unemployment, probably the most important symbol of the decade.

By 1932 mass unemployment gripped the industrial areas of Europe and America as businessmen, struggling for liquidity, declined to enter into new commitments or to hire more workers. Yet the unemployed British artisan was far better off than the typical small American farmer, who probably faced destitution. It has been pointed out that a family which grows its own food on its own piece of land has at any rate enough to eat; this is true, but only if the farm is not mortgaged, which is normally the case. Farmers are in the position, unenviable in a slump, of being by the nature of their calling obliged to buy retail and sell wholesale; at a time when commodity prices are falling and the purchasing power of money is increasing farmers find the repayment of their debts impossible. In the early 30s great areas of the American farm belt were in a condition resembling civil war, as farmers refused to allow creditors to dispossess their bankrupt neighbours or to permit produce, unsaleable except at well below cost price, to enter the towns. As the nation's need for energy declined, oil wells and coal mines were closed.

The Depression swept governments out of office in many countries; the fall of MacDonald's Labour government in Britain was followed by Hoover's defeat by Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and Hitler's ousting of the democratic politicians of Germany. There were also violent changes of government in Spain, China and Latin America.

One problem was solved by the Depression in a direct manner; a conference met at Lausanne in 1932 in order to discuss reparations. It was agreed that Germany should terminate her liability by contributing 3 billion marks for European reconstruction to the Bank for International Settlements; this fund was to remain on deposit for three years, and then be distributed in the form of negotiable securities. The plan was not to go into operation until the United States had agreed to write off the British and French debts due to her;

when this agreement was not forthcoming Britain and France repudiated their obligations to America and Germany stopped paying reparations anyway. Public opinion in Europe had been angered by the American Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930, which presented European exporters to the United States with an insurmountable barrier. Britain retaliated with the Ottawa agreement on Imperial preference of 1932, thus dealing world trade yet another blow.

When Franklin Roosevelt took office in March, 1933, the first downward wave of the Depression was already over; the New York stock exchange had begun to retrace its descent from its September, 1929, level as early as July, 1932. However it seemed at the time that conditions had never been worse; throughout the Depression American banks had collapsed with shocking frequency, but in March, 1933, a series of banking failures, probably caused by the difficulties in Europe of 1931, gave the financial scene an unreal air.

In the middle of February, 1933, Governor Comstock of Michigan ordered an eight-day state bank holiday; this was necessary because the illiquid Union Guardian Trust, one of Michigan's two biggest bank holding corporations, was refused a loan of \$50 million by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Hoover thought that the loan should be made, but he was opposed by Senator Couzens of Michigan, who said that he would denounce any loan made without security. The administration then requested the assistance of Henry Ford; this was not forthcoming. Indeed Ford threatened that if his own deposits with the Union Guardian Trust were lost in the insolvency of the group he would withdraw the Ford Motor Company's deposit of \$25 million with the First National Bank of Detroit. This would have destroyed the state's banking system.

The Michigan disaster spread to other states. When Roosevelt took office large portions of the country were thus carrying on economic activity with scrip.

Almost Roosevelt's first act as President was to declare a national bank holiday in order to give time for the restoration of confidence in the system by a series of emergency measures. He then tried to rescue the farmers by ill-conceived manipulations of the gold price; he thought that by devaluing the dollar against gold he could raise commodity values. This unsound policy had the incidental result of making it necessary for him to destroy any chance of a good result from the World Economic Conference, which was held in London in the summer of 1933. The conferees wished to stabilize currencies against each other in order to encourage trade, but Roosevelt rejected the idea because he wanted the unrestricted right to depreciate the dollar.

Roosevelt is credited with curing the Depression; like Hitler, he had the good fortune to take office at a time when its first downward wave was at an end. An upward move, accurately recorded by

Wall Street's climb from July, 1932, to March, 1937, when it regained the level touched at the bottom of the panic in November, 1929, was succeeded by the second downward wave of the Depression, which lasted from 1937 until 1942. The effects of the second wave were masked by the Second World War, which permitted governments to adopt free-spending policies that earlier would have been unacceptable.

In a depression, radicalism, which during the years of inflation is confined to the big cities, moves to the countryside, as farmers unable to pay their debts feel themselves neglected by governments. Industrial workers, on the other hand, tend to become more conservative, since they distrust economic experiments, fear unemployment and are grateful for lower food prices. The unemployed are hard to organize and often blame themselves for their own plight; in Britain left-wing agitation among the unemployed only started to have any success after the worst of the Depression of the 30s was over. Hitler wisely addressed much of his propaganda to the German peasants.

The social results of the Depression of the 30s were various. Women's clothes became more feminine as men resented female competition for jobs and promotion; desire for an anodyne raised grandiose cinemas showing escapist fantasies; the unemployed's need for cheap protein resulted in the opening of fish-and-chip shops all over the north of England. Even fashions in crime changed: Al Capone, whose control of Chicago in the 20s had been based on bootlegging, gave way in prominence to old-fashioned bank robbers. A permanent reminder of the 30s is the five-day week, introduced to spread available work more widely.

The Depression of the 30s cured itself when it had corrected the modes of thinking that had brought it into being, and when creditors had been repaid or had written off their debts. Despite revolutionary movements in the arts and on the political fringes, the decade of the 30s was primarily one of cautious conservatism. People learnt to appreciate the virtues of a steady job, even at a low salary, an unencumbered house and a credit balance at the bank. Their credit balances meant that there were adequate funds available for lending at low rates of interest to small entrepreneurs, who saw opportunities among the financial rubble. Reluctant to employ unnecessary staff, they looked for the most efficient methods of manufacture.

Slowly the world's economy revived. America, the country which had been most seriously damaged by the Depression, emerged from it in marvellous economic condition, easily able during the war to outfinance and outproduce her opponents. Perhaps Hoover was right when he said, in the early 30s: "Economic depression cannot be cured by legislative action or executive pronouncement. Economic wounds must be healed by the action of the cells of the economic body—the producers and consumers themselves." ●



# A treasure house

by Robert Blake

**Winston S. Churchill**

Companion Volume V Part I

The Exchequer Years 1922-1929

by Martin Gilbert

Heinemann, £45.

"There is no country so devoid of any form of constitutional safeguards as ours, nor is there any in which the influence of a passing mood upon the electorate is so direct and decisive... A Socialist majority at the next election might claim a mandate for anything between a sort of milk-and-water sentimentalism and a general overturn."

This is not Lord Hailsham or even Lord Denning in 1980. It is a quotation from a Cabinet memorandum written by Winston Churchill over 53 years ago, in March, 1927. The continuity of English history is remarkable, and just as the Conservatives did nothing about the constitutional position then, so too—with even less excuse after Mr Benn's threat of 1,000 peers—they apparently have no intention of doing anything now. The lesson of history is that no one learns it.

This is not the only familiar echo in Churchill's writings. In the same memorandum which was concerned with the question of a pledge to equalize male and female suffrage he observed: "There are many planks in Party platforms which, owing to changing circumstances, very often and very happily are rendered entirely obsolete. The greatest and most vital of our pledges at the last Election was to give steady and stable Government and to combat the Socialist movement." Margaret Thatcher could say Amen to that.

She would probably approve of this also: "We have to make up our minds on the question: 'Are we going to give up the fight for economy, or are we going to make a new effort?' It seems to me that to announce that nothing more can be done, that the automatic growth of expenditure is irresistible... and that as far as we are concerned taxes will never be lower would be to create a bad impression among people who do not know the difficulties. Moreover I do not believe such an attitude is justified; I am sure the Cabinet could if it chose cut down the Estimates by 20 millions in the course of the present year and by so doing set an example to the Local Authorities..." For 20 millions read 250 today.

This companion volume to Martin Gilbert's great biography is a selection of memoranda and letters to, from and about Churchill during the seven years from the fall of the Lloyd George coalition to the appointment of Ramsay MacDonald's second Labour government. For the first two of those years Churchill was in the political wilderness. He lost his seat as a Liberal in the general election of autumn, 1922, and did

not get back as a Conservative until October, 1924, when, to Churchill's own surprise, Stanley Baldwin made him Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Winston's appointment is genius", wrote that arch wire-puller J. C. C. Davidson, "You have hamstringed him so that his hairy heels are paralysed." Davidson, however, had the grace to add "He will do all right." Austen Chamberlain wrote to his wife: "Beloved: S.B. is mad", and to Baldwin it "will be a great shock to the Party".

Winston's performance at the Treasury is one of the many controversial aspects of an immensely controversial career, and this volume cannot do more than indicate some of his "springs of action" (as Bentham would have said). His energy, vehemence and conviction in causes which were often quite the opposite to those that he had previously sustained were remarkable. Baldwin wrote to King George V in December, 1944: "Four or five years ago a prophet would have been totally bereft of honour, not only in his own country, if he had foretold that the House would see Mr Lloyd George, in unholy alliance with Captain Wedgwood Benn, leading a vigorous attack on... the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and on the other side Mr Winston Churchill appearing as a doughty champion in its defence. But mercurial temperaments such as these must always be anathema to a prophetic soul."

The truth was that Churchill pursued the supposed interests of whatever department he was heading—Board of Trade, Home Office, Admiralty, Colonies—with a feverish zeal which made him in many ways an intolerable colleague.

Churchill was a wonderful letter-writer. Like Byron and Disraeli he left his personal and unmistakable imprint on everything he wrote, however trivial its content. And when the content was not trivial he could be superb. I like his letter of December 28, 1926, to Lord Beaverbrook with whom he had a strange and stormy relationship, half love half hate, for over 50 years: "Many thanks for your letter and the cigars to which I will do full justice... As life flows on one does not make many new friends, or meet many people from whose society real pleasure is to be gained. It is vital to cherish and preserve those associations which are mellowed by time and by common experiences and adventures. Some day the wheel may turn—it surely will—and political action may superimpose itself on bright companionship."

It is pleasant to recall that the wheel did turn and that Beaverbrook in 1940 under Churchill's wartime premiership had his glorious hour for which he must always be remembered long after his vendettas and eccentricities have receded into oblivion.

This is an expensive book but it is also a treasure house. One cannot expect such buildings to be cheap.

# Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

**Rites of Passage**

by William Golding

Faber, £5.95

**Earthly Powers**

by Anthony Burgess

Hutchinson, £6.95

**World's End and Other Stories**

by Paul Theroux

Hamish Hamilton £6.50

**Alice fell**

by Emma Tennant

Cape, £5.50

Towards the end of William Golding's novel, winner of the 1980 Booker Prize, Edmund Talbot, whose journal provides the bulk of its narrative, writes: "God, what a world of conflict, of birth, death, procreation, betrothals, marriages for all I know, there is to be found in this extraordinary ship." Talbot's experiences on a voyage to Australia towards the end of the Napoleonic wars, culminating in the farcical disappearance overboard of his servant, lead him to conclude that "life is a formless business" and that "literature is much amiss in forcing a form on it!" But it is more than that, if life on this superannuated vessel is an image of the beastliness and destructiveness inherent in human society. "With lack of sleep and too much understanding I grow a little crazy, I think, like all men at sea who live too close to each other and too close thereby to all that is monstrous under the sun and moon."

The aristocratic Talbot's journal is addressed to his godfather who has obtained for him a post in Australia. Much of it concerns the humiliation and death in horrid circumstances of a parson, Robert Colley, whose agonies of shame and disillusion (though not his ultimate degradation) are recorded in a journal he addresses to his sister. The cruelly autocratic captain has his own reasons for not interfering until it is too late in his crew's ghastly mockery of Colley, and the true circumstances of the man's death are hidden from the ship's record. For Talbot the voyage represents a significant stage of his apprenticeship in life. We may also see the ship as a vivid microcosm of social stratification, specifically perhaps of the eternal conflict between the classes of English society. In this original and stimulating novel Golding excites us with its colourful and superbly detailed picture of life at sea, exposes us to its mythic force, and beguiles us with splendid parodies of the great 18th-century English novelists.

It cannot be said that Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers*, in spite of its 640 or so pages, "has everything". But it does seem to contain a great deal of what the author has ever felt about life—about, that is, other writers and critics, sex, religion, the awfulness of contemporary society, the nature of evil.

It comes to us here through the memoirs of a distinguished, octogenarian British novelist and playwright, Kenneth Toomey, who has retired to Malta. Toomey is a homosexual and as such he and his catamites are an unappealing lot. Looking back on his life from the time of the First World War he emerges as having been culturally well connected—Joyce, Hemingway, Ezra Pound, that sort of person—and his sybaritic friend Carlo becomes Pope. One or two modern critics, thinly disguised, are treated unkindly. But it is when he launches into the major passages illustrating his theme of the evil innate in man that Burgess approaches Golding country. Toomey is a widely travelled and experienced man, and his memory exposes us to the horrors of Buchenwald, torture in fascist Italy, witchcraft and murder in Malaya.

Paul Theroux's preoccupation with shape and form deprives his new collection of stories of the urgency and vitality one expects of him. Versatility here seems chiefly a matter of variety of location and situation. The title story, "World's End", about an American who moves with his family to London, is a good one. Robarge's satisfaction with the success of this move and the English way of life, which he sees as "upholding the domestic reverences" rejected in America, is perfectly calculated to produce the maximum effect from his subsequent disillusion and the controlled panic in which he seeks to discover his wife's lover. The long story "The Greenest Island", about a young American couple's attempt to make sense of their lives in Puerto Rico, is sensitively handled. But others, like "Zombies", "Clapham Junction" and "Portrait of a Lady" (man on shady business in Paris has affair with lesbian anarchist), are accomplished exercises without any hard centre.

Alice, in Emma Tennant's new novel, was born in the Old Man's house at the time of the Suez crisis. The Old Man, feeling threatened by the unfriendly, fast-changing world outside, seeks refuge in his room, with its treasures and memories. Alice's father, Paxton, is unnerved by the thought of bringing a child into a world which might be blown up at any moment, and which he sees as a spinning ball where Alice "might lose her footing and slip into space". Birth and death seeming so close, Mrs Paxton is seen to have carried two deaths in her, her own and her child's. Alice does fall, at least as far as London where she models and goes on the streets. She returns to the Old Man's house and marries William, a boy from the village. This is the gist of *Alice fell*. But if, in this short, vividly imaged novel-poem, we are to see the child Alice falling down a hole as a metaphor for the destiny of women tossed "against the cliffs of insecurity, domestic catastrophe, divorce", then presumably her tumbling will not end with marriage to William and their involvement in running the hotel into which the house is turned.



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## BOOKS

### Other new books

#### Survey of London

Vol XL: The Grosvenor Estate in Mayfair

The Athlone Press, £55

Forty volumes on, the *Survey of London* marches grandly forward in pursuit of a vast and comprehensive portrayal of a complex and intricately varied city. This volume, which runs to more than 400 pages with 96 additional pages of photographs, completes the history of the Grosvenor Estate in Mayfair by adding to the previous volume, which gave a general account of the area and an explanation of how it developed, a detailed description of this fashionable and exclusive Estate, its streets, houses and people.

The heart of the Estate is Grosvenor Square, about which the *Survey* is faintly dismissive, commenting that the great square was notable more for its size and fame than for its architectural distinction, representing "rather the common run of good building practice in its diverse modes than any higher aspiration". Since most of the houses in the Square and its surrounding streets have been occupied by the rich, distinguished and idiosyncratic members of British society, many of them have been altered without too much concern for their original design; this has added to the complexity of the task of trying to record their history, but it has also greatly increased the fascination of Mayfair. The editors have not shirked the task. Individual buildings are described in detail and particular care is given to those, and there are a surprising number, which retain their early Georgian interiors virtually intact. Descriptions of elegant houses in Park Lane, Brook Street, Mount Street and Berkeley Square are given added spice in the listing of some of their past occupants.

This 40th volume of the *Survey of London* maintains the standard of research, scholarship and entertainment of the earlier volumes. There cannot be higher praise.

#### The Country Life Book of the Royal Family

by Godfrey Talbot

Country Life Books, £10 (£7.95 until Jan 5, 1981)

This is a pleasant picture-book about the House of Windsor, sometimes let down by phraseology that is admittedly difficult to avoid when writing about royalty. Modern monarchy, for example, is described as being "hallowed by camera and microphone", and the Queen as "a laughing super-mum".

#### Correction

We regret that a photograph of Cookham published in our December issue with the article on Literary Villages was wrongly described in the caption as being of Cookham Dean.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Donald Woods in South Africa

#### From Donald Woods

Dear Sir,

The letter from Mr H. de C. Stephens-Guille of Cape Town typifies the strange thinking of many of my fellow white South Africans. He reads his own inferences into your published interview with me and then sets out to attack them, regardless of their relevance.

For example, he sees my prediction of turmoil in South Africa as actual advocacy of it, and my attempts to mobilize peaceful international pressure to prevent this turmoil as promotion of it. Then he labels my attitude middle-of-the-road. The trouble is that he is not allowed to read the views of authentic black leaders because they are all banned or imprisoned.

His implication that 50 per cent of blacks in Bomvanaland during my childhood there were literate is ludicrous. So many less than 1 per cent of them could read or write that they could not be dignified by a statistic.

Donald Woods  
London

### Weekend in Norfolk

#### From Yvonne Fiddian

Dear Sir,

I should like to draw your attention to some misleading statements made in Des Wilson's article "Norfolk in the Rain" (*ILN* December).

First, the market square in Norwich, created by the Normans, is not called Tombland. Tombland is the area outside the Cathedral's main gates.

Second, I find it hard to believe that "many" of the natives of Cromer are employed in the crab-fishing industry. According to early 1970 statistics, only 23 were thus employed.

Finally, I think it was misleading to write about the attractions of a visit to Holkham Hall in an article under the heading "Weekend Away" because Holkham Hall is not open to the public at weekends. It opens on Spring Bank Monday and on every succeeding Thursday until the end of September.

Yvonne Fiddian  
Norwich, Norfolk

### Air-gunners' experiences

#### From Sidney Allinson

Dear Sir,

Any former air-gunners among your readers are invited to write to me about their experiences in training, weaponry or combat. I am currently researching a book about them and would welcome any comments on the subject.

S. Allinson  
24 Ravencliff Crescent  
Scarborough, Ontario, Canada



# Dulwich Picture Gallery reopens



by Edward Lucie-Smith

What should have been Poland's National Gallery is on show to the public in a leafy suburb of south London. In fact, the collection of pictures I am referring to might have been the nucleus of our own National Gallery as well. How things fell out otherwise is an interesting and complicated story.

The Dulwich Picture Gallery got its start as early as 1626, when Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, made his new foundation a gift of 39 rather indifferent pictures. This was followed, 60 years later, by a much more important bequest of 239 paintings made by a London actor-manager and bookseller called William Cartwright; but most of these, too, seem to have been rather mediocre, and many of them can no longer be traced. It was a bequest made in 1811 which turned Dulwich into a major art-gallery. The man responsible was a Royal Academician, Sir Peter Bourgeois. He inherited his collection from a friend, a French-born dealer called Noel Desenfans, who married a Welsh heiress and financed his purchases with her dowry.

Desenfans was buying not for himself but largely on commission. Around 1790 the adventurous Stanislas Poniatowski, King of Poland, had given him the job of forming a Polish National Collection. But Poniatowski lost his throne in 1795, ousted by the Russians,

and Desenfans was landed with the purchases he had made. He failed to get either the invading Russians or the British government (to whom the pictures were offered at a bargain price) to take them over. Bourgeois persuaded Mrs Desenfans (who had also inherited some of the pictures) to join him in creating a gallery at Dulwich, and Sir John Soane designed the building which also contained a mausoleum for Mr and Mrs Desenfans and for Bourgeois himself. This building was damaged by a flying bomb in 1944, and largely rebuilt to Soane's original designs; and it still holds the collection today.

In recent years, Dulwich has gone through some troubles. Money was short, the building looked shabby, one of the collection's major masterpieces was put up for sale. But now things have changed. The Gallery has been under redecoration (it was therefore briefly closed to the public) and on January 13 reopens in its full splendour.

The collection offers fascinating insights into the taste of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The Bourgeois-Desenfans pictures were bought in a period of unrivalled opportunity for English collectors—during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars when a great flood of Old Master paintings came on to the London market. Desenfans's purchases were not modest—he was, after all, buying for a king—and they reflect the most



Top, *Old Walton Bridge over the Thames*, 1754, by Canaletto (1697-1768). Above, *Young Man as a Shepherd* by Sir Peter Lely (1618-80).





affluent taste of his time. Dulwich is therefore chiefly important for its 17th-century pictures. Poussin and Claude, for example, had long had well established reputations with English collectors; and Poussin, in particular, is represented with magnificent examples, among them *The Triumph of David*, which seems to show the influence of the Mantegna *Triumphs* at Hampton Court, which Poussin may have known from engravings; and the poetic though damaged *A Roman Road*. With Claude, the founders of the Gallery were less fortunate; only one of a possible four paintings is today accepted as genuine.

The exuberant art of Catholic Antwerp was also popular with the great collectors of the period. Dulwich has a stunning series of Rubens sketches and a group of Van Dycks which illustrate different phases of that versatile artist's career—Antwerp, Genoa and London. One painting, *Samson and Delilah*, has considerable topical interest as it is obviously related to the rather earlier painting of the same subject by Rubens, recently acquired by the National Gallery. At one time this Van Dyck was attributed to Rubens. Comparing the pictures one can see how Rubens's forceful early style has been softened and sweetened by Van Dyck.

Where Italian art is concerned, the emphasis rather naturally falls on the Bolognese School, then at the height of its reputation. The representation of the Carracci family is rather uneven, but there is a particularly sumptuous Guido Reni showing the young *St John the Baptist in the Wilderness*, which helps

to explain the overwhelming popularity once enjoyed by this artist; it has tremendous force and confidence, combined with an almost feminine delicacy of colouring and touch.

The kind of sensibility which responded to Reni would also, without a doubt, have responded to the work of Murillo. While Reni's stock has to some extent revived, thanks to the activity of English art historians of the present day, Murillo's still remains rather low. He continues to be accused of oversweetness and of sentimental religiosity. In the England of around 1800, Murillo's genre scenes were naturally more popular than his religious ones, since this was still a consciously Protestant country. Dulwich owns three of the most famous Murillo genre pieces in existence—*The Flower Girl*, and a pair of large paintings showing peasant boys. They are painted with amazing skill, and what is more they are, looked at from an art-historical point of view, surprising for their revolutionary qualities. Murillo inherited the Caravaggist tradition of realism, which permitted the artist to treat low-life subjects on a large scale; but he deliberately poeticized it, and his paintings of peasants and beggar-children influenced first the leading French and English artists of the 18th century—both Greuze and Gainsborough owe him something important—and second the art of some of the Impressionists. It is impossible to look at the paintings by Murillo at Dulwich without thinking of Manet, and even perhaps of Renoir.

But this is by no means the end of



the riches that Bourgeois and Mrs Desenfans left to Dulwich. Perhaps the most memorable work in the entire gallery is the Rembrandt portrait dated 1645 of a little girl leaning on a windowsill—one of the most candid and appealing pictures Rembrandt ever painted—and there are particularly fine things by men like Aelbert Cuyp and Gerard Dou, who had a special charm for the collectors of the period. There is also a good Hobbema.

The growth of the collection did not come to a stop with the great Bourgeois-Desenfans legacy. In 1835 the Dulwich Gallery received an important group of family portraits connected with the Linley family. It included a number of Gainsboroughs and a fine Lawrence. In 1911 Fairfax Murray gave a group of pictures which included two portraits by Hogarth. And there is a superb Canaletto of the artist's English period, showing *Old Walton Bridge over the Thames*, which arrived in 1917. It was painted in 1754 for Thomas Hollis, and in the foreground one can see Hollis himself, with his friend Thomas Brand, his servant Francesco Giovannini and his dog Malta. The artist has perfectly preserved a moment in time.

The Dulwich Picture Gallery has no theme—to a certain extent it just grewed, like Topsy—and its presence where it now is can be seen as the result of a whole series of happy accidents. Yet the collection is rather more than just the sum of the masterpieces it contains. Soane's little gallery, which is an architectural masterpiece in itself, shows the latest thinking of its period about the

Left, *The Flower Girl* by Bartolomé Estéban Murillo (1617/18-82). Above, *A Young Man, perhaps the Artist's Son Titus* by Rembrandt (1606-69).

way in which paintings should be looked at. Tranquil and top-lit, with an interesting flow of different spaces within a basically symmetrical plan, it is still a highly intelligent solution to the problem of how best to make masterpieces available to the public.

At first sight the mausoleum at the back of the building seems a rather macabre touch, something in line with the morbidity that invaded men's souls just at this period. Yet on second thoughts, why should not the principal founders of the collection be buried in the midst of the works of art they left for the enjoyment of the public, which live on now that they themselves are dust? They deserve their apotheosis. Soane was always good at giving grandeur to small spaces—something which can also be seen at the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is his memorial to himself. The setting he has provided for the three sarcophagi is one of his most brilliant architectural contrivances, the invention of a great architect at the height of his powers.

Now that it has been refurbished, the Dulwich Gallery should attract a flood of new visitors, but these will not detract from the calm which Soane imposed, a calm which is further reinforced by the unruffled tranquillity of Dulwich itself. I can think of few pleasanter weekend excursions from central London, even at this season of the year.



# Cards for the album

by Ursula Robertshaw

Deltiology, or collecting postcards, is now claimed to be the third biggest collecting hobby in the world, only stamps and coins having a wider adherence. But this is a renaissance rather than a new phenomenon, for at the turn of the century postcards were "all the rage". In one peak year 860 million cards were posted in Britain alone and there were many more bought for mounting straight into albums, unblemished by sending through the post.

The craze for sending postcards, and therefore the number of firms publishing them, declined when postal charges for them doubled from  $\frac{1}{2}$ d to 1d in 1918 and trebled a year later, and by the beginning of the Second World War most cards were topographical and issued by only a few publishers. During the last ten years or so, however, these small scraps of card have been appreciated as social documents, as historical records, as works of art and as mirrors of popular taste and preoccupations. The days when you could pick up a shoe-box full of cards for almost nothing have gone; prices now start at about 50p a card and rise to £100 or more.

Stanley Gibbons have recently published their first postcard catalogue (£4.95), compiled by Tonie and Valmai Holt who are leading collectors and experts on the subject. They group cards into seven periods, from 1869 when the Austrians issued the world's first card—Britain was second in line, publishing her first three years later—up to the present day. As might be expected, the earliest cards command the highest prices: those published from 1869 to 1899 when the British post office relinquished its monopoly in producing postcards, and from 1900 to 1902 when the card was divided into two at the back, leaving space for the address there thus releasing the whole of the front for the picture. Prices vary considerably according to condition.

The auction record for a card was £1,050, paid for an Edward VII coronation card which had been dropped from a balloon over Kent—clearly there are philatelic elements involved in this high price; but the £445 paid for an advertisement card of 1903, the £270 for a Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee card and the £100 for an Art Nouveau card by Kirchner are entirely deltiological.

Subject matter to be found on postcards varies widely; as the authors of the catalogue say, "there were artistic cards, vulgar cards, squeakers and smellies, humorous and topical cards, three-dimensional and hold-to-lights"; and their artistic merit ranged from the amiable crudities of McGill to the elegant Art Nouveau beauties of Alphonse Mucha, Jessie Willcox Smith's pretty children or Mabel Lucie Attwell's moppets.



Top, a turn-of-the-century postcard by Henri Meunier, 1873-1922, valued at £50. Centre, one of a series of American beauties issued by Edward Gross Co of New York, c 1900, valued at £3. Above left, a French card of about 1900 with a music hall theme, valued at £12. Above right, a fine French Art Nouveau card, c 1900, valued at £20, artist unknown.





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## WINE

# The king of spirits

by Peta Fordham

It is almost inconceivable, even in this age of change, that cognac, the pinnacle of the brandy-distiller's art, could be threatened by lesser distillations. Yet in the present economic climate it is facing challenge. Grape-brandies other than cognac exist, some of them good, and can be bought relatively cheaply; and the surplus due to over-production of wine in many regions is increasingly being used in this way. But "brandy" is a generic term, used quite legitimately to cover some very peculiar distillations, so that a lot of spirits, good, bad or indifferent, reach the market at a much lower price than cognac; and while the tight protection given to the genuine product of Cognac ensures that there is little passing off, there is widespread ignorance of what is really what.

If you buy anything that is not "cognac", you are getting a spirit which has not been made in the same way, with the same care, and from the same grapes—and this is why the genuine product costs so much more. It takes years to make a cognac: "brandy" (even if made from grapes—and it could be made from potatoes) can emerge in three-quarters of an hour. So it is worth relating the way in which cognac comes into existence, to demonstrate how true are its makers' claims.

No alcoholic product is more closely controlled. True cognac may only be made from certain varieties of grapes. These must be grown in the delimited district of Charente. These grapes do not make much of a wine (though pleasant table-wines made from them turn up from time to time on the tables of some of the makers), but they are ideal for distillation and, what is more, they grow from a soil which contains mysterious wild yeasts, a factor which deeply affects fermentation and even comes through in the end product. True cognac cannot be made without it.

The Folle Blanche, the Colombard and the St-Emilion grapes, with the addition of not more than 10 per cent Semillon, Sauvignon, Blanc Ramé, Jurançon and Montils if required, are fermented without the addition of any other yeasts. No sulphur dioxide is allowed to disinfect the wines because the taste could flavour the distillation and spoil the resultant cognac. Distillation itself must be finished by March 31 of the following year and it must be carried out twice in the traditional Charentais pot-still: the first time to make the *brouillis*, which comes out at about 30° Gay-Lussac, and the second time to produce the *bonne chauffe*, which will emerge, if the extremely delicate operation involved works correctly, at about 70°. The skill, experience and training of the distiller, today with some scientific assistance, must be relied on to decide when to divert the flow of the nascent

cognac, having eliminated the "head", the first distillate to come over, which can be too strong and often badly flavoured; and similarly to spot when the "tail" is reached, that is to say when the aroma and strength of the end distillation is falling. These heads and tails will be redistilled: the "heart", the intervening, best distillate, will be preserved. The skill is difficult, if not impossible, to teach in the ordinary way. The men who practise it usually come to it from long family training.

It is dedicated work, as weary eyes concentrate on shining copper stills in the over-warm, vapour-filled air of those 24-hour Charente temples—for the distiller must not leave his post while the cognac is running. Cognac must be distilled over an open flame: wood is no longer practical; coal is extremely difficult to control at the urgent speed often required; oil might possibly taint the distillate and electricity breaks the flame requirement; so gas, which permits very accurate control, is used.

The newly-born cognac is now ready for its long sleep in the cask. Limousin oak was formerly the only wood allowed but today Tronçais oak is also permitted. The oak casks, whose staves must be cleft, not sawn, will already have been seasoned for at least six years. It is in this long maturation in the cask that the cognac acquires colour, fragrance and taste while the "angels" take their annual share of around 3 per cent of the spirit through the pores of the wood. This controlled contact with the air helps to make the character of each *cru* and, incidentally, covers the whole of the cellars with the black fungus *Torrula conticansis*.

When the moment comes for blending, the greatest skill of all is called for. The aging has been supervised throughout but it remains for the blender to make a perfect mixture which can at times involve 60 and more separate distillates. No additive, save an occasional tiny dose of caramel for colouring, may be used. Nothing below the age of three years goes into the Three-Star—and it is more likely to be ten years than the requisite five years of age for the VSOPs. As for the highest grades, the Napoleons, the XO's and so forth, an overwhelming preponderance of really old cognacs goes to make their velvety superiority.

Much could be said about the history, let alone the care and control of this king of spirits, whose use in moderation is so valuable that, in the Cognac region itself, life expectancy is the highest in France and so is the number of centenarians, whose daily tot is today often mixed with orange juice.

But the public needs to be informed about the difference between brandy and cognac, and why if you care about quality it is worth paying the higher price. I myself prefer less of the best to more of the indifferent.



# The Savoy revisited

by John Morgan

The charm of grand hotels is more complicated than the mere appeal of luxury, I mused, moving from one restaurant at the Savoy to another, from the famous Grill to the refurbished Riverside Restaurant, as the leaves fell from the plane trees in view on the Embankment in a brisk autumn breeze. Arnold Bennett wrote two novels about the place. One, rather ponderous, is *Imperial Palace*; the other, one of those he published so skilfully in weekly instalments and still comical, *The Grand Babylon Hotel*. Vicki Baum, rather more melodramatically, caught the public's romantic obsessions in *Grand Hotel*. The appeal in these works is that of the enclosed world, of dramas encompassed in place and time. The grand hotel is a ship moored in asphalt. To be a guest is to have all the benefits of monastic peace with none of the discomforts of the lonely or celibate.

To consider a hotel in this cool fashion when it stands in one's own country is rather more difficult than when parading about those abroad. Foreignness, an awareness of a building's history, that it was a quick stroll from the burnished bar to the Residenz or Pieterskirche: who would not find it a knock-out?

In London I find it more difficult. Yet it should not be so at the Savoy. Did not Richard D'Oyly Carte build it on the profits from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas? Did not Ritz and Escoffier establish it as the most famous hotel in the world at the height of Empire? Name a prince, film star or prime minister who did not stay or eat there.

To try out a fresh eye I took my 17-year-old son with me to the Savoy Grill. I had not been there myself for a few years and was curious to compare it with fond memory. My son was suitably impressed; and so was I. At once you may think it too grand a place to go for a meal, which does raise a point which must vex all who write about food; namely, what is meant by expensive? We all are so different in pocket as well as time and space. So let me describe what we ate, guided by the manager Mr Aldo Fiorentini who has been at the Grill for most of 40 years.

My smoked salmon—a lush helping sliced at the table with the forward action so expert in chefs—was £5.85; my son's *Coupe de Crevettes*, a shade rich for him, not for me, was £3.70. Next I followed the principle that I would try something I knew well. Living in Welsh lamb country, I ate *La Selle d'Agneau Rotie* at £5; my companion had *L'Entrecôte Poelée Bordelaise* at £6.80 which he enjoyed very much, except for the mushrooms, which were again a little rich for his taste. In the interests of scholarship I ate them and found the sauce a delicate delight.

Meanwhile the lamb was as good as I have had, and that is not an idle compliment. Vegetables come on side-plates. Since there was nothing but good to be spoken of them, I will just offer a short price list: *Petits pois à la Française*, £1.10; *Les Haricots Mange-Tout*, £1.70; *Les Brocolis au Beurre* £1.20. Afterwards I was tempted by the *Framboises* (£4.25) but settled for fresh apricots at half the price. My son had an inexpensive gâteau from the rich trolley which, he maintained, made him slightly smashed. And speaking of which, I could have had a house carafe—20 ounces—either of Bordeaux at £4, or an unspecified dry white wine for £3.35. Instead, celebrating the fact that my companion had just passed his driving test, I enjoyed a Château Tour de Bellegarde 1971 at £7.85, which is good value. The new driver does not drink.

Obviously there are more expensive dishes to order, for example lobster at £15.90; or cheaper dishes, such as roast chicken at £3.70. But, all things considered, and VAT is included, can this be regarded as "expensive"? Among the things to consider are the immaculate service, the impeccable linen and that refreshing sense of being made welcome. For me, too, there is the pleasure of being distant from other people: a conversation can be private in a public place. I shall return to the Grill.

About the new Thames Foyer and Riverside Restaurant in the hotel old customers are bound to have mixed feelings. Many will remember the Edwardian décor. The evening I ate there after drinks in the Foyer with its pastel-hued Gazebo (you can have afternoon tea there for £2.75, or salads and sandwiches before the theatre) a QC, MP friend was quite maudlin about the transformation. He preferred the old style. On the other hand many of the customers must have been people who had been stomping at the Savoy in the epoch of Carroll Gibbons, and they seemed contented enough. Indeed many still stomped, if sedately, on the raised dance floor. I was quite awed by one elderly gentleman at the table next to me who drank two bottles of champagne during his meal, his wife, who must also have been in her 80s, gazing at him with admiration, as well she might. Here two three-course menus are available, one at £8.50, the other at £12.25, to which must be added 15 per cent service. Both menus were good, but neither was in the class of the Grill. No doubt if we had eaten à la carte the distinction would have been less noticeable. I quite liked the change of décor since the alterations had revealed three superb Art Deco mirrors in the Foyer. And there is always the Thames flowing by, and that sense of a time that is passing offered by one of the last of the grand hotels.

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## MUSEUMS

# Spinning in Styal

by Kenneth Hudson

Samuel Greg began building Quarry Bank Mill in Styal, Cheshire, in 1784. It continued to spin and weave cotton until 1959 and at the peak of its prosperity, during the 1840s, it provided employment for 435 people. In 1939 Alec Greg, the great-great-grandson of the founder, presented the mill, the village and the surrounding estate to the National Trust, an act of generosity and foresight which protected Styal from the steady encroachment of the growing Manchester suburbs. In 1977 an independent trust was formed to develop Quarry Bank Mill as a centre for the study of the cotton industry and its place in the social and economic history of the north-west since the 18th century. David Sekers, the enterprising and successful creator of the Gladstone Pottery Museum in Stoke-on-Trent, was appointed director in 1978 and the first results of his plans to make Styal one of Britain's most important industrial site museums can now be seen.

To begin by describing the property, there are 250 acres of pleasant woodland, the remnants of Samuel Greg's once much larger estate, with walks along the river Bollin. There is Styal village, with its seemly, well built rows of cottages, one of which provides a comfortable home for the director, and its allotment gardens, two chapels, school and shop. There is the Apprentices' House, and, not open to visitors, Samuel Greg's mansion and that of his son. And finally there is the mill itself; one of the few water-powered cotton mills of the first generation to survive, with its manager's office, counting house, wheel chamber—at present without a wheel—and turbine control room. All the buildings are attractive and give a good impression of the textile industry as it was in its rural days, before expansion and greed took it into the hideous environment of Victorian times.

Quarry Bank Mill was built at a turning point in British social and industrial history, when workpeople were learning to accustom themselves to the discipline of a fully mechanized mill but before the grim impersonality of the great Lancashire cotton towns. Samuel Greg was paternalistic in a way that future generations of cotton-kings were not. His rule was humanitarian. He provided his employees with housing, food, education and places of worship.

David Sekers takes considerable trouble to explain that his aim is not to create a museum of textile technology, nor to illustrate the evolution of machinery. To do this would be a waste of his resources and an unnecessary duplication of what is already being done elsewhere. What he is attempting is much more original and difficult: to convey the scale and rhythm of work in a traditional cotton mill, with several



complete working floors, driven, of course, by water power. Much of the machinery is already there—rooms of carding and doubling machines, two 90 foot spinning mules, 30 Lancashire looms—but the acquisition and installation of what is described enticingly as "the country's most powerful water-wheel" is being financed through an appeal and will take longer to achieve.

When all the machinery is in operation visitors will be able to understand the working of an early cotton mill through their ears as well as their eyes. The noise and vibration of the machinery with its belt drives is, as David Sekers points out, an essential but under-appreciated element of textile history. There is also to be an imaginative presentation, in the restored Apprentices' House, of the working life and routine of the Styal apprentices, many of whom were paupers, recruited and trained by the Gregs to spin cotton.

The complete programme should be in operation by 1983; meanwhile there is much to see and take part in—daily power loom-weaving demonstrations, hand spinning and weaving, an audio-visual presentation, a series of textile craft courses, exhibitions about the Gregs and the factory system, the apprentices, village life at Styal and Samuel Crompton's Mule. There are publications covering all these themes and the range is to be further extended in the spring.

It is difficult to imagine the National Trust going in for this kind of pioneering even 20 years ago and indeed one of the most interesting aspects of Styal is what one might call its mixed economy. The Trust owns the estate and the buildings and pays the salaries of the staff, but the proper exploitation of these resources is looked after by a specially established trust, the Quarry Bank Mill Trust, which aims to attract funds from as many sources as possible. One method of fund-raising which has proved extremely successful is a series of Sunday textile sales—dress fabrics, household linens, discontinued lines, upholstery fabrics and so on. Refreshments are available, there is free admission to the Mill and the Apprentices' House and each sale brings Styal a profit of several thousand pounds.



# In the quiet Cotswolds

by Philippa Rickard

It would take much longer than a weekend to discover the Cotswolds fully—if you ever could completely know this range of hills that lies across six counties. But Burford, on their eastern edge some 70 miles from London, is a perfect place from which to start exploring a countryside stocked at every turn with villages that boast a history stretching back for centuries.

On a long, steep hill with shops, hotels and houses of every shape and size, all typical of Cotswold building with stone-tiled roofs and of a colour something between sand and slate, Burford is popular but unspoilt. Made busy by Saturday-morning shoppers it has, out of season, a pleasing atmosphere of local importance in defiance of the commitment to tourism that it so clearly—and expertly—makes for the rest of the year. From here, in any direction, it is a matter of a few miles or minutes profitably to begin explorations.

East of Burford is Minster Lovell which, if approached from Asthall—clustered prettily round a curve in the road that climbs up to Asthall Leigh—is secreted in woodland at the foot of a winding hill. A narrow street of showpiece cottages, some thatched, leads to the Ancient Monument of Minster Lovell Hall where Francis Lovell, a minister of Richard III, took refuge and where, in the early 18th century, workmen making repairs found his remains in a secret room, a dog at his feet. Entrance to the ruins of the Hall beside the river Windrush is through the churchyard of St Kenelm's and, walking among them, otherwise deserted, on a fiercely cold morning, with this history in mind and strains of organ practice carrying from the church, there was palpably more than the chill of the weather about.

St Kenelm's, built c 1440 at the same time as the Hall, is by contrast still standing entire. Its Perpendicular simplicity has been carefully preserved and its only adornment is an impressive alabaster effigy of its builder.

Farther afield, south to Lechlade, the landscape becomes flatter as it nears the Thames at the river's highest navigable point. In a few minutes' drive around Lechlade you will find yourself in turn in Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire. From here there is a pleasant route back to Burford through Langford and Filkins. These and other settlements along the way are built of a seemingly softer-coloured stone, and are attractive variants of the Cotswold style.

Before turning west into Gloucestershire a few miles farther on there is an enchanting halt which might, with memories of similar, brash places, be too quickly passed by. But the Cotswold Wild Life Park has made few concessions to commercialism: set in many

wooded acres, with only ditches or netting to separate you from rhinos and leopards, it has not needed to. Owls and parrots, monkeys and otters, kangaroos and camels are almost near enough to touch in open enclosures, and only the zebras and two young tigers newly out of quarantine were camera-shy.

Into Gloucestershire the land begins to rise towards the ancient wool town of Northleach. From here the road takes you up and down and up again to Bourton-on-the-Water, memorable for its several bridges over the Windrush but otherwise tawdry in the late afternoon lights of too many shops, and over-embellished with car park signs. Stow-on-the-Wold, higher still, has eschewed such decorations and remains a lovely old town of character.

Driving west from Stow will take you down along twisting, single-track roads, past fields broken up by dry-stone walls, to such idyllic, lonely villages as Condicote, encircling a walled green. The continuity of Cotswold life and history was made tangible here by a new dry-stone wall just outside the village: it differed from its aging counterparts only in its cream, freshly quarried colour, the builder's skill the same today as it has been for hundreds of years.

And so back over the ever-changing wolds to Burford, but not without stopping at Taynton, so close by that it might easily be missed. Even by Cotswold standards it is a perfect village: beautiful to look at, at one with the countryside, and tranquil. The stone quarries here were famous in the Middle Ages and their product shows its worth today at Eton, Blenheim Palace and in the medieval Oxford colleges.

The 16th-century Highway Hotel in Burford, with narrow stairs, beamed ceilings and good reason for the scattered "Mind Your Head" signs, is a fascinating place to stay (£27 per person for any two nights until the end of May, sharing a double room with private shower and with English breakfast and dinner). The new owners, who are more than welcoming, plan some small changes to realize fully the Highway's potential, but it already has an excellent, enterprising restaurant, a bar where woodsmoke gets in your eyes and, with 12 rooms, it is comfortably uncrowded.

It is also well positioned in the High Street for wandering round Burford which, though in the guide books only "the gateway" to the Cotswolds, should not be neglected. The Tolsey Museum is almost opposite; the parish church, begun in the 12th century, is a few hundred yards down the hill; and all around are houses which have stood for up to 600 years.

Highway Hotel, High Street, Burford, Oxford (tel: 099 382 2136).  
Thames & Chilterns Tourist Board, PO Box 10, Abingdon, Oxfordshire OX14 3HG (tel: 0235 22711).

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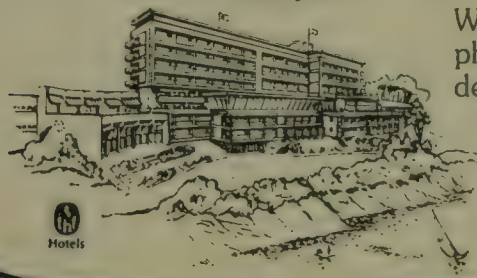
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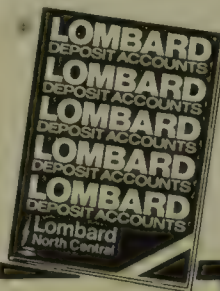
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## MONEY

# Using capital

by John Gaselee

Even after capital transfer tax has taken its toll, those fortunate enough to inherit money, perhaps in middle age, may have a worthwhile sum. How can it be put to best use, bearing in mind tax implications, with the aim, perhaps, of passing on as much as possible in due course to children or grandchildren?

In some circumstances it may be sensible to pay off a mortgage, though it is not necessarily a good plan to surrender any endowment life assurance policy which has been arranged to repay the loan at the end of the term. This is because a relatively poor value is usually paid on early surrender compared with the pre-arranged maturity date.

If rapidly increasing school fees are proving a burden some of the inherited money could be used to secure a guaranteed contribution to future fees. A number of schools have their own "composition" schemes whereby capital sums can be paid in advance. As an alternative (which may give a better yield) the School Fees Insurance Agency pioneered the idea of an independent trustee scheme, which has been taken up by some others. If at the outset parents forgo the right to recover the payment, there should be no question of paying capital transfer tax at any stage and their own income tax position will not be affected.

One of the advantages of this type of capital payment is that it does not have to be made a predetermined number of years before the fees are required. Even if fees to one or more schools are currently being paid, a capital sum can be used to make a contribution to future fees. The returns offered vary according to market rates of interest at the time when the payment is made: the higher the interest rates, the better will be the return. Once the arrangements have been made the contributions to fees in the future are guaranteed and constant.

Sometimes, if capital is available, it is tempting to start up some kind of business on one's own account, particularly if experience has been gained by working for an employer in the same field. This, however, should be considered very carefully, especially if you are in need of a reasonable income. The drawback is that profitability may not be achieved for some time and the capital needed for success may be greater than anticipated.

It may be possible to start passing over the money to your children or grandchildren free from capital transfer tax. The advantage in giving the money to grandchildren is that if your children intend to pass it on to them anyway in due course, this avoids the capital transfer tax problems they might incur.

One way of building up funds for children or grandchildren free from capital transfer tax is to arrange a life

assurance policy, in trust for those involved. Here the premium counts as a gift (but is likely to be within the capital transfer tax exemptions) and the policy then belongs to the beneficiaries.

A "flexible" profit-sharing policy which offers surrender values guaranteed from the outset can be useful because if a lifetime gift is made at a later date, and there is capital transfer tax to be paid, the beneficiary can surrender the policy to meet the tax. One policy along these lines is the reduction of premium policy, which has been issued continuously since 1806 by the non-commission-paying London Life Association. There is high initial cover which can be important when considering capital transfer tax. When the policy has been in force for 15 years (at which stage, in all probability, no further premiums will be payable) guaranteed sums will be paid in the event of surrender, plus cash allocations from profits which have been accumulating with the sum assured at interest. Or the beneficiary can simply take the accumulated cash allocations without affecting the underlying policy in any way.

If you would prefer to have the investment of the capital more or less under your direct control, you could buy one or more single premium unit-linked life policies, where there is the freedom to switch the investment link from one investment sector to another. Not only may there be an equity fund (or, perhaps, a number of different equity funds) and a gilt fund, but also a property fund investing directly in property, and also a "cash" fund. Switches between funds can be made without incurring any tax liability at the time, and with only a nominal switching fee perhaps being payable.

One attraction of a single premium unit-linked policy is the right to take withdrawals (amounting to 5 per cent per annum of the original investment, over a 20-year term) without any tax being payable at the time of withdrawal. Nevertheless at final realization, or if more than 5 per cent is withdrawn in any year, for anyone who is paying higher rates of income tax at the time, or who is brought into that category as a result of realizing the policy, there is a tax charge. There are, however, ways of reducing or eliminating that tax liability. Some people, for instance, can manipulate their income so that it can be reduced to a particularly low level in a certain year—when one or more policies could be cashed.

Another method is for a policy to be written on a joint life and survivor basis for husband and wife, so that it remains in force after the first death for the lifetime of the survivor. In this case, if the husband dies first there may be less tax to pay at his wife's death; or the wife could encash the policy soon after her husband's death when her own income might be quite low. ●



# Space, performance and comfort

by Stuart Marshall

Can a large saloon car with a 5 litre V8 engine have a future when oil prices are doubling every two or three years and supplies are threatened? It is a question makers of large, and especially large-engined, cars agonize over.

In the USA the emergence of a corporate public conscience that rejects the continued use of enormous V8 motors of up to 7 litres capacity has brought Chrysler to its knees, hit Ford and General Motors hard and opened the floodgates to economical Japanese imports. In Britain sales of cars like the Jaguar XJ-12 and even of the 3.5 litre V8 Rover have been severely restricted. Even Rolls-Royce are working on a more economical, though still large V8-powered, car. In Germany, the home of big, shiny, prestigious cars, the market share held by those of more than 2 litres engine capacity has plummeted.

And yet, against this gloomy background, Mercedes recently launched their New S class cars with engines of up to 5 litres capacity and confidently forecast a strong and steady demand for them for at least the next ten years. Mercedes maintain that the big passenger car will have its place on the roads of the future—but only if it can be earned. The big car, they argue, will have to demonstrate that it is more fuel-efficient than before and at the same time offers more comfort and safety. The New S class Mercedes cars are marginally longer than their highly successful predecessors. Due, however, to painstaking aerodynamic research and the use of high tensile steels and light alloys, they create 14 per cent less drag and are considerably lighter.

It is not difficult to make a car slip more easily through the air by giving it a wholly impracticable shape. Where Mercedes have been so clever is in achieving a striking reduction in drag (and thus in fuel consumption at higher speeds) while increasing the internal dimensions. A newly developed four-speed automatic gearbox, and pruning up to 500 lb weight from the cars, has also reduced fuel consumption. A very roomy and solidly constructed five-seat saloon car, with an immense luggage boot, will never have a minicar's economical thirst, but the new Mercedes models are far from profligate in their use of petrol. The smallest-engined of them, the 2.8 litre 280SE, gives 30 mpg at a steady 56 mph; even the 140 mph 5 litre-engined 500SEL, which leaps from a standstill to 60 mph in a little more than seven seconds, returns over 20 mpg at a 75 mph dawdle on the autobahn.

The S class Mercedes has always done well in Britain, which despite its never ending economic problems is a rewarding market for purveyors of the very best motor cars. Nearly half a million of the former S class cars were built



The Mercedes-Benz New S class has a light alloy V8 engine and improved fuel consumption.

in eight years. Britain bought 14,000 of them, making us the next best export market to the USA. The New S class seems set fair to repeat this success.

I drove to the Paris motor show last autumn in a New S class 500SEL and I found it hard to conceive how anyone could logically require a better car. Driving four up, with a boot full of luggage, on N and D roads in the main, I achieved average speeds that I prefer to keep quiet about and which my passengers were oblivious of in any case. Suffice it to say that the only European country in which one could possibly exploit the full extent of the 500SEL's performance legally is Germany, where the autobahns remain derestricted. And I have no doubt that Mercedes are correct when they claim that the 5 litre engine gives their flagship the same performance as the former 6.9 litre power unit—at considerably lower fuel consumption.

My return journey was made in a 380SE, which cruised placidly on the autoroute at three figures (I can confess to this because a colleague was driving) and felt only slightly less urgent in acceleration than the 500. No less impressive than their sheer performance was the excellent ride—as good as the Jaguar XJ-12, which sets the standard in this respect—and disciplined, responsive handling. The power steering system is ideal; there is enough assistance to remove all the effort from handling this large car at low speeds but enough feedback to let you know exactly the kind of surface you are running over. The four-speed automatic transmission is self-effacing to the point that one is unaware of the change-up or change-down points. It has an admirable selector lever and gate that allows the driver to shift for himself almost as though it were a manual (though of course clutchless) transmission. In third gear, manually engaged, the 500 is good for 100 mph.

All the New S class Mercedes cars look exactly alike. I found the only way I could tell a 500SEL from a 280SE, or one of those from a 380SE, was to go to the boot lid and look at the insignia. In Germany, a curious form of inverted snobbery has grown up. If you own a 500 Mercedes, you remove the numbers from the boot lid so that no one knows it is not a lesser model. One can see that it might allow a managing director to plead relative poverty to his labour force during wage negotiations while making no sacrifices on the autobahn!

Having not long before driven the new Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit, it was inevitable that I should compare the two cars. The Rolls-Royce is about 15 mph slower, uses more petrol, costs twice as much as the 500SEL—but is instantly recognizable as the world's most prestigious and exclusive car in regular, if small-scale, production.

Although the new Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit (which I shall be writing about more fully later in the year) has better roadholding and handling than any previous Rolls, the Mercedes is arguably still more of a driver's car. Passengers riding in the Mercedes may complain that the seats are firm to the point of hardness. I would not disagree. For years Mercedes engineers have told me how *good* hard seats are for you, like those uncomfortable orthopaedic mattresses for back sufferers. And for years I have pointed out that I am just as comfortable over long distances driving a soft and squashily upholstered Citroën or Peugeot. But in fairness I must report that after a 12-hour day in the Mercedes I slid from the seat ache-free.

One is also more aware of the road surface in the Mercedes than in the Rolls-Royce. That is because the Michelin XWX tyres used by Mercedes are identical to those fitted to exotic supercars like Ferrari and Maserati. They provide the ultimate in grip, roadholding and steering response. Rolls specify

tyres that deal a little more gently with rough road surfaces for their customers.

The Mercedes New S class has more muscle and sinew than a Rolls-Royce. If not quite so sepulchral quiet (and the difference is minimal) it is almost free from wind noise at very high cruising speeds. In my view there can be few, if any, large cars offering such a combination of space, performance and comfort, plus the feeling of security derived from superlative engineering and enormous investment in research and development. There are no short cuts to Mercedes-type quality. That is why the New S class cars, like their forebears, remain the standard against which the international senior business executive car is judged.

Prices of the New S Mercedes range from about £15,300 to £23,900. It is possible to inflate the figures by several thousand pounds, especially in the lower end of the model range, by specifying extras like air-conditioning, alloy wheels and sophisticated in-car entertainment. One of the nicest extras is available on the front seats of all the cars but for the rear seats only of the 380SEL and 500SEL (the "L" stands for longer wheelbase, which gives several inches more legroom for passengers in the back). It is an electric seat adjustment, controlled by a miniature *bas relief* of a seat on the door trim.

In Europe the New S class cars are not offered with diesel engines though a 3 litre, five-cylinder turbocharged diesel version is sold in the USA, where the regulations concerning the average miles-per-gallon required of a maker's entire model range are really beginning to bite. At the moment, Mercedes feel their petrol engines will satisfy European customers, but it would be easy enough to offer the diesel if a demand emerged. The turbo-diesel five-cylinder is already available in Continental Europe in the Mercedes estate car, the first diesel car I have driven in at over 100 mph.



# Revivals and novelties

by Wendy Monk

Plays are not static; without changing a line of the text they are modified as they draw in something from the period in which they are being performed. Thus, Harold Pinter's 50th birthday tribute, the Lyttelton revival of *The Caretaker*, brings a freshened experience. Arguably his best full-length play, it has acquired a clarity where it was foggy at the Arts 20 years ago, perhaps because with a long line of Pinter plays behind us we are now more at home with his style and can accept the apparent irrelevances and obscurities without worrying about them. The tramp's papers are at Sidcup, he insists more than once. Why Sidcup? Was there, we wondered in 1960, some special significance in the place-name? Probably not; I do not imagine we shall ever know from the dramatist himself. So why worry? Better to allow the play to wash over one; to let the brothers Aston and Mick rub against each other and to use the tramp-interloper as an extra rubbing post; to enjoy the set pieces such as Mick's visions of turning the junk-strewn room into an advertisement in a colour supplement. Here Jonathan Pryce throws off the jargon with well judged casualness. As spoken slowly and without expression by Kenneth Cranham, Aston's memories of electric shock treatment appear essentially part of the man though Pinter himself in a rare explanatory moment has said that they were not necessarily true. As the tramp Warren Mitchell is suitably aggressive.

Having decided, I suppose, that his professional background could be as good as a play, Peter Jenkins, political commentator, set *Illuminations* (Lyric, Hammersmith) at Blackpool, a more obvious choice than Sidcup. As this his first play is a comedy the issue must not be too heavy—nothing like nuclear war or mass unemployment—so he settled for the future of the public schools. A Leftist member of the Cabinet demands their abolition, which is awkward for the moderate Home Secretary whose son is at Charterhouse. As he looks like being the next Labour Prime Minister his cronies take the matter seriously; he resists on principle all interference with the rights of the individual, where to educate your children being one. With wit Mr Jenkins enlivens a somewhat plodding plot and he gives the Home Secretary a stirring speech about nothing in particular which Paul Eddington delivers to the manner born.

If Frederick Lonsdale had written a political play the party in question would have been the Conservatives. In *The Last of Mrs Cheyney* his characters are concerned with the luxury of idleness in a world in which hostesses take up charming newcomers and the nearest thing they get to drudgery is the boredom of charity concerts. It is vastly

improved (it was done unsuitably on the open Chichester stage) at the Cambridge where it is now directed by Nigel Patrick; Joan Collins floats about in exquisite chiffon as the sad little anti-heroine, and Michael Aldridge is gently comforting as her father-figure, the butler.

Sir John and Lady Brute are at breakfast: the bondage of marriage irks him; she sighs delicately. So, in *The Provoked Wife*, Vanbrugh forecasts things to come. Sir John will get drunk nightly (and he has a drag scene, so fashionable in the modern theatre); my lady will be neglected; infidelity will flourish. I fear the Restoration dramatists' stock-in-trade and their little world of gallants and cuckolds and gossips grows tiresome though John Wood at the Lyttelton certainly breathes some humanity into the lay-figure of Sir John. The Carl Toms set of ice-bound Thames and the director Peter Wood's imaginative use of it enchant.

When it comes to the histories the Royal Shakespeare Company is devoted to the idea of bracketing them. Now at Stratford we have the two Richards on successive nights which seems unkindly demanding of the leading actor and unhelpful to plays and playgoers. The poetry of one tends to emphasize the melodrama of the other. Having said that, there is much to enjoy vocally and visually in *Richard II* in which Alan Howard, more moving and less arrogant than many in the part, is at the centre of a completely satisfying production by Terry Hands. Reasonably, the predominant colour, and mood, is gold; in *Richard III* it is black. Fair enough, but here there is no sweep of events and Mr Howard is hampered by a clumsy deformity.

We can relish the strong acting in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* (Cottesloe). The play, based on a terrifying episode, calls for it; but the moments I liked best were the quiet ones when the farmer and his wife talk at supper of his day's work in the fields. Mark McManus and Dinah Stabb are superb here.

In Peter Jenkins we have one new dramatist of promise, and in Peter Buckman we have another. His *All Together Now* at Greenwich is as likeable and original a comedy as any we have had for some time. The plot is simple: an amateur and amateurish brass band rehearses happily in a small town until someone introduces a man who has run a brass band in the north. He takes over and raises the standard of playing immeasurably, but ruthlessly and without tact. The whole thing disintegrates. Remarkably, the large cast, directed by Peter Dews, can both act and play brass instruments. A thoroughly engaging evening with Tony Steedman as the interloper.

J. C. Trewin is ill and hopes to resume his column shortly.

# Quality v garbage

by Michael Billington

Strange indeed are the ways of film distributors. One of the undoubted highlights of this year's London Film Festival was *The Disappearance* directed by Stuart Cooper. It has a strong, popular cast headed by Donald Sutherland. It has been carefully scripted by Paul Mayersberg from a Derek Marlowe novel. It entertains as much as it intrigues. Yet this joint British-Canadian venture has been kept on the shelf for a couple of years and, as I write, there is no plan to give it widespread distribution. I cannot for the life of me see why.

The hero, played by Sutherland with a nice mixture of coldness and sensuality, is a Montreal contract killer whose life is blown to smithereens when his wife disappears. But he is ordered by his shadowy employers to take on another "shy" (someone you demolish as in a coconut shy). He demurs because he is far more interested in tracing his wife who has been having an affair with an international property developer. Finally forced into accepting the shy, his mission takes him to Suffolk and to an old converted abbey. What he discovers is that his professional obligation to kill and his private obligation to recover his wife are inseparable.

I realize it is frustrating for me to praise a film that is not immediately available. But when so much garbage is floating around our screens it seems to me important to campaign for a film of real quality. Here the director, Stuart Cooper, brilliantly contrasts the frozen, wintry, futuristic landscape of Montreal with the pastoral quietness of remote Suffolk: even the rooms look different with people sitting on abrasively jagged furniture in their Montreal duplexes and almost bumping their heads against oak beams in East Anglian inns. But Mayersberg's script also gives one the exquisite satisfaction of seeing the professional killer walking steadfastly towards a palpable set-up.

Cooper not only has the valuable gift of making the familiar look eerie. He also knows how to direct actors: not only Sutherland but also Francine Racette as the wife and a glittery supporting cast that includes David Hemmings, Christopher Plummer, John Hurt, David Warner and Virginia McKenna. The London Film Festival is an invaluable event that offers some 90 movies from all over the world. By giving a prominent placing to *The Disappearance*, I hope it encourages this fascinating film's belated emergence.

Elsewhere people have been getting very excited about Franco Rosso's *Babylon* which is a good, low-budget film about a black subculture in south London. Specifically it is about a teenager called Blue (Brinsley Forde) who sports long Rastafarian locks, works as a garage mechanic by day and

by night gets into training to win a local reggae disco contest. In part, it is a film about a vital, enclosed West Indian youth-culture and about the constant harassment it receives from prowling police and the bigoted white working class. But this is much more than a film about the racial divide. It is just as much about the generation-gap and about the way Blue and his chums are cut off from the older, conformist, respectable suburban world of their parents.

Occasionally the film is a bit strident and implausible. One wonders why a fascist beast of a garage-owner employs exclusively black labour if he is so far to the right of Alf Garnett. And there is a cruising-London-by-night sequence which paints the West End as a neon-lit hell-hole that I find hard to recognize. But the film has a wickedly witty and observant eye (the stiff formality of an engagement party, with everyone observing the proprieties just like the white middle class, is beautifully done) and it manages to blend the pounding excitement of reggae with some fairly jaundiced comment about a society in which a black teenager out late at night gets chased and picked up on "sus". We get relatively few films in Britain that hold up a mirror to the tensions and stresses of our own society and for that reason alone the energizing *Babylon*, made for an exceptionally modest £300,000, deserves to be seen.

At the other end of the spectrum, both in quality and cost, lies a piece of nonsense like *Raise The Titanic*. This cost \$33 million to make and one can only say that it would have been far better to abandon the movie and give the money to a worthy charity. Based on Clive Cussler's novel, it is the story of an attempt to raise the *Titanic* from the bottom of the North Atlantic because it contains a rare mineral known as byzantium that is vital to US defences. The film has everything against it. The plot is far-fetched. The prolonged underwater sequences inevitably have a slow-motion, soporific quality. And the main characters (embodied, but only just, by Richard Jordan and David Selby) are like little matchstick men. This is a sunken wreck of a film that deserves to be left at the bottom of the ocean.

At least Michael Ritchie's *The Island*, based on Peter Benchley's novel, is more eccentrically bad. This features Michael Caine as a news-magazine journalist who, accompanied by his 12-year-old son, stumbles across a group of bloodthirsty pirates on a remote Caribbean island. The trouble is that the pirates, led by David Warner, look like a Number Three tour of *Peter Pan* stranded without their costumes and it is hard not to giggle when they converse in mock period dialogue. The whole thing is bunkum. But the tragedy is that junk like this keeps more interesting and potentially profitable films off our screens. Will distributors ever learn?





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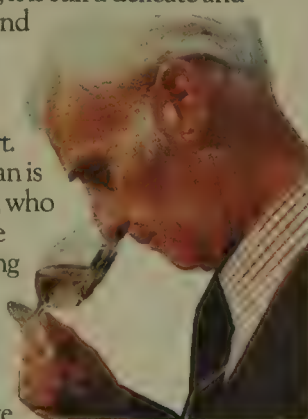
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## The Strathspey. Beyond the single malt.



# Two firsts at Wexford

by Margaret Davies

While accomplishing its annual miracle of three operas opening on consecutive nights and running without pause for 12 days, the Wexford Festival broadened its horizons this year to include works by Handel and by the contemporary American composer Carlisle Floyd. The traditional link with the 19th-century repertory was maintained through Puccini's *Edgar*, with which the 29th festival opened.

In spite of a weakly constructed libretto this early work (it was Puccini's second opera) contains much promise of things to come, more especially in the set pieces than in the muted portrayal of character. There is one superbly written aria for the baritone in the first act which, as sung at Wexford by Terence Sharpe, would alone have made the journey worth while. But it is doubtful whether even a more experienced composer could have infused dramatic conviction into a story which gradually collapses into absurdity. It is set in Flanders in the Middle Ages; its tenor hero is loved by two women, one virtuous, one evil; he chooses the latter, then tires of the life of debauchery into which she leads him and leaves her to fight for his country; in a long-drawn-out final act he feigns death to discredit his cast-off mistress who revenges herself by killing her innocent rival. When the original four-act version received no more than a cool reception at La Scala in 1889 Puccini extensively cut and reworked the score, compressing the last two acts into one, with the unsatisfactory result heard at Wexford, though the first two acts of the revision exhibit the compact concentration which is a feature of his later works. This quality was evident in Robin Stapleton's committed conducting and in the responsive playing of the Radio Telefís Éireann Symphony Orchestra. Nico Boer brought ringing top notes but little subtlety of expression to the role of Edgar; Magdalena Cononovici gave a spirited portrayal of the wicked Tigrana, whose opportunities for vocal display exceeded those of the chaste Fidelia, sung by Iris Dell'Acqua; and Terence Sharpe's artistry and presence gave substance to the nebulous role of Frank, Edgar's rival. Roger Chapman's production, unobtrusively effective in the first two acts, petered out in the third when impetus was most needed.

Carlisle Floyd's *Of Mice and Men*, the first American opera to be given at Wexford, to judge from an article by the composer published in the programme seems to have undergone as much pruning and reworking as *Edgar* but to rather better dramatic effect. The libretto, which the composer himself based on John Steinbeck's novel of the same name, provides a well constructed framework for a grimly tragic story in which crude brutality and mawkish

sentiment both have a place. The result is a telling piece of music drama which uses the voices to notably good effect in the ensembles. It was fluently and sympathetically staged by Stewart Trotter, with scenery by John Cervenka that evoked the rigours of an itinerant ranch-hand's life, and persuasively conducted by John DeMain. The principal roles of the protective George and his simple-minded friend Lennie were strongly and often movingly sung by Lawrence Cooper and Curtis Rayam; Curley, the vicious ranch owner, was vividly portrayed by John Winfield and the hard, unyielding tones of Christine Isley were well suited to the unattractive character of his wife. The ranch-hands were also individually well defined.

The choice of *Orlando* for the festival's first Handel opera seems misguided in view of the demands of a libretto which calls for more spectacular effects than could be achieved in the Theatre Royal. Perversely the producer, Wilfred Judd, planted his singers first on plinths like living statues and then on the steps of a hideous ziggurat in chicken wire as though to emphasize the static nature of the *da capo* arias which they, without exception, delivered with individuality, style and considerably more animation than he infused into his production, though it was impossible to become deeply involved in the romantic imbrolios of the five characters. In the title role John Angelo Messina maintained a firm line and sang with good attack though not much tonal variety; his mad scene was affectingly done. As the object of his unrequited affection, Angelica, Alison Hargan was coolly poised, her singing contrasting with the warmer, velvety tones of Bernadette Greevy in the travesty role of Medora. They were joined in a fine trio for female voices by Lesley Garrett who, as the shepherdess Dorinda, recipient of Orlando's magic sword and helmet, made much of her comic aria. The dominant figure of the magician Zoroastro, guardian of Orlando's fate, was impressively portrayed and nobly sung by Roderick Kennedy.

The present interest in Handel's operas and oratorios in Britain is largely attributable to the Handel Opera Society which celebrated its 25th anniversary with a season at Sadler's Wells Theatre. They opened with *Esther*, Handel's first oratorio, in an animated production by Tom Hawkes, handsomely designed by Peter Rice, which demonstrated the theatrical power of the music. Sandra Dugdale drew sympathy for the plight of the Israelites by her singing of the title role. There followed a revival of *Ezio*, an *opera seria* dating from the same period which suffers from one of Metastasio's more melodramatic librettos. Both were admirably conducted by Charles Farncombe, the Society's founder and musical director, who has converted many doubters to Handel's cause ●

# Same again

by Ursula Robertshaw

London Contemporary Dance Theatre, inventive as ever, showed three London premières at their winter season at Sadler's Wells. The first was Robert Cohan's *Field*, danced to a sound backcloth by Brian Hodgson of twitterings and murmurous noises reminiscent of a summer's day. The ballet is plotless, dealing with "impressions and thoughts on crossing, sitting in and watching others in a field"; and we have beautiful, fluid movements from Kate Harrison as she wanders, in melancholy or introspective mood; from Patrick Harding-Irmer as he bounds across, glorying in his own athleticism; from Lenny Westerdijk, Christopher Bannerman, Celia Hulton and other members of the company as they saunter and leap and intertwine—all combining to produce very much the feeling of a hot summer's day wearing uneventfully to a warm summer's evening.

The effect is soothing, not to say somniferous; and the ballet shows off the company's strength and style to good effect. Indeed, were it not for the fact that the same choreographer's *Forest* is already in the repertory, Cohan's *Field* could be welcomed with more enthusiasm; but *Forest*, a more sharply structured ballet, is similar in mood and movement and one queries the need for this near-duplication.

The second new work, Siobhan Davies's *Something to Tell*, is danced to Britten's Third Cello Suite, Variations on Russian Folk Songs, in an attractive set composed of louvres and giving the effect of a living room with a patio outside. What the something is that Davies has to tell is never revealed, despite the programme's promise that the theme emerges at the close. There seem to be a hostess and host (Davies herself with Robert North), and guests consisting of two couples (Patrick Harding-Irmer and Linda Gibbs, a most promising newcomer, Philippe Giraudeau, who has a huge personality and fine technique, dancing with Lizie Saunderson), plus a pair of very close friends indeed (Anca Frankenhäuser and Celia Hulton), who are the only ones who appear to have any fun at all.

There are cross-currents of attraction and repulsion, a degree of partner-swapping and a taut and dramatic atmosphere. The ballet is compulsively watchable, even if one is baffled at the end as to what it was all about. It is rather like attending a performance of a well acted drama in a foreign language; irritated by the desire for illumination, yet one cannot drag one's eyes away.

The third addition to the repertory, Robert North's *Death and the Maiden*, danced to the first two movements of Schubert's well loved work, was the best, combining a deft use of the strength of company dancing and the

superlative talents of two in particular, with tight structure and dramatic shape. The first movement is for seven dancers plus North himself, in black, as Death moving among us unnoticed all the time, Linda Gibbs, the doomed maiden, entering only at the end. The second movement consists mainly of a series of *pas de deux* for her and North, broken up by episodes in which the other dancers display sympathy but ultimately reject the girl in a kind of communicated terror as her end reveals itself as inevitable, and a fine interpolation of consolation from Anca Frankenhäuser. I was reminded of Everyman, deserted and alone, at the end of that great play. This fine ballet is a valuable addition to LCDT's repertory.

Among plans for the next year or so, LCDT announced that they would be approaching various choreographers from outside the company to create works for them—with the dancers in such fine form this is an opportunity that, one imagines, will not be refused. This, a reversal of the company's original policy, has already been done to a limited degree—Paul Taylor's *Cloven Kingdom* was repeated with success this season—but an extension seems a good idea. The repertory at present is based on the work of three company choreographers—Cohan, Davies and North—and excellent though this is an infusion of new blood would give audiences more variety and the dancers new insights and challenges. Most important of all, it would take some of the pressure off LCDT's prolific, precious three.

A glittering gala at the Palladium, in aid of one-parent families, proved much more interesting than such events usually are. Instead of bits and pieces from old war-horses such as *Le Corsair*, Anthony Dowell, the central star, and the organizing committee had devised a programme "to delight, amuse and surprise" its audience, mostly new and as varied and delicious as a Scandinavian cold table. Among prime delights were Monica Mason as the Italian ballerina and Michael Coleman as her acclimated partner, wildly funny in an excerpt from Tudor's *Gala Performance*; a lovely *pas de deux* for Lesley Collier and Robert North, choreographed by him to Howard Blake's violin and piano score; Nijinska's solo for Daphnis, remembered by Anton Dolin and danced by Stephen Beagley; Doreen Wells most miraculously executing tap; Dowell and Antoinette Sibley, warmly welcomed back to dancing again, in a romantic *pas de deux* by Frederick Ashton; another fine *pas de deux*, this time sexily amorous, by Kenneth MacMillan, danced superbly by Dowell and Jennifer Penney to McCartney's "Waterfalls"; a virtuoso explosion from Wayne Sleep; and a "Top Hat, White Tie and Tails" number from Dowell and—another *revenant*—Christopher Gable. A gala to remember ●



# In praise of hellebores

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

The hellebore is a good example of a plantsman's plant. A plantsman is a gardener who has moved beyond the mere farming routine of annual bedding and growing a few roses and shrubs and is interested in quieter, rarer subjects, often species, with beautiful form, subtle colouring and interesting associations. He grows plants well, even those known to be difficult, with a mixture of expertise and, his less green-fingered friends say, luck. He knows the Latin names, patronizes small, specialized nurseries and exchanges plants with the knowledgeable. He may sometimes bring plants home from trips abroad. Some of the best plantsmen are women.

Sometimes a plantsman gets collecting mania. He cannot see a new plant without possessing it; his garden becomes overcrowded and loses all cohesion. Because he loves his plants as individuals the idea of garden design may not occur to him. In one chaotic garden a plantsman held back a Brussels sprout plant to show me an early cyclamen. If we remember that design comes first we can avoid this trap. We can enlarge our horticultural vocabulary but must throw out the second-rate and group for effect.

Here then is a beginner's guide to hellebores. Most of them flower in winter or early spring, grow in light woodland and like shady, not dark, positions in deep soil that never dries out. *Helleborus niger*, the Christmas rose, blooms more often in January or February than December. It is often hideously teamed with scarlet poinsettia on Christmas cards and the like. In the garden it is a handsome plant, 18 inches across, with large, dark, shiny evergreen leaves, many-fingered with seven or eight divisions. It can be tricky, blooming abundantly in cottage gardens but refusing to flower when attention is lavished upon it. When it does it lifts the darkest winter garden into a different class. The limpid white flowers, on 6 inch stems, are cup-shaped with golden anthers; in the selected form, Potter's Wheel, they are 5 inches across. Put down slug pellets in good time as slugs may nibble the buds. Some people cover the whole plant with a bell glass or cloche to protect the flowers. The Christmas rose is an ancient plant which may have been introduced to Britain by the Romans and was thought to have magic healing properties.

Our native hellebore is *H.foetidus*, 18 inches tall and quite unfairly called the stinking hellebore. It flowers in early spring with bunches of pale green bells

edged with maroon; the evergreen leaves are deeply cut, almost fringed. It grows wild in England but may also have been introduced. I have seen it growing wild in Switzerland and also in northern Italy where it contrasted superbly with the large, arrow-shaped leaves and cream spathes of *Arum italicum pictum*, and with ferns and small, white-flowered *Allium triquetrum*.

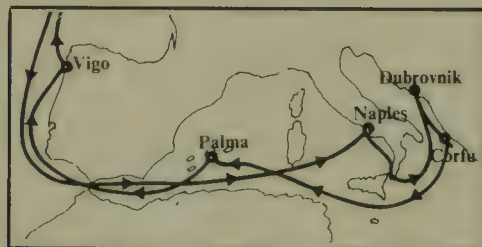
*H.orientalis*, the Lenten hellebore, makes a large plant after a few years. It is variable, there being white, green, pink and dark plum coloured forms. They seem to intermarry freely with each other and with speckled *H.guttatus*, now classed as a variety. This cross results in exquisite hybrids, greenish cream flushed pink and speckled inside with maroon. At first the heads of hellebores hang down but once fertilized by the bees they lift their heads and look ahead or upward while the seed pods swell to form a crown shape in the centre. The petals persist for a long time.

The Corsican hellebore recently changed its name and is now called *H.lividus corsicus*. It is a bigger plant than any of the preceding, 3 feet high when in flower. As it comes from the Mediterranean, it is happy in full sun. The leaves are a glaucous sea-green, a marvellous foil for the masses of pale apple-green flowers. One year I col-

lected some seed pods, cracked them open and stripped several dozen of the shiny black seeds into a soup plate. These seeds germinated well but the day after handling them my finger tips felt numb, then became sore and two days later the skin peeled off—an unpleasant reminder that hellebores belong to the often poisonous family *Ranunculaceae*.

There are more recherché hellebores for those in the advanced class. *H.atrorubens* is similar to *H.orientalis* and has dark, plum-purple flowers. It blooms in January and is deciduous, as is *H.viridis*, a delicate little native plant, rather smaller, with pure green cup-shaped flowers. Experts love the crosses. *H.nigericors* is, as it sounds, a hybrid between *H.niger* and *H.lividus corsicus*. It varies between its parents and some forms are better than others. *H.sternii* is a cross between tender *H.lividus* and *H.l.corsicus*. Specialist nurseries tend to stock their own favourite, named forms of *H.orientalis*. All these plants are infinitely desirable.

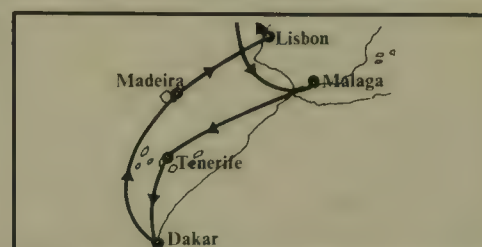
Hellebores are essential to the winter garden. They supplement the sometimes too ethereal flowers of winter-flowering shrubs and look well with evergreens and with the early bulbs, particularly snowdrops, daffodils and *Cyclamen coum*. They must be in the top 20 plants of any plantsman's choice.



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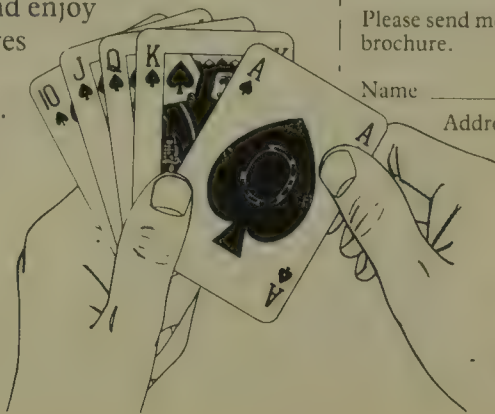
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# Two slam hands

by Jack Marx

For some years now few aspects of our day-to-day lives have been unaffected by rising costs and prices, not excepting many leisure-time activities. Nevertheless, the numbers participating in tournament bridge have on the whole maintained their level and in some cases continued their advance. Some adjustments have had to be made, the programme for week-events, for instance, requiring an overnight stay of one or two nights instead of two or three. One source of help for the harassed governing bodies has been a recent growth of commercial sponsorship.

In Britain the award of substantial cash prizes has never been actively encouraged. More welcome have been other forms of subsidy, such as donations of annual trophies and permanent challenge cups, contributions towards the hiring of venues and costs of organization. A firm that has been prominent in bridge subsidy is Philip Morris, the cigarette manufacturers, and they will be distributing generous cash prizes over the next few months through some dozen heats in as many European countries, with a final taking place next midsummer. The London heat is scheduled for Easter, but two heats have already taken place, in Poland and Sweden. Any outright winner of a heat qualifies *ipso facto* for the final, but those with time, money and inclination may play in as many heats as they please, with the same or a different partner, in order to improve their position in the ranking list for the final.

A Polish pair bid skilfully to a grand slam with only 26 points, ran into an unforeseen snag, but adroitly recovered.

♠ 95 Dealer North  
♥ A 9 8 7 4 2 Love All  
♦ void  
♣ K 10 5 3 2

♠ K Q J 2 ♠ 10 7 6  
♥ J 5 3 ♥ Q 10  
♦ J 9 8 4 3 2 ♦ K 7 6 5  
♣ void ♣ J 8 7 6

♠ A 8 4 3  
♥ K 6  
♦ A Q 10  
♣ A Q 9 4

In the bidding North-South had an unopposed auction:

North 2♦ 3♣ 4♥ 5♦ 6♣  
South 2NT 3♦ 4NT 5♠ 7♣

North's opening denoted a two-suited hand of six to 11 points including one major. Two No-trumps inquired and Three Clubs affirmed one of North's suits. Three Diamonds was a relay inquiring further and the jump to Four Hearts indicated a six-card suit. The next two bids were normal Blackwood and response. Five Spades, the next higher-ranking unbid suit, asked about kings. Six Clubs, one range higher than needed, affirmed one king and South did not feel he had anything to wait for.

East led Spade Seven to dummy's Ace and North cashed dummy's Ace of trumps. North's losing spade was disposed of on dummy's Ace of Diamonds, King Ace of Hearts followed and a third heart was ruffed after East threw a spade. North ruffed himself back to hand with a spade and then rendered East helpless by pressing on with an established heart. East may ruff or not as he pleases, but if not he cannot rid himself of sufficient diamonds to prevent declarer from eventually returning to hand to draw East's fourth trump.

A hand from the Swedish heat was also bid to a grand slam. It was not a very good one and it was not made, though it might have been. It was bid because East had mis-sorted his hand and thought he had three hearts to the Queen and only five diamonds.

♠ 10 5 Dealer South  
♥ J 3 2 North-South Game  
♦ K Q 10 9 8  
♣ J 10 3

♠ A J 6 3 ♠ K 4 2  
♥ A K 6 5 4 ♥ Q 8  
♦ void ♦ A J 7 6 5 2  
♣ A 8 7 4 ♣ K 9  
♠ Q 9 8 7  
♥ 10 9 7  
♦ 4 3  
♣ Q 6 5 2

West and East had an unopposed auction:

West 1♥ 2♠ 5♠ 6♦ 7♥  
East 2♦ 4NT 5NT 6♥

North led Diamond Queen and it was only after West had made a thoughtful survey of the two hands for a minute or so that he discovered the unwelcome truth about the red suits. He then had to make a revised survey, at the end of which time was beginning to press and his analysis was less complete than it might have been. He threw a club on the Diamond Ace, cashed two top clubs and ruffed a third round in dummy. Heart Queen followed, Spade Jack was finessed, trumps were drawn, but there were only 12 tricks when spades failed to break.

A winning bridge player needs rather greater resource than a touching faith in his lucky star. West here might have kept more options open than he did by ruffing the opening diamond in hand. Something might be made of the diamonds and a black suit squeeze could develop. He could take two clubs and a ruff in dummy as before, unblock Queen of Hearts, ruff a second small diamond, draw the trumps and lead a small spade to the King. This will leave:

♠ A J 6 ♠ 4  
♣ 8 ♦ A J 7

When Diamond Ace is led, South is in fact squeezed and has to part with a Spade. West throws his club and the only doubt in his mind is the ownership of the Spade Queen. On the assumption that a particular card is more likely to be in the hand known to be longer in that suit, the finesse should be taken ●



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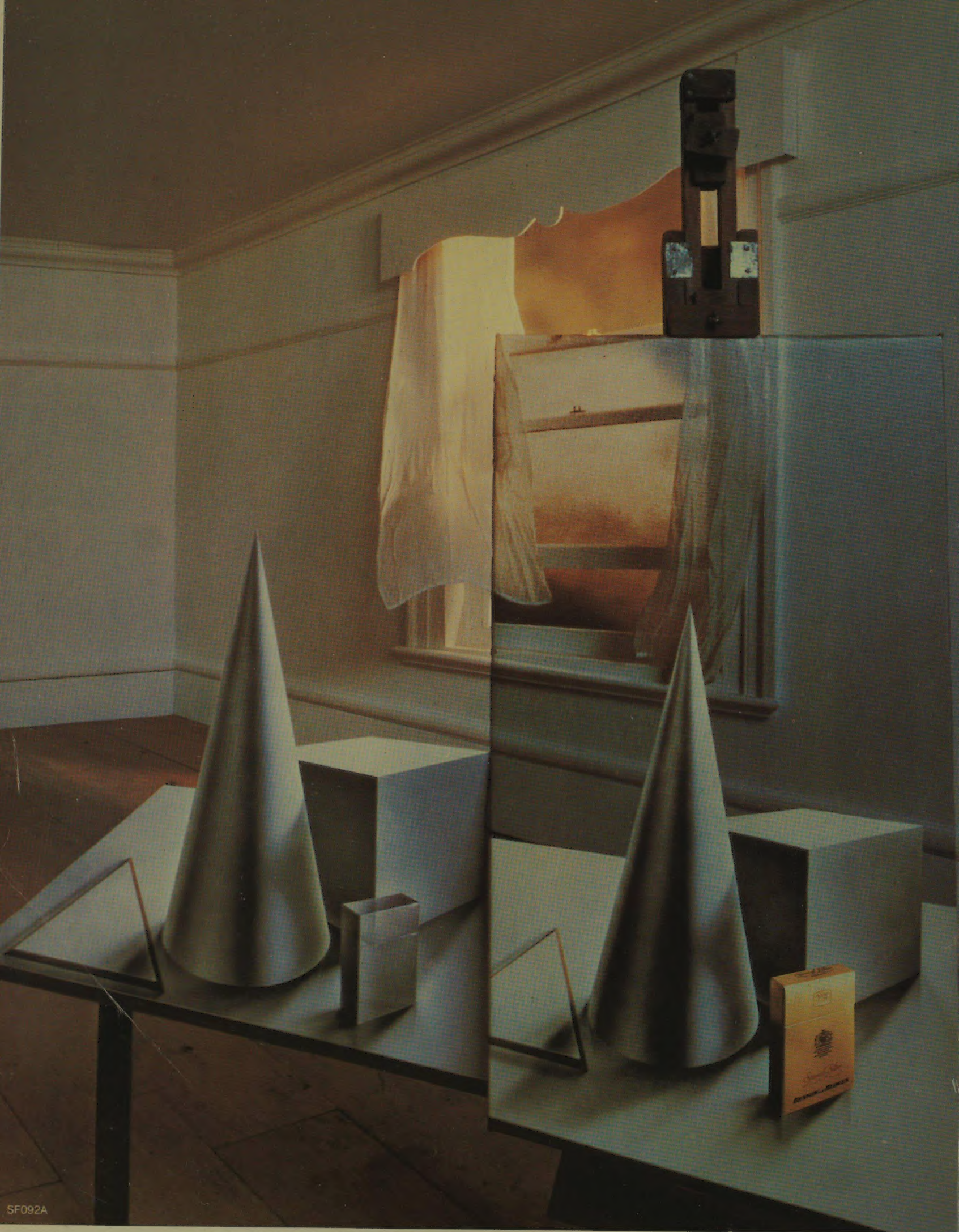
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